



NEW METRICAL VERSION

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID;

WITH

An Appendix

OF

SELECT PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

*The Service of the United Church of
England and Ireland;*

For every Sunday in the Year, Festival Days, Saints' Days, &c.

BY THE REV. BASIL WOODD, M. A.

Of Trinity College, Oxford, Rector of Drayton Beauchamp, &c.

It is good to sing praises to the Lord.—Psa. 148.

Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns,
and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the
Lord.—Col. iii. 16.

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TO THE HONOURABLE
AND RIGHT REVEREND THE
LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM,
THIS NEW METRICAL VERSION
OF THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,
AND SELECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS,
ADAPTED
TO THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF
ENGLAND AND IRELAND,
ARE,
WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,
DEDICATED
BY HIS MOST FAITHFUL,
OBLIGED,
AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,
BASIL WOODD.

PREFACE.

IT has frequently been observed that PRAISE is the noblest employment of the Church of God, and that it bears the nearest affinity to the worship of heaven.—To this delightful service the inspired Psalmist tuned his lyre, and observed that *whoso offereth praise glorifieth God*, Psalm l. 23. In singing the praises of God, Paul and Silas found their happiness in a dungeon, Acts xvi. 25. The incarnate Saviour composed his mind in the immediate prospect of his agony by *singing a hymn* with his disciples, Matt. xxvi. 30.

The divine authority thus sanctions and commands this holy employment: *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.* In the Epistle to the Ephesians it is also enjoined, (v. 19.) *Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord—Giving thanks always for all things unto God, even the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

To assist the pious worshipper in this delightful and edifying employment is the object of this humble attempt; and in order to obviate some objections which have been occasionally suggested on the subject of Psalms and Hymns the following preliminary remarks are submitted to the candid enquirer.

The Book of Common Prayer contains the authorized formularies of the Church of England, and is

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the only work prescribed by the authority of Parliament; but it contains no Psalms except the prose Psalter, *pointed*, that is, punctuated with colons, to be sung or chaunted in Churches; and no Hymns, except the prose Te Deum, Benedicite, Sanctus, and Gloria in Excelsis, which occur in the course of the services. The Church, therefore, did not provide for, and it is probable, did not even contemplate the introduction of metrical Psalms or Hymns into her ordinary services; though she has in some measure sanctioned them by the introduction of a metrical Hymn to the Holy Spirit in her Ordination Service.

Anthems, Psalms, or Prayers taken out of the Bible are permitted to be used, as appears from the Rubric, after the third Collect, and the Statute of the 2nd and 3rd of Edward the Sixth, ch. i. sec. vii. for uniformity of service, which contains the following proviso, "That it shall be lawful for all men, as well in Churches, Chapels, Oratories, as other places, to use openly any Psalm or Prayer taken out of the Bible at any due time, not letting or omitting the service, or any part thereof mentioned in the said book." (Burn's Eccl. Law, vol. iii. 251.)

From the foregoing statement it appears that the description of singing regularly *appointed* by the Church of England is at this day principally confined to Cathedrals and Collegiate Chapels, and that no provision is made for metrical Psalmody.

The Book of Ceremonies, published in 1559, observes, "The sober and discreet devout singing music, and playing with organs, used in the Church in the service of God, are ordained to move and stir the people to the sweetness of God's word *the which*

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is there sung: and by that sweet harmony both to excite them to prayer and devotion, and also to put them in remembrance of the heavenly triumphant Church; where is everlasting joy, continual laud and praise to God." Page 26.

Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions to the Clergy, 1559, contain the following words, "For the comforting of such as delight in music, it may be permitted, that in the beginning or in the end of common prayer, either at morning or evening, there may be sung a hymn, or such-like song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and music that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived." (Sparrow, Collect. Art. Can. 4to. 1684.) This last clause has by some persons been considered as a concession in favour of metrical Psalmody; but the expression, "Hymns or such-like songs," is certainly obscure and indefinite.

The first instance of the introduction of metrical Psalmody into the public worship of the Church occurs in the case of the Old Version, published in 1562, by J. Sternhold, T. Hopkins, and others. Of this version, Heylin, in his Church History, observes that no *allowance* for its use can any where be found by such as have been most diligent and concerned in the search. Mr. Wharton also observes, "Not to insist on the barbarism of its style, it should be remembered, that it was never admitted into our Church by lawful authority, but by connivance, and never received any royal approbation or parliamentary sanction."

King James the First composed a version of the Psalms, which was recommended and allowed by his

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successor.¹ There is a copy of it in the library of York Minster.

In 1623, George Wither published "Hymns and Songs of the Church." These received the royal license of King James the First.

The version of Tate and Brady received the royal license of King William in 1696, by which this version is *allowed and permitted* to be used in all such Churches, Chapels, and congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same.

In 1720, Sir Richard Blackmore's version of the Psalms received the royal license of George I. It was recommended by the two Archbishops and sixteen Bishops, but did not find admission into Parish Churches.

About the same period, Dr. Patrick also published "The Psalms of David in Metre, with the Tunes used in Parish Churches."

The following observations on the general subject are transcribed from Dr. Tattersall's preface to his improved Psalmody. 1794.

"Alterations, both partial and general, have already been allowed without ill consequence; and most of the rulers of the Church have seen and declared the necessity of some further amendment."

Archbishop Secker observes, "It is very true, the verse translation generally used is void of ornament, and hath expressions often low and flat, and sometimes obsolete: I wish a *better* substituted in its place."

Dr. Lowth, late Bishop of London, always honoured Mr. Merrick, by corresponding with him on his translation of the Psalms, and furnishing him with his own remarks to forward its success.

Dr. Horne, late Bishop of Norwich, was desirous

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that the version of Mr. Merrick should be adopted ; and introduced several Psalms from it into the University Church of St. Mary's, Oxford.

Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Bristol, expressed his earnest wishes to see a good version of the Psalms perfected for the use of a parochial congregation.

It was remarked by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, that in the versification of Sternhold and Hopkins, there are few stanzas which do not give offence or excite ridicule. Dr. Brown observes of the New Version of Brady and Tate, that " Though not excellent, it is not intolerable." It has also been remarked, that if Psalmody were once restored to its original rank and estimation, it would become an object of regard to the ruling powers, to have this whole matter reconsidered and revised, and that in that case it would not be difficult to form a collection from different authors, which would do honour to our own, or any other Church. Such a collection also might be acceptable to the retirement of domestic life, and assist the master of a family in the high gratification of seeing his children and dependants form a choir to the glory of their Creator and Redeemer. (Dr. Vincent's Considerations on Parochial Music. 1787.)

The use of the New Version seems to be rapidly declining. It has been frequently and justly objected to it, that it is frigid, often unconnected, inanimate, and defective in presenting that view of the Christian Church, and the sufferings and triumph of the Messiah, which adapts the Book of Psalms to Christian worship. This deficiency has been so strongly felt, that hymns, appropriated to the New Testament dispensation have been added as an Appendix to

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the Old and New Versions. The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge has printed, separately, as a supplement to the New Version, Hymns of prayer and praise to the Holy Spirit, with others on the Nativity, Resurrection, and Holy Communion, and also the Benedictus, Magnificat, &c.

In the year 1814, Mr. Gardiner published "*Psalms and Hymns adapted to sacred Melodies, allowed to be sung in Churches.*" His present Majesty, at that time Prince Regent, and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, are patrons of the work : it was also dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness.

In the year 1815, were published by the Rev. Messrs. Maltby, Tillard, and Banks, "*Psalms and Hymns, selected for the use of Congregations in the United Church of England and Ireland.*" This selection was sanctioned by the high authority of Bishop Tomline, then presiding over the Diocese of Lincoln. It was introduced at Buckden Church and in other neighbouring Parishes.

In 1820, "*A selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship,*" was sanctioned at York by the Archbishop of that province. This publication appeared in consequence of proceedings in the consistorial Court of York against a selection of Psalms and Hymns introduced at the Parish Church of St. Paul's, Sheffield. The decision was referred to the Archbishop ; and His Grace, as a promoter of peace and union, undertook to compile a new selection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of that Church, and took upon himself the expence of the printing.

This circumstance, while it is highly honourable to the character of the Archbishop, affords an additional testimony in favour of the modern practice of

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introducing into the Church, selections of Psalms and Hymns. Upon this occasion the Chancellor of York, G. V. Vernon, Esq. remarked, “Much advantage accrues from the prevalent usage of introducing into the Church service Hymns and versions of Psalms, more edifying and acceptable than any compositions which have received the sanction of competent authority; and the practice is adopted by a majority of the established Clergy.”

It has frequently been asserted that the introduction of metrical Psalms and Hymns is a violation of the Act of Uniformity, Caroli II. 1662. But it may be justly asked, Upon what part of the Act can this objection be established, when no reference whatever is made by that Act to any metrical Psalms and Hymns, and no recognition occurs of the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, which at that period was in ordinary use? It therefore follows, that neither the Old or New Version, or any other version, can plead the protection of the Act of Uniformity, till it shall be established by Parliamentary authority.

The Editor has observed with pain the levity of expression, the unbecoming familiarity of language, the want of solemnity, and the introduction of controversial points in theology, with which many modern compositions of this description are justly chargeable, and it has been his earnest endeavour to guard against errors of this kind.

The first metre of each of the 150 Psalms is original. Where a second or third metre occurs, as in the instance of Psalms 23, 48, 63, &c. it has been selected from the Old and New Versions, Merrick, and other authors.

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The first effort of the Editor was to modernize the Old Version; but, upon trial, this proved so extremely difficult, that it was relinquished, and an entire new version attempted. The engagements which necessarily result from a large sphere of pastoral duties, a considerable occupation of time in various Charity Schools and public institutions for promoting Christian knowledge in the world, and a series of family afflictions, have rendered this humble attempt less complete than he trusts it would have been, could he have devoted more time to the undertaking. The principal part of the Psalms have been composed at uncertain intervals of time, and in the midst of constant interruption. Still these meditations on the inspired Book of Psalms have been pleasant, and he trusts not unprofitable, to himself; and he commits them to Divine Providence, with a humble prayer that they may render assistance to others.

The second part consists of a selection of Psalms and Hymns from various authors, with a few original ones.* This selection begins with the Morning and Evening Hymns of Bishop Kenn, a version of the Benedictus and Magnificat, by Bishop Patrick, the Benedicite, abridged from Mr. Merrick, &c. Then follows, according to the order of the Book of COMMON PRAYER, an arrangement of Psalms and Hymns for every Sunday throughout the year, also

* One of these, for Whitsunday, page 226, "Holy Ghost, inspire our praises," was a favourite Hymn of the late lamented Princess Charlotte. She frequently played and sang it to the tune of Haydn's celebrated German Hymn; and had marked in her copy the passages which particularly interested her.

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for the Saints' Days, Fasts, and Festivals of the Church, the administration of the holy Communion, the Baptism of Infants or Adults, Confirmation, Funerals, Days of Fasting and Thanksgiving, the King's accession, and other occasional services.

The first Psalm referred to under each Sunday, is the Psalm called the Introit, as prescribed by the Rubric in the reign of King Edward VI.

The short Prefaces before each of the Psalms are generally abridged from the Commentary of the late Bishop Horne, a work which for its learning, devotion, and elegance, is entitled to a place in every Christian's library. It has been a principal object of the following attempt to preserve, where it was practicable, the expressions of the authorized translation, to accommodate the sentiments to the language of the Christian Dispensation, and to direct the mind, where the subject authorised, to the life, death, resurrection, and glory, of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, the true MESSIAH, whose sacred words instruct us that Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, wrote concerning Him. Luke xxiv. 44.

On this subject, the Rev. Editors of the Buckden Selection of Psalms and Hymns justly observe that, "Although in sublime descriptions of the attributes and perfections of the Almighty, in earnestness of supplication, and in warmth of adoration, the Royal Psalmist must ever stand unrivalled; yet his knowledge of divine things was necessarily incomplete, because the DAY-SPRING had not yet dawned from on high. Even under the influence of prophetic inspiration, David saw but through a glass darkly the saving truths, Redemption and Sanctification. These truths, therefore—taught as they were by our

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LOVE and his apostles, and illustrated by the great transactions of his life and death—may surely form, in a Christian congregation, as fit subjects for devotional melodies, as the events of the Jewish history and the precepts of the Mosaic Law suggested to the holy prophets.”*

The Church of England has prominently adopted this principle: she has in her daily services introduced the Psalms of David, and in the **TE DEUM**, a sublime Hymn of human composition, which throughout glows with triumph of praise to our exalted Saviour. It extols him as “the King of glory,” celebrates his incarnation, the redemption of the Church by his precious blood, his victory over the sharpness of death, his opening the kingdom of heaven to all believers, his future judgment, and prays that all his servants may be numbered with his saints in glory everlasting.

The perfection of Church Psalmody consists in the union of the whole Congregation in this important part of worship; and in order thereto, the Psalmody should be plain and simple; the tunes should be harmonious, but not complex; partial repetitions various notes to express single words, and fugues are generally unintelligible to the bulk of congregations.

The old Church Melodies supply the finest standard and examples of congregational Music. Such compositions as the 100th Psalm, the 84th and others are best adapted for public worship. While the

* See the Preface to the Psalms and Hymns already referred to, as used at Buckden Church, and dedicated to the late Bishop of Lincoln.

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exhibit a dignity and melody, which the most eminent Masters of music have acknowledged, they possess also a perspicuity and simplicity, which render them attainable by the humble worshipper, and a pathos, solemnity, and sublimity, which cannot but interest in congregational worship.

Light, airy, theatrical tunes are totally unsuitable to the dignity and simplicity of a Christian Church. Different subjects of Psalmody may require more pathetic, more solemn, or more animated strains of music, but levity is always to be avoided. Interchanges of loud and soft music, the *forte* and the *piano*, have a fine effect, relieve the ear, and give emphasis to the expression; and it would greatly heighten the effect, if the voices of the men-singers, which are necessary to swell the chorus, were moderated, or were wholly silent, in the softer, or *piano* strains, in which the voices of the women and children should alone be distinctly heard.

Another great injury to Church Psalmody frequently arises from the Charity Children; the evil is almost every where complained of. They are too apt to sing at the utmost stretch of their voices, the effect of which is to excite general disgust; whereas, if they were instructed to moderate their voices, their joining in this service would be affecting, delightful, and edifying. The effect of a little attention to this important point is practically visible in the children of the National School, St. Mary-lebone, London.

Occasionally practising Psalmody in the week-day, or half an hour before the beginning of service, attended by the Minister, or some judicious superin-

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tendant, might greatly contribute to the improvement of this important part of worship, and by the divine blessing, render it more interesting and edifying to the congregation at large.

It is also submitted to consideration, whether reverence and devotion would not be more strongly marked, if the congregation were instructed to rise and *stand*, when they sing the praises of God. St. Basil, speaking of the Christian Church in his time, says, "The people rising from prayer, *stand up* to sing praise."—Compare also 2 Chron. vii. 6.—Nehemiah ix. 5.—Isaiah vi. 2, 3.—Rev. vii. 9, 10.

The following version professes only to be an humble attempt to improve general Church Psalmody, and should it excite any one of more leisure and ability to direct his attention to this important object, the Compiler will be abundantly gratified.

That all who join in the service of God may sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, and hereafter join in perfect and eternal praise, is the humble and fervent prayer of the Editor,

BASIL WOODD.

The Reader is referred to Dr. Vincent's Consideration on Parochial Psalmody. 1787.

British Critic, Jan 1798. page 68.

Christian Observer. 1818. page 152.

Inquiry into Historical Facts of Parochial Psalmody. By J Gray, Esq. 1820.

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THE
P S A L M S
OF
DAVID.



PSALM I. (L.M.)

The blessedness of the righteous.

BLEST is the man whose heav'n-taught mind
Disdains the paths which scorners find,
The Law of God, his chief delight
He meditates by day and night.

Like some fair tree with clust'ring fruit,
Where richest soil supports its root;
No fatal blast its bud attends;
Its fruit in sure perfection ends.

Thrice happy man ! his branch shall rise,
Stored with rich foliage to the skies ;
With streams supplied, from injury free,
'Till glory crown the fruitful tree.

The ungodly are to woe consign'd,
Swept like the chaff before the wind ;
While saints rejoice to endless days,
God hears their prayers, and knows their ways.

Appointed by the Church for Easter-Day: the opposition of Jew and Gentile against the Messiah—his victory and exaltation. Compare Acts iv. 25.

- 1 **W**HY do the nations furious rage?
Why vain attempts combine?
Kings of the earth against the **LORD**,
And His **ANointed** join.
- 2 He, who in heav'n sits, derides:
He bids their wrath be still,
“**MESSIAH**, I have made my King
“ On Zion's holy hill.”
- 3 Hear the decree!—Jehovah speaks,
“ This day, my equal **SON**,
“ In homage every knee shall bow,
“ And Thy dominion own.”
- 4 “ Ask ; and the utmost parts of earth
Thine heritage shall be :
The heathen lands shall own Thee **LORD**,
And be possess'd by Thee.”
- 5 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings,
Serve ye the **LORD** with fear,
Seek peace with Him ; His sceptre own ;
His pow'r and grace revere.
- 6 On His great day, His foes shall feel
The terror of His word ;
Then, O how blest, thrice blest are they,
Who trust in **CHRIST** the **LORD**.

PSALM 3—4. (L. M.)

II Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son, expressing his great confidence and security in the protection of God.

LORD, how are they increased, who rise
In numbers great, in malice strong !
Bent to destroy, combined, they rage,
With pow'rful hand with venom'd tongue.

But Thou, O LORD, art still my shield,
My buckler, tho' distrest and low ;
Do Thou with glory crown my head,
Do thou subdue the cruel foe.

Thy mercy doth my soul sustain,
In former straits so oft exprest ;
I cried to Thee ; nor cried, in vain ;
Thou heard'st from heaven ; and I was blest,

Peaceful to sleep I give my eyes,
In Thee, my FATHER, I confide ;
Preserved by Thee, from sleep I rise,
Nor fear ten-thousand foes beside.

Rise, Sovereign GOD ! salvation shew,
Salvation doth to GOD belong !
Be calm, my soul, surmount thy woe,
And praise JEHOVAH in thy song.



PSALM 4. (C. M.)

The same subject continued.

O GOD of truth and righteousness,
Attend my cry to Thee !
In former scenes and sad distress
Thou hast delivered me.

PSALM 5.

- 2 Have mercy, LORD, and hear my prayer ;
My trust is in thy name.
Save me from those, who seek to turn
My glory into shame.
- 3 Know that the LORD hath set apart,
He hears, and he defends,
The godly man, who trusts in Him,
And on His grace depends.
- 4 Then stand in awe ; sin not ; and learn
To tremble at His word ;
Explore thy heart, hope and be still ;
And wait upon the LORD.
- 5 In vain the sons of men enquire,
Who, who will shew us good ?
Oh ! fix on Thee my soul's desire,
Feed me with heavenly food.
- 6 With light of thy salvation, LORD,
O let me thus be blest ;
'Tis joy divine, far more than gold,
Or a whole world possess.
- 7 Replenish'd, fed, protected, blest,
What more can I desire ?
Thy name, Thy all-sufficient word
Gladness of heart inspire.
- 8 Peaceful amidst surrounding foes,
I'll lay me down to sleep.
Great Guardian, with thy watchful eye
My soul in safety keep.



PSALM 5.

(C. M)

- 1 **P**ONDER my words, O LORD, give ear,
My meditations weigh ;

PSALM 5.

O hear my voice, my God, my King,
To Thee, to Thee, I pray.

2 Before the morning, Thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee for refuge I'll look, up ;
My God, hear Thou my cry.

3 O righteous Judge, before Thy throne
The sinner can not stand ;
The workers of iniquity
Shall tremble at Thy hand.

4 No evil, no deceitful men
Shall ever dwell with Thee ;
None without holiness, O Lord,
Thy face in bliss shall see.

5 But as for me, with holy fear,
Encouraged by Thy grace,
Thy holy temple I'll approach,
And bow before Thy face.

Lord ! lead me in Thy righteousness ;
Guard me from ev'ry snare ;
Make plain Thy path before mine eyes ;
Protect me by Thy care.

Let all, who trust in God rejoice,
Secure in His defence ;
Let all, who love His name, adore
His pow'r, His providence.

His saints the mighty Lord will save,
Protected from above,
Bless'd with His favor and the shield
Of His almighty love.

PSALM 6. (C. M.)

Usually called the first penitential Psalm; it contains confession of sin, application for pardon and hope of mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, in Thy wrath rebuke me not;
Thine anger, LORD, withdraw!
My soul, oppress'd with sin and grief,
Adores Thy righteous Law.
- 2 Tho' by that Law condemn'd, most just
The sentence, LORD, I own;
Death I deserve; yet grant me life,
In honor of Thy SON.
- 3 With self-abhorrence, day and night,
I grieve, and weep, and pray.
LORD, hear my moan; accept my tears;
Remove my guilt away.
- 4 Have mercy, LORD, My SAVIOUR died!
Mercy's my only plea:
Save me, O LORD, for mercy's sake;
That mercy shew to me.
- 5 My soul revives:—My SAVIOUR speaks;
His pardoning voice I hear!
The LORD hath granted my request,
The LORD receives my prayer.
- 6 To Thee, my kind, forgiving God
I'll consecrate my days;
And e'en in death will I proclaim
The glory of thy grace.



PSALM 7. (L. M.)

David persecuted by Cush the Benjamite, vindicates his integrity, and refers his cause to his God.

- 1 **O** LORD, my GOD, in Thee I trust;
On Thee alone Thy saints depend,

PSALM 8.

- Oppressed by men, unkind, unjust,
O let Thy pow'r, Thine arm defend.
- 2 They, who reject Thy righteous Laws,
Me, for Thy sake, indignant hate;
Combin'd, they seek to crush Thy cause,
And for the righteous lie in wait.
- 3 Arise, eternal LORD, arise,
Defend Thy saints, whom Thou dost love;
Subdue with power Thine enemies
And let Thy love the weapon prove.
- 4 Thou oft provok'd, yet mighty GOD,
Thou strong, yet patient DEITY!
Full of forbearance day by day,
And most long suff'ring, e'er to me!
- 5 Bless Thou mine enemies; their heart
Convert by Thine all-powerful word—
Do Thou Thy gracious aid impart,
Ere yet they fall beneath Thy sword.
- 6 Thus shall I all Thy gracious ways
Of justice, mercy, truth proclaim;
And foes with friends in CHRIST unite,
And join to praise Thy glorious name.



PSALM 8. (L. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Ascension Day. It describes the glory of God magnified by his works and by his love to man; and has a spiritual reference to the exaltation of our nature in Messiah, the Second Adam, crowned with glory and honor, and having all things put in subjection under his feet. 1 Cor. xv. 27. — Heb. ii. 5, &c.

- 1 O LORD, our LORD, how great Thy Name,
Through earth and heaven's extensive frame,

PSALM 8.

How dazzling, how divinely great
The glories, which around Thee wait.

- 2 Praise, endless praise, to Thee belongs,
Ordain'd from babes' and infants' tongues;
Ordain'd Thine honors hence to draw,
And enemies to strike with awe.
- 3 When I behold Thy works divine,
When moon and stars around me shine,
LORD what is man! a child of woe,
Yet honor'd and exalted so.
- 4 Tenants of earth, and air, and sea,
Own His dominion, and obey.
O LORD, how excellent Thy Name,
Through earth and heaven's extensive frame!

PART II.

- 5 LORD, what is man! the pow'r of sin
Left him condemn'd, cast out, unclean,
LORD, what is man! mysterious love
From heav'n stoop'd down to raise above.
- 6 GOD's everlasting, equal SON,
Both GOD and MAN, in person one,
In human nature was array'd,
And lower than the angels made.
- 7 Sing of his dying love; and tell,
He rose; he triumph'd, when he fell;

PSALM 9.

As Conq'ror now in bliss enthron'd,
With glory bright, and honor crown'd.

- 8 Our nature still is His abode ;
As man he holds the pow'r of GOD.
All earth and heav'n Him LORD shall own,
The Saviour, GOD, and GOD THE SON.



PSALM 9. (L. M.)

The language of praise, celebrating the victories gained by David; and fortelling the spiritual triumphs of Messiah.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart my GOD I'll praise;
His marv'lous works my soul proclaim.
His majesty and pow'r I'll sing,
Exulting in His sacred name.
- 2 Destruction to its end shall come,
The humbled foe shall sink to dust
But Thy eternal throne shall last
For ever glorious, firm and just.
- 3 Thy mighty power, Thy grace and love
To them, who know and trust Thy name,
A refuge, an asylum prove,
Both now and evermore the same.
- 4 Sing to the LORD JEHOVAH, sing,
Who dwells in Zion His abode.
Shew forth His praise throughout her gates;
The astonish'd world shall own our GOD.
- 5 Arise, O Lord, convince Thy foes;
The honor of Thy arm maintain.
No mortal pow'r can Thee oppose,
And none shall seek Thy face in vain.

PSALM 10-11. (C. M.)

The Church complaining of her enemies, and desponding, prays for protection, and through faith rejoiceth in tribulation.

1 **W**HY standest Thou far off, O LORD ?

Why dost Thou hide Thy face
My enemies increase, behold
Thy servant in distress.

2 How awful is the state of men,
Who dare deride Thy grace !
Thy sacred laws they set at nought,
And hate Thy holy ways !

3 Arise, O LORD, lift up Thy hand
From Thy eternal seat ;
Command Thine enemies to fall,
Submissive at Thy feet.

4 Inspire the nations of the world
With reverence, awe, and fear ;
Prepare our hearts to call on Thee,
And cause Thine ear to hear.

5 JEHOVAH reigns, for ever reigns !
The orphan, the oppress'd
Shall learn to trust His sacred name,
With GOD's protection bless'd.



PSALM 11. (C. M.)

David persecuted by Saul, encourages himself in God, His providence and justice.

1 **I**N Thee, O LORD, I put my trust,
Why, therefore should I flee ?
While hosts of enemies conspire,
My refuge is in Thee.

PSALM 12.

- 2 Religion, law, and equity
They study to erase;
Distress and malice aim to crush
The basis of my peace.
- 3 Unto Thy holy temple, LORD,
Repairs my fearful soul.
Firm as the heav'ns, thy stedfast word
Can ev'ry heart controul.
- 4 Trials, commissioned by Thy love,
Are mercies sent by Thee;
Whilst to the refuge of Thy grace
Thy saints encouraged flee.
- 5 Behold the wicked; all their ways
To swift destruction tend;
But GOD, who loveth righteousness,
The righteous will defend.



PSALM 12. (C.M.)

The Church lamenting the decrease of the righteous, and the increase of sin, is encouraged by the truth and certainty of the promises of God.

- 1 **O** LORD, arise and help Thy Church!
Behold, the godly cease,
Justice declines; the faithful fail;
Iniquities increase.
- 2 Proud in their blasphemies and sins,
In vanities and lies,
They dare insult Thy holy word,
Thy sacred truth despise.
- 3 But LORD, salvation is with Thee,
Nor shall Thy foes prevail.
Thy word of promise stands confess'd,
Thy Church shall never fail.

PSALM 13.

Pure is Thy word, as silver tried,
The test hath oft' been made;
Deliv'rance to Thy saints is sure,
E'en when it seems delay'd.

- 5 Thou LORD, wilt ever keep Thy saints,
Their cause thou mak'st Thy own;
The faith, that's built upon thy word
Shall ne'er be overthrown.



PSALM 13. (C. M.)

*A complaint of desertion; a prayer for assistance;
an act of faith and thanksgiving.*

- 1 **H**OW long wilt Thou forget me, LORD?
How long shall I complain?
Cast down, I cry,—Hide not Thy face,
Nor let me cry in vain.
- 2 My fear and sorrows, sins and grief
Oppress my lab'ring breath;
Consider, LORD; O hear my prayer,
Lest I should sleep in death.
- 3 Let not my enemies rejoice,
Or triumph in my fall,
Lest they reproach Thy holy ways,
And say, in vain I call.
- 4 In Thy salvation, LORD, I'll hope,
So oft I've proved thy pow'r;
Thy grace I'll sing, Thy goodness tell,
In this distressing hour.
- 5 To Thee, my SAVIOUR, bounteous GOD
My grateful song I'll raise,
And trust Thy mighty pow'r to save,
Till prayer's absorb'd in praise.

PSALM 14 & 15. (L. M.)

The Church lamenting the depravity of man, longeth for the Redemption of Christ.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God all nature cries;
None but the fool the truth denies.
On all God's works it stands exprest,
By vivid arguments confest.
- 2 From heav'n the Mighty Lord look'd down,
From heav'n, His high exalted throne,
Enquiring on this world's abode,
Who understand and seek their God?
- 3 From His appointed righteous way,
Alas! they all are gone astray,
The ways of peace they have not known;
And none is righteous; no, not one.
- 4 Guilty, condemn'd, deprav'd and lost,
Who before God hath ought to boast?
Arise, O King of Sion, rise,
And bring salvation from the skies.
- 5 Then shall Thy saints rejoice and sing,
And each glad heart its tribute bring.
Pardon and peace shall then be given;
And thousands soar from earth to heav'n.



PSALM 15. (S. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Ascension Day—as exhibiting the character of the Prince and Citizens of Zion.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend and dwell
With Thee, Almighty God?
Who shall in Zion's holy hill
Inhabit Thine abode?

PSALM 16.

- 2 He, who is pure in heart,
Whose words and thoughts are one,
Whose will is to GOD's will conform'd,
Whose feet obedient run.
- 3 Who never with design
Would hurt another's fame;
But to promote his happiness,
His universal aim.
- 4 Who sin in every form,
In every rank reprove;
But them, who serve and fear the Lord,
Honors, esteems, and loves.
- 5 Who, faithful to his word,
His lips with truth adorns;
Who pleads the cause of innocence,
And mean advantage scorns.
- 6 These works, effects of faith,
Labours of active love,
Here glorify GOD's Name and meet
Rewards of grace above.
- 7 Such was the SON of GOD,
Mirror of truth and grace!
Seek to do good like Him on earth,
In heav'n behold His face.



-PSALM 16. (L. M.)

David describing his own distress and hope of eternal life, prophecies of the death, resurrection and glory of Messiah.—Compare Acts, ii. 25, and xiii. 35.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, LORD, in Thee I trust,
To Thine almighty arm I flee.

PSALM 16.

- My goodness no returns can make,
Nor can extend, my GOD, to Thee.
- 2 O condescension great, which deigns
Our humble services to own,
And acts of kindness shewn Thy saints,
Acknowledges before Thy throne.
- 3 Tho' oft by sinful man despis'd,
Esteem'd, and valued in Thy sight,
In them Thine image, LORD, I see;
In them, as excellent, delight.
- 4 Be Thou the portion of my cup;
My GOD, my heritage, my all;
O fix my stedfast eyes on Thee;
Protect and and guard me, lest I fall.
- 5 LORD, when in dust I lay my head,
My fading flesh in hope shall rest,
By pow'r divine, ere long, reviv'd,
Shall rise triumphant, pure and blest.
- 6 The path of life my eyes shall see,
In Thy blest presence Thee adore.
Fullness of joy's at Thy right hand,
Glory and pleasures evermore.

PART II.

(L. M.)

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, LORD, the SAVIOUR cried,
My soul, remark His dying groan!
Upon the cross, He bleeds, He dies
Dies for transgressions not His own.
- 2 His pure obedience unto death
Extended not Himself to bless.
A mantle to his saints it proved,
A robe of spotless righteousness,

PSALM 17.

- 3 Glory to Thee, O LAMB of GOD !
Thy sacred blood atonement made,
Be Thou my portion, Thou my hope,
By Thee the debt of sin was paid.
- 4 At Thy right hand JEHOVAH stood.
Thy pow'r achiev'd the arduous plan.
In the dark grave GOD'S HOLY ONE
Reposed, and rescued fallen man.
- 5 The path of life, before untried,
To Thee was shewn, by Thee explor'd.
O mystery great ! man thus enjoys
Pleasures for ever with his LORD.



PSALM 17. (L. M.

A prayer for divine protection and guidance, in the confidence of hope.

- 1 **H**EAR Thou my right, O LORD, attend,
FATHER of all, my soul defend ;
While enemies around me tread,
Deign Thou my humble cause to plead.
- 2 O Thou, my GOD, my guard, my guide,
Leave not my erring feet to slide.
Hold Thou my footsteps in Thy way,
Prove Thou my heart, nor let me stray.
- 3 Thy marvelous loving-kindness shew ;
Let Thy right hand disarm the foe ;
Protect and keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of Thy wings.
- 4 On Thee I call, O LORD, arise ;
Oft Thou, my GOD, hast heard my cries ;
Thy mighty arm the foes can quell,
And their united pow'rs repel.

PSALM 18.

- 5 As Lions, greedy for their prey,—
Bent to destroy, they watch my way;
Invidious, circling me around,
My steps they mark, my paths surround.
- 6 Arise, O LORD, perform Thy word,
The wrath of man is but Thy sword!
Far other joys my eyes behold
Than this life's bliss, or sordid gold.
- 7 O grant me to behold Thy face,
In realms of righteousness and peace,
Thy image there shall I partake,
And fully satisfied awake.



PSALM 18. (L. M.)

A song of victory, in the day that the Lord had delivered David out of the hand of all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul—2 Sam. xxii. 1, &c. It contains a magnificent description of divine interposition, deliverance and victory. The 49th verse is applied by St. Paul to the conversion of the Gentiles. Rom. xv. 9.

- 1 **T**HREE will I love, O LORD, my strength,
My rock, protector, and my God;
My buckler, my salvation Thou,
My fortress, my secure abode.
- 2 To Thee, oppress'd, I made my prayer;
All might, all praise to Thee belongs.
The vanquish'd enemy retreats—
And vict'ry swells our grateful songs.
- 3 In our distress on God we call'd;
The enemy beheld and fear'd.

PSALM 18.

- G**OD interpos'd,---His arm display'd,
Our prayer the great JEHOVAH heard.
- 4 The heav'ns bow'd---our GOD came down,
The cherubim Thou mad'st Thy car.
Our foes subdu'd, indignant own
Thy conquests, O Thou GOD of war.
- 5 Thy glorious arm maintain'd our cause,
Thy banner of salvation spread.
Our country, king, religion, laws,
Guarded by Thee, lift up their head.
- 6 The triumphs of the day be Thine!
Feeble our pow'r, our praise we own;
Preserv'd by Thee, to Thee we'll raise
Our glowing praises round Thy throne.

PART II.

*Applied to Messiah.---Vide Bishop Horne, on the
Psalms.*

- 1 **A**LL hail, MESSIAH, mighty Prince!
Thou rock, on which our hopes we build,
In Thy distress Thou call'dst on GOD;
JEHOVAH's arm Thy strength, Thy shield.
- 2 Death's sorrows compass'd Thee about,
Floods of ungodliness distress;
The pains of hell, with awful pow'r
Thy agonizing soul oppress'd.
- 3 GOD, from His temple, heard Thy voice;
The mountain mov'd,---for GOD was there.
The earth to its foundations shook,
Convuls'd in sympathizing fear.

PSALM 19.

- 4 Darkness all o'er the world proclaims,
The rending veil, the op'ning grave,
All nature feels, Thou SON of God,
Thy pain, Thy death, Thy pow'r to save.
- 5 JEHOVAH thunders in the skies.
Ye heav'ns, the dying triumphs tell;
Behold the strong one captive led!
Repeat it thro' the shades of Hell.
- 6 The conqu'ror rises; he ascends.
Ye saints His grand achievements sing;
Pursue his chariot to the skies,
The cherubim's extended wing.
- 7 Arise and conquer; lift Thine arm;
With trophies deck Thy blest abode,
Display Thy pow'r, Thy truth, Thy grace;
And bring Thine enemies to God.
- 8 Ye heathen lands, obey, submit,
Attest the honor of His name,
Ye Gentiles, glorify your God,
Sound thro' the world Messiah's fame.



PSALM 19.

The glory of the Sun, an emblem of the light of divine truth; the 4th verse is applied by St. Paul, to the shining of the Sun of righteousness. Rom. x. 18.

- 1 **THE** Heav'ns declare the praise of God,
The glories of His throne;
In ev'ry language, speech and land,
Their silent voice is known.
- 2 Behold the sun diffusing life,
With genial warmth and light,

PSALM 19.

Gigantic in his circuit seen,
Rejoicing in his might.

3 The gladden'd world with joy beholds,
The splendor of its rise;
Emblem of God, of grace and truth,
The glory of the skies.

4 The Law of God converts the soul,
Diffusing nobler light;
Its influence makes the simple wise,
The blind restores to sight.

5 How perfect is Thy Law, O God,
How pure the sacred word;
How holy, righteous, just and good,
The judgements of the LORD!

6 O precious more than finest gold,
The knowledge of the LORD!
O sweeter far than honey comb,
The sweetness of thy word!

7 By this Thy servant, timely warn'd,
Escapes the snares of sin
By these instructions daily taught,
Preserves his conscience clean.

8 O who can count his num'rous faults?
Who can his heart explore?
LORD, keep me from presumptuous sin,
Lest I offend Thee more.

9 O may the musing of my heart,
My ev'ry thought and word,
Accepted alway be by Thee,
My strength, Redeemer, Lord.

PSALM 19. (II METRE.)

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth,
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll ;
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'



PSALM 20. (L. M.)

*The Church prayeth for the prosperity of King
Messiah, going forth to the battle as her Cham-
pion, Deliverer and High Priest ; blesseth the
King in his exploits, and expresses confidence
in his Salvation.*

- 1 **I**N Thy distress the LORD attend,
The name of Jacob's GOD defend ;

PSALM 21.

Sustain Thee in Thy trying hour,
And succour with almighty pow'r.

- 2 Go, Captain of Salvation, go,
Perfect thro' suff'ring made below,
Thy God Thy agonies relieve,
And Thy grand sacrifice receive.
- 3 God shall supply thy every want,
Thine heart's desire fulfil, and grant;
By Thee to bliss shall millions rise,
Lo! countless trophies grace the skies.
- 4 Messiah's heard; the work is done;
The great Salvation's all Thy own!
Our banners we exulting raise;
Thine all the glory! Thine the praise!
- 5 Triumphant in Thy sacred name,
All other refuge we disclaim;
By Thee upheld; by Thee we rise;
Thy name our passport to the skies.
- 6 They, who thy grace refuse, shall fall,
LORD save us, hear us, when we call.
Let saints in earth, and heav'n proclaim
Endless HOSANNAS to Thy name.



PSALM 21.

Appointed by the Church for Ascension Day, celebrating the victory and glory of the Redeemer his kingdom and final triumph.

- 1 **T**HE king shall in Thy strength rejoice,
O LORD of Hosts, with grateful voice;
Salvation's glorious work is done;
Let heav'n and earth the triumph own.

PSALM 21.

- 2 His heart's desire, divine request !
Man to redeem, condemn'd, oppress ;
Blessings of goodness hence are spread,
And purest gold adorns His head.
- 3 He asked life : and life was giv'n,
Eternal, as the days of heav'n,
His glories in Salvation shine,
Honor and majesty divine.
- 4 Ye saints, ye angels hov'ring round,
Behold the great MESSIAH, crown'd ;
Enter'd within the promis'd rest,
For ever, and for ever, blest.—
- 5 O life divine ! inspiring word !
As man He trusted in the LORD ;
He died ; He rose ; He left the grave,
Glorious in pow'r, and strong to save.
- 6 Thine enemies shall feel Thy hand ;
Destruction waits Thy dread command ;
Beneath Thy wrath Thy foes consume,
And own the justice of their doom.
- 7 Exalted high, rise, mighty LORD,
Thy strength display ; unsheath Thy sword,
Live, live, and reign to endless days,
Thy greatness, and Thy pow'r we praise.

*N. B. This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the
23rd Psalm, 3rd metre, by adding these two lines
to every stanza,—*

Glory to GOD, MESSIAH reigns ;
O praise Him, praise in endless strains !

PSALM 22. (L. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Good Friday. The first verse was uttered by our Lord, when hanging on the Cross. It describes his sufferings, humiliation and glory; and prophesieth the conversion of the Gentiles to the faith and worship of the true God.

- 1 **MY** GOD, my, GOD, MESSIAH cried,
When on the cross He bled and died,
Ah! why exil'd my God from Thee?
Ah! why hast Thou forsaken me!
- 2 With agony oppress'd I faint;
By day, by night incessant pant,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, pain and grief,
O why so far from my relief?
- 3 Yet just and good Thy ways I own,
Thou perfect, righteous, holy One;
Thy glory from this cross shall shine,
And praise, eternal praise be Thine.
- 4 Our fathers trusted in Thy word,
When, when were they forsaken Lord?
O pity, hear Thy servant then,
Rejected, and despised of men.
- 5 Ye that pass by, the scene behold,
Contemplate grief and love untold;
The Son of God on Calv'ry's tree,
Forsaken, bleeding, dying see.
- 6 For man a crown of thorns He wears,
The nail, the spear His body tears,
See streaming blood His form disguise,
Hark! His last words,—He groans, He dies.

PSALM 22.

- 7 See inward terrors melt His heart !
See ruffian hands His garments part !
O Lord of strength, Thy suff'rer own,
Immanuel, Thy united one.*
- 8 O mystery great of love divine !
Justice and grace emblazon'd shine.
9 Glory to God from hence shall spring,
And heav'n with Hallelujahs ring.
- 9 The SAVIOUR lives ;—lives to proclaim,
JEHOVAH'S glorious awful name
Let the great congregation raise,
His grace and truth above all praise.
- 10 Ye seed of Jacob's honor'd race,
Your anthems bring, the triumph grace ;
Ye seed of Israel, join your songs ;
Praise Him, to whom all praise belongs.
- 11 O glorify and fear the Lord,
Who in distress confirms His word ;
Nor hides His face ; nor turns His eye ;
From deep affliction's plaintive cry.
- 12 Trust Him ye meek, partake His feast
Provided by your great High Priest,
Who seek the Lord, with Him shall rise,
And live for ever in the skies.
- 13 The heathen lands shall own their God,
Repent and turn to His abode,
Receive His soul-reviving words,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords.
- 14 The rich, the great ones of the earth,
No more shall boast their wealth or birth,

* Bp. Horne.

PSALM 23.

But, crowding round His festive board,
Prostrate adore their sov'reign LORD.

- 15 The dead shall rise, and bow the knee;
Yea; ev'ry eye the Judge shall see;
Millions of people yet unborn,
Shall rise His triumphs to adorn.
- 16 A seed shall come and learn Thy word,
A generation to the LORD,
The Gentiles, yet far off, shall raise,
Anthems of glory to Thy praise.
- 17 The heathen lands shall bless Thy name,
Thy truth, Thy righteousness proclaim,
Yea; all shall come, adore and own,
This mightiest work the LORD hath done.



PSALM 23. (s.

*The Guardian care of the Good Shepherd in
ing, restoring, conducting, defending, and
plenishing the sheep of his pasture, thro'
time to the blissful glories of eternity.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the LORD,
I never more shall want;
All I require my gracious God
Will mercifully grant
- 2 In meadows fair and green,
With purest pasture blest;
Where the still waters gently flow,
He leadeth me to rest.
- 3 When from Thy paths I err,
My God, my soul restore,
Lead me in paths of righteousness,
That I may stray no more.

PSALM 23.

- 1 In gloomy shades of death,
Then shall I fear no ill;
Thy staff and sceptre comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.
- 2 In presence of my foes,
My table Thou dost spread;
My cup with mercy overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 3 Thy goodness, mercy, peace,
Shall follow all my days;
And in Thy house I'll ever dwell,
And sing Thy ceaseless praise.



PSALM 23. II METRE. *Old Version.* (C. M.)

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living LORD.
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.
- 3 Yea, tho' I walk in vale of death
Yet I will fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.
- 4 And in the presence of my foes
My table Thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou
Anointed hast my head.

PSALM 23.

- 5 Through all my life, Thy favor is
So frankly shewn to me.
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.



PSALM 23. III METRE. (L. M)

- 1 **T**HE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill;
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

The Ark of God moving in a grand solemn procession to Mount Sion, 1 Chron. xv. an emblem of the Christian Church and the glorious Ascension of the Messiah; as such appointed by the Church for Ascension-day.

- 1 **T**HE earth, and all that dwell therein,
JEHOVAH owns its LORD,
Form'd on the seas and swelling floods,
Created by His word.
- 2 Who shall on high ascend and dwell,
The holy place of GOD?
The man, whose heart, whose hands are clean
And meet for Thine abode.
- 3 The man, who vanity abhors;
Whose life from guilt is free;
Who scorns deceit, maintains the truth,
Whose heart is right with Thee.
- 4 This is the generation, LORD,
Of such as seek Thy face;
Blessings divine shall they receive,
Glory and righteousness.
- 5 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Ye realms of light make room:
Ye everlasting doors, behold
The King of glory come!
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who?
The mighty Chief renown'd;
Mighty in battle, glorious LORD,
He comes with triumph crown'd.

PSALM 25.

- 7 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold the heav'nly scene;
The King of glory comes;—receive
The King of glory in.
- 8 Who is this King of glory who?
The Lord of Hosts, renown'd,
All hail!—MESSIAH is His name,
The King of glory crown'd.
- 9 (The SAVIOUR thus was once receiv'd
By heaven's angelic train,
And thus His faithful saints shall rise,
And heirs of glory reign.)



PSALM 25. (C. A)

A Prayer for pardon, help and protection; & describing the blessedness of the man, who fear the Lord.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O LORD, I lift my soul,
My GOD, I trust in Thee;
Let not mine enemies rejoice,
Or triumph over me.
- 2 Shew me Thy paths, teach me Thy truth,
Direct me in Thy way;
Thou GOD of my salvation hear,
On Thee I wait all day.
- 3 Call to remembrance, O my GOD,
Thy loving kindness past;
Thy tender mercies, oft of old,
My anxious fears surpast.
- 4 Remember not my youthful sins,
When I transgress'd Thy word;

PSALM 25.

In mercy, for Thy goodness sake,
Remember me, O LORD.

- 5 Thou good, and righteous, holy One,
Thy grace and pardon give.
Teach me to find Thy way, that I
May to Thy glory live.
- 6 Divine simplicity of soul,
Meekness and peace impart,
Instruct my soul; in judgment guide,
And fix my wav'ring heart.
- 7 Thy paths of mercy, grace, and truth,
Sweet peace and joy instil,
To such as do Thy covenant keep,
Obedient to Thy will.
- 8 My sin is great; my sin forgive,
My nature cleanse within;
Thus glorify Thy name, O LORD,
And pardon all my sin.

PSALM 25. PART II.

- 9 **O** Highly favor'd, happy man,
The man, who fears the LORD!
Unerring truth shall guide his steps,
God's providence and word.
- 10 The blessings of the LORD shall rest
On him and on his seed,
While sov'reign goodness, love and pow'r,
Their steps to glory lead.
- 11 Calmness of mind, and holy fear
His peace and hope improve;

PSALM 26.

His covenant God to him will shew,
The counsels of His love.

12 Mine eyes are ever fix'd on Thee;
O Lord, preserve my feet,
Turn Thou to me, O hear my prayer,
From heav'n, Thy mercy-seat.

13 The sorrows of my heart enlarge,
My num'rous foes increase;
O look on my adversity,
And bid my sorrows cease.

14 Succour and keep my soul, O God,
In the afflictive hour;
Thou art my hope; Thine Israel guard,
With Thine almighty pow'r.



PSALM 26. (c. m.)

An appeal to God and delight in divine ordinances.

1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, my trust art Thou,
Examine, prove my heart,
Try Thou my reins, that I from Thee
May never more depart.

2 Thy loving kindness, and Thy truth,
I set before mine eyes;
Hence, ye deceitful, who delight
In vanity and lies.

3 Thine altar, Lord, will I frequent,
Where all Thy saints repair;
My soul exults with songs of praise,
To tell Thy wonders there.

4 My hands I'll wash in innocence,
By Thine almighty grace,

PSALM 27.

And hail with gratitude and joy,
The glories of the place.

5 O how I love Thy sacred courts.
Where prayer and praise arise!
There, where Thy honor dwells, I find
My foretaste of the skies.

6 Lord, with the just appoint my lot,
To walk Thy holy ways;
Till, with Thy saints enthron'd on high
I chaunt eternal praise.



PSALM 27. (L. M.)

Confidence in God in the midst of danger, and triumphant assurance of final Victory.

1 **T**HOU my Salvation art, O LORD,
My light of truth Thy sacred word;
Strength of my life, whom shall I fear,
While Thine almighty arm is near?

2 Tho' hosts of men their weapons wield,
My heart to terror ne'er shall yield;
My soul may all their threats despise,
Guarded by Thee, should wars arise.

3 One grand pursuit my heart inspires,
Long as I live, my soul desires
To dwell in Thy belov'd abode,
To view Thy beauty, O my God.

4 O blest pavilion, where Thy saints
Relief obtain in all complaints:
Fix'd on a rock, Thy pow'r they know,
And rise triumphant o'er the foe.

PSALM 27.

- 5 Thy praise shall hence my pow'rs employ,
The grateful sacrifice of joy;
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,
Let Hallelujahs swell the song.
- 6 To Thee I cry; LORD, hear my voice;
Thy answer makes my heart rejoice;
"Seek ye my face." O sacred word!
Thy face I'll seek, most gracious LORD.
- 7 Ah! hide not Thou Thy face from me,
Till I in bliss Thy glories see;
Be still my succour, still my friend,
God of Salvation, to the end.
- 8 Should friends on earth deceitful prove;
Should parents lose a parent's love.
The parent and the friend I see
More than supplied, my God, in Thee.
- 9 Oft had I fainted, but Thy name,
Faithful, unchangeable, the same,
Taught me to look beyond the grave,
And trust Thy sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 10 Wait on the LORD in ev'ry strait;
Be strong in faith; in patience wait;
Thine heart He strengthens; trust His word;
O wait for ever on the LORD.

PSALM 27. II METRE. (L. M.)

- 1 **THOU**, LORD, my safety, Thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom Thou hast own'd Thy care?

PSALM 28.

- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask; that to my end
Thy sacred courts I may attend.
- 3 There may I find a sure abode, -
And view the beauty of my God;
For He within His hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When, Thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek Thy shining face,
My heart replied to Thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all gracious Lord.
- 5 Should ev'ry earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my Friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in ev'ry strait,
On God with sacred courage wait;
His hand shall life and strength afford,
O ever wait upon the Lord.



PSALM 28. (C.M.)

The language of humiliation, intercession, and triumph.

- 1 **T**O Thee I cry, O Lord, my rock,
Thine arm alone can save.
Ah! be not silent, lest I sink
Forgotten in the grave.
- 2 The voice of supplication, Lord,
My anxious fears repeat;

PSALM 28.

With ceaseless cries, I lift my hands
Tow'rds Heav'n, Thy mercy-seat.

3 Ungodly men care not for Thee,
They from Thy ways depart;
Peace to their neighbour speak their lips,
With mischief in their heart.

4 Thy works, the glory of Thy hands
Thy pow'r and skill declare;
Yet sinners' hearts they ne'er attract,
Nor make impression there.

5 Who serve not GOD, while here on earth,
Who care not, LORD, for Thee,
According to their just desert,
Thy face shall never see.

6 Almighty GOD, enthron'd on high,
Thy name be ever blest—
My supplications Thou hast heard,
And granted my request.

7 O Thou, my confidence, my strength,
My shield in all distress,
How greatly doth my heart rejoice,
And Thy salvation bless.

8 JEHOVAH is our sure defence,
His pow'r. and grace our theme;
Strength of MESSIAH, and His Church,
Of all, who trust in Him.

9 LORD, save Thy people, bless Thy saints;
Till ev'ry danger's o'er;
With heav'nly manna feed their souls,
Exalt them evermore.

PSALM 29.

The Prophet calleth the Kings of the earth to give glory to Jehovah, and to admire the magnificent effects of his power.

- 1 **BRING** to the LORD, the mighty King,
Your grateful off'rings hither bring,
Your sacrifice prepare.
Ye kings and rulers of the earth,
Praise Him, to whom you owe your birth,
His sacred pow'r declare.
- 2 With holy worship sound His praise ;
To highest heav'nus His honors raise ;
Give glory to His name.
The beauty of His holiness,
In all your themes of praise express,
And spread abroad His fame.
- 3 God speaks ;—the God of glory speaks ;
Forth from the skies the lightning breaks ;
The thunder's awful noise,
Earth stands astonish'd at the sound,
The whirlwinds shake, and rend the ground ;
Man trembles at His voice.
- 4 See ! Lebanon's wide desarts shake ;
Behold ! the oaks of Kadesh break ;
The crashing cedars rend !
Praise His magnificence of pow'r ;
His glory speak ; His name adore,
And in His temple bend.
- 5 Let oceans wide His wonders tell :
At God's command the billows swell,
At God's command subside.

PSALM 30.

Combine, ye seas, His name to bless,
Ye raging waves, the God confess ;
Who rules th' impetuous tide.

- 6 God sitteth on the water-flood ;
His throne from age to age hath stood ;
His kingdom ne'er shall cease.
Strength to His people God will give ;
Their souls will bless ; their wants relieve,
And grant eternal peace.



PSALM 30. (L. M)

A Psalm of praise at the dedication of the house David, celebrating deliverance from sickness a danger, and gloryfying God.

- 1 **T**HEE will I magnify, O LORD,
Thy sacred truth, Thy faithful word,
Thy pow'r my enemies suppress,
Pleaded my cause, and gave me rest.
- 2 O LORD, my GOD, I cried to Thee ;
In mercy Thou hast healed me.
From terror, darkness, and the grave,
Thy mighty arm ordain'd to save.
- 3 Give praise, ye saints, with me confess
The mem'ry of His holiness ;
His love returns ; His anger's past ;
His wrath doth but a moment last.
- 4 Though grief the night oppress with tears,
The morning dawns, and joy appears ;
In his good pleasure life resides,
And bliss eternally abides.
- 5 Elated with prosperity,
Removed, we think, we ne'er can be ;

PSALM 31.

GOD turns His face ; instant appear
Darkness, and clouds, and sad despair.

- 6 Taught by distress ; to **GOD** we flee,
Our refuge in adversity,
And at His feet submissive bow ;
By suff'ring taught our **GOD** to know.
- 7 **LORD**, hear my plea, prolong my days,
And may each day proclaim Thy praise ;
Spare me, my **GOD**, in mercy spare,
Thy truth, Thy mercy to declare.
- 8 In great compassion hear my cry,
My helper, **GOD**, in trouble nigh ;
Swift to my succour mercy flies,
And hope revives, and terror dies.
- 9 Ye saints, with praise your songs employ,
See heaviness exchange'd for joy ;
Mourning put off, with gladness crown'd,
See mercy beaming all around.
- 10 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall sound aloud **JEHOVAH's** name ;
Perpetual mercy **GOD** displays ;
Perpetual themes shall chaunt His praise.



PSALM 31. (S. M.)

Supplication for deliverance, and gratitude for mercies, the 5th verse was pronounced by Messiah, when expiring on the cross.

- 1 **I**N Thee, O **LORD**, I trust,
My hope is in Thy name.
In righteousness deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

PSALM 31.

- 2 From heav'n bow down thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead;
My rock, my fortress, my defence,
My soul vouchsafe to lead.
- 3 From ev'ry snare preserve;
From ev'ry foe defend;
For Thy name's sake O God, my strength,
Divine protection send.
- 4 Into Thy hands O Lord,
My spirit I commend;
Thou hast redeem'd me, God of truth;
In death be Thou my friend.
- 5 I will be glad and praise;
And in Thy name rejoice;
In sorrow Thou hast known my soul,
And heard my plaintive voice.
- 6 My trouble still regard;
My God my fears controul,
My eye consumes, my spirit faints,
My body and my soul.
- 7 My life is spent with grief,
In sighing pass my years;
My strength consumes because of sin,
In grief, distress, and tears.
- 8 Reproach'd, cast out, despis'd,
By friends, by foes oppress' ;
Harrass'd with fears, on ev'ry side,
Forsaken, and distress'd.
- 9 But still Thou art my God,
Although by man abhor'd,
Thou the asylum of my soul,
My trust is in Thy word.

PSALM 31.

- 10 My times are in Thy hand,
My great almighty Friend.
When persecuting foes combine,
Do Thou my soul defend.
- 11 O grant me to behold,
Thy power, Thy truth, Thy grace;
LORD, for Thy mercy's sake display
The brightness of Thy face.
- 12 Thy goodness, O how great,
Eternally the same!
Before the sons of men laid up,
For those who fear Thy name.
- 13 Thy presence shall protect,
Thy watchful care shall hide;
In the pavilion of Thy love
Secure Thy saints abide.
- 14 For ever bless the LORD,
His great Salvation tell.
His marv'ous loving kindness keeps
The city, where we dwell.
- 15 Despond not of His truth,
Nor yield to anxious grief;
God heard my voice, when in distress
I sought and found relief.
- 16 O love the LORD, ye saints,
The faithful God will guard;
Sin He will punish; but the just
In mercy will reward.
- 17 Be of good courage then,
Establish'd on His word;

PSALM 32.

Your heart He strengthens; trust His name,
And triumph in the LORD.



PSALM 32. (L. M.

The second penitential Psalm; true blessedness consisteth in remission of sins, the character and encouragement of true repentance, St. Paul, applies it to illustrate our justification.—Rom. ix 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, O, blest of heav'n,
Whose sins are pardon'd by his GOD;
All whose transgressions are forgiv'n
And cover'd with atoning blood.
- 2 To him the LORD no sin imputes;
His heart is free from guile within,
His works attest his faith sincere;
True evidence of pardon'd sin.
- 3 By day and night, with guilt cast down,
In deep despondency opprest,
Silent I mourn'd my absent GOD,
And seem'd in vain to seek for rest.
- 4 I said, I will confess my sin;
Thou LORD almighty art to save;
My sin confest;—my gracious Lord
All my iniquities forgave.
- 5 This act of mercy, Godlike grace,
Memorial of Thy pard'ning pow'r,
Shall teach Thy saints to Thee to pray,
Thou refuge in affliction's hour.
- 6 When billows swell, when tempests rage;
When the great water-floods prevail,

PSALM 33.

Thy saints upborn, preserv'd by Thee,
Shall never find Thy mercy fail.

- 7 My hiding place, secure in Thee,
No terrors shall my soul annoy,
Songs of deliv'rance Thou shalt raise,
Encompassing my soul with joy.
- 8 Guide me with Thine unerring eye,
Instruct and teach me in Thy way;
Point out the path, direct my soul
To realms of everlasting day.
- 9 God's service perfect freedom is;
Be ye not like the horse or mule,
Let gentler means obedience teach,
And let His Law thy spirit rule.
- 10 Be glad ye righteous, and rejoice,
Ye upright souls make God your trust,
Great plagues for sinners shall remain;
Encircling mercy guards the just.



PSALM 33. (C. M.)

An exhortation to praise God for His truth, righteousness, mercy and power.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ye righteous, in the LORD.
Your songs triumphant raise;
For well the upright it becomes
To celebrate His praise.
- 2 With sweetest melody of song,
Jehovah's praise proclaim;
Let music all her pow'rs combine,
Jehovah's praise the theme.

PSALM 33.

- 3 His sacred words most just and true
Life, peace and joy afford ;
Through the wide world His works proclaim,
The goodness of the LORD.
- 4 O praise our GOD, th' eternal Word,
By whom the heav'ns were made ;
All their grand host his breath ordain'd,
And earth's foundation laid.
- 5 Wide oceans rise at His command,
At His command subside ;
In the great deep their bounds he lays,
And curbs their swelling tide.
- 6 O fear the LORD, O stand in awe,
Praise Him, while ages last,
GOD spake ;—the globe in order rose,
GOD spake ;—and it stood fast.
- 7 GOD brings to nought the plans of men,
Their projects turns to shame ;
But Thy decrees, O LORD, shall stand
Eternally the same.
- 8 Bless'd is the nation where the LORD
JEHOVAH is their GOD :
O happy people, favor'd land,
Chosen for His abode.
- 9 From heav'n the mighty God surveys
The counsels men combine ;
Detects their thoughts, observes their works,
And governs the design.
- 10 Without the LORD, the valiant hosts,
The sword, the shield are vain,
The horse, the rider, all the strength,
Of wars terrific train.

PSALM 34.

- 1 On those, who fear, and trust His pow'r,
God looks; and, from the skies,
Guards them from death, preserves alive,
And all their wants supplies.
- 2 On God, our shield, our souls shall wait,
His help inspires our voice;
His holy name's our only hope,
Then let our hearts rejoice.
- 3 LORD, let Thy mercy on us rest,
Our strength on Thee depends;
Be thou the anchor of our souls,
Whose mercy never ends.



PSALM 34.

! song of praise, celebrating great deliverance, exhorting to fear, trust and experience the goodness of Jehovah; composed by David on his escape from Abimelech.

WITH ceaseless praise I'll bless the LORD,
His providence and grace record,
And spread abroad His fame.
In Him my soul shall make her boast,
The humble man shall hear and trust,
And join the grateful theme.
O magnify the LORD with me;
Proclaim His rich benignity,
Give glory to His name.
I sought the LORD; He heard my cry;
Mercy descended from on high,
And all my fears o'ercame.

PSALM 34.

- 3 The saints of God beheld and learn'd ;
The myst'ry of His ways discern'd,
His dispensations bless'd.
The poor man cried ; God heard his prayer,
Reliev'd his sorrow, sooth'd his care,
And rescued, when distress'd.
- 4 Behold ! commission'd from on high,
The guardian armies of the sky,
The Angel of the Lord ;
O taste and see, that God is love,
What bliss the happy man doth prove,
Who fears and trusts His word.
- 5 The lions roar and suffer want ;
But the great God all good will grant,
His saints shall be supplied.
O fear the Lord, fear His saints,
Pour forth to Him your sad complaints,
JEHOVAH will provide.

PART II. ;

- 6 O come ye children, come and learn,
Paths of true happiness discern,
These sacred precepts hear.
See glory crown extended days,
See peace and goodness mark the ways
Of God's most holy fear !
- 7 Thy tongue from guile and evil guard ;
Speak the plain truth ; all sin discard ;
And to the end endure ;
Depart from evil, and do good ;
For peace, with God and man pursued,
Will happiness ensure.

PSALM 34. (II METRE.)

- 8 **G**OD hears the righteous when they cry;
His faithful, His omniscient eye
Awakes to guard the just.
In GOD the wicked find no friend,
Their steps to sure destruction tend,
Their mem'ry sinks in dust.
- 9 **G**OD deigns to hear the humble sigh,
To such the LORD of hosts is nigh,
Their tears His pity move;
Tho' many their afflictions be,
E'er long, deliv'rance they shall see,
And rest eternal prove.
- 10 His watchful care His saints observes,
Their body and their soul preserves,
Their ev'ry want supplies.
Evil the wicked man o'ertakes,
But GOD His servants ne'er forsakes,
'Till perfect in the skies.



PSALM 34. II METRE. New Ver. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
Thy praises, O my GOD, shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of Thy deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all, who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

PSALM 35.

- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all,
Who on His succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who on His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.



PSALM 35. (L. M.

This Psalm, as the xxii. personates Messiah in his state of humiliation; predicts the confusion of his enemies, his triumph and the exultation of the faithful.

- 1 **P**LEAD Thou my cause, O LORD, my God,
Fight Thou against my pow'rful foes;
Extend Thy shield, draw out Thy spear,
And all their fierce assaults oppose.
- 2 Rise, great JEHOVAH, mighty LORD
Guard me by Thine omnipotence;
Say to my soul, I am Thy God,
Thy strength, salvation, and defence.
- 3 All They, who hate Thy saints, shall fall,
Confounded by Thy potent word,
Driv'n like the chaff before the wind,
Chas'd by the Angel of the LORD.
- 4 My soul shall triumph in Thy name,
From ev'ry foe, from death set free;
My very bones shall praise, and say,
Who is a God, O LORD, like Thee?

PSALM 36.

O shout for joy, ye saints of God,
Who love MESSIAH's righteous cause :
Shew forth the honor of His name,
Maintain His truth, revere His Laws.
The LORD of hosts be magnified,
Who in His servants' bliss delights ;
My tongue shall speak His righteousness ;
Whose mercy endless praise excites.



PSALM 36. (L. M.)

he Prophets, lamenting the principles and conversation of the wicked, raiseth his thoughts to Heaven and celebrates the Mercy of Jehovah.

MY heart, oppress'd with deep concern,
Beholds the men, who truth despise ;
Whose multiplied transgressions prove
No fear of God before their eyes.

High as the heav'ns, Thy mercy shines ;
High as the clouds Thy faithfulness ;
Firm as the mountains stands Thy truth,
Deep as the seas Thy righteousness.

How excellent Thy mercy, LORD !
Parent of all, Thou bounteous King,
Children of men shall learn to trust
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

Fed with abundance in Thy house,
With joy divine their hearts shall glow ;
While heav'nly pleasures they partake,
Where streams of life perpetual flow.

Fountain of life, O where sh:ld man
True life obtain, where but in Thee ?

PSALM 37.

Where else, O uncreated light,
Truth in its own pure radiance see ?

- 6 Preserve me from the snares of pride,
Hold thou me up, my soul restore,
While workers of iniquity
Inglorious fall to rise no more.



PSALM 37. (S. M.)

*Advice and consolation to the Church and people:
God, oppressed and afflicted.*

- 1 **F**RET not Thy anxious heart,
Nor sink Thy spirits down ;
Soon, like the grass before the scythe,
Shall every foe be gone.
- 2 Put thou thy trust in God,
Intent on doing good ;
In heav'nly pastures thou shalt dwell,
Sustain'd with living food.
- 3 Delight thou in the Lord,
And to His glory live ;
Then all the good thy heart desires
God will most richly give.
- 4 To Him commit thy cause,
Confide and mark His way ;
Thy righteousness shall shine as light,
Thy judgment clear as day.
- 5 The meek possess the earth,
Their joys shall never cease ;
Content and calm delight insures,
Th' abundance of their peace.

PSALM 37.

- 6 Though little in this world
The righteous may possess,
'Tis better far than Ophir's gold,
For God their store doth bless.

PART II.

- 7 God sees the good man's ways,
And in him takes delight ;
E'en tho' he falls, he falls to rise,
Strong in JEHOVAH's might.
- 8 As he, by mercy taught,
Hath pitied the distress'd ;
So mercy shall on him descend,
And on his offspring rest.
- 9 From sin depart, do good,
The Law of God adore ;
Wait thou on Him, observe His way,
And dwell for evermore.
- 10 Behold the upright man,
In death his joys encrease ;
While sinners fall, he soaks to bliss,
His end is perfect peace.
- 11 The Lord His people loves ;
They trust His sacred word,
Their refuge, strength, in all distress,
SALVATION's of Lord.

PSALM 38 & 39.

The third penitential Psalm, an act of deep humiliation and confession of sin.

- 1 **O** LORD, rebuke me not in wrath,
Thy just displeasure, LORD, withdraw ;
Thine arrows pierce my inmost soul,
Oh, stay the terrors of Thy Law.
- 2 Bereft of peace and rest and hope,
Guilt presseth down my wearied soul ;
No hand but Thine can heal the wound,
No grace but Thine my fears controul.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath th' oppressive load,
Mourning I pass the wearied day ;
My groanings are not hid from Thee,
In mercy take my sins away.
- 4 My strength decays, my sight hath fail'd,
LORD bid Thy just displeasure cease ;
God of Salvation plead my cause,
Thy grace alone restores my peace.
- 5 Forsake me not, O LORD my God,
My foes repel, my sins subdue ;
Thou art my hope, on Thee I wait,
Thy mercy's great, Thy promise true.



PSALM 39. (C.M)

Appointed by the Church for a funeral Psalm, meditation on the shortness of life, combined with faith, hope, and submission.

- 1 **M**Y God, the transient life of man
My pensive heart dismays ;

PSALM 39.

The solemn truth restrains my tongue,
And calls to mind my ways.

- 2 Oh what is life, a very span,
If once compar'd to Thee!
Man in his best estate appears,
But dust and vanity.
- 3 Teach me, O LORD, to know my end,
The measure of my days,
Teach me to learn how frail I am,
How soon my strength decays.
- 4 See man in his vain shadow walk,
Disquieted in vain;
He heaps up wealth, nor knows for whom,
Blinded with sordid gain.
- 5 O LORD, my GOD, what wait I for?
My hope I place in Thee;
My rock, my trust, in Thee alone,
Substantial good I see.
- 6 Thy stroke my trembling spirit awes,
Thy wisdom spake the word;
I'm dumb; I open not my mouth,
The deed is of the LORD.
- 7 Yet may a sinner plead with God,
Remove th' impending storm,
Nor let divine omnipotence,
Consume a dying worm.
- 8 Spare me, O GOD, in mercy spare,
Thy sojourner below,
And form my soul for better worlds,
Before from hence I go.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
LORD, I am dumb before Thy throne,
Nor dare dispute Thy will.
- 2 Diseases are Thy servants, **L**ORD,
They come at Thy command;
Be silent then each murmuring word,
Against **G**OD's chastening hand.
- 3 Yet let me plead with humble cries,
Remove Thy sharp rebukes,
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through Thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath Thy hand,
We moulder down to dust,
Our feeble pow'r cannot withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were,
O may I be prepared to go
When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
O make Thy praise my business still,
And I'll proclaim Thy love.

PSALM 40.

(L. M.)

A prophecy of the glory of Messiah, the inefficacy of the legal sacrifices, the deliverance of the Church, by the incarnation, resurrection and doctrine of our great Redeemer.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in sacred lays,
Resound the great IMMANUEL'S praise,
The Son of GOD, mysterious plan,
Descends to earth, the Son of man.
- 2 New songs of praise our lips employ,
Let the whole Church proclaim the joy,
From the dark caverns of the grave,
Glorious He rises, strong to save.
- 3 The Lord his GOD his trust He made,
Renouncing all created aid ;
Who, who Thy wond'rous works can tell,
Godlike, divine, unsearchable ?
- 4 The blood of thousand victims slain,
To expiate sin is all in vain,
Then cries the SAVIOUR, lo, I come,
Mine be the curse, the sinner's doom.
- 5 The Law of truth is in His heart ;
Mercy and peace His lips impart ;
And congregations great shall prove,
Salvation, righteousness, and love.
- 6 Behold the man ;—He faints, He sighs,
For man's offences, bleeds and dies,
Our countless sins he deigns to bear,
And pains extreme His body tear.
- 7 Rejoice ye saints, His pow'r proclaim,
Let all His foes be put to shame ;

PSALM 40 & 41.

Glory in Him, who lov'd and died,
And shout, the LORD be magnified !

- 8 LORD to our suff'rings condescend,
Thy poor and needy, LORD, defend,
In tender pity, bow thine ear,
And soon for all Thy saints appear,

PSALM 40. II METRE.

7, 7

- 1 **H**OLY wonder, heav'nly grace,
Come inspire our humble lays,
While the SAVIOUR'S love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.
- 2 Man involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd His tender bosom so,
That, when justice death demands,
Forth the great Deliv'rer stands.
- 3 JESUS cries, "Thy mercy shew,
"Lo! I come, Thy will to do;
"I the sacrifice will be,
"Death shall plunge his dart in me."
- 4 Tho' the form of GOD He bore,
Great in glory, great in pow'r,
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than His angels made.

PSALM 41.

(S. M.

*The blessedness of the merciful, an exercise of
prayer and praise.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose heart
With kind compassion glows;
Who the rich luxury enjoys
Of healing others' woes.

PSALM 41.

The needy blest by him,
His charities record;
His works of love, His pious zeal,
God will himself reward.
When in affliction's path,
The LORD will be his friend;
Preserve, and keep his soul alive,
And full deliv'rance send.
In sickness pain, or death,
His comforts shall abound;
God smooths his bed, and gives him peace,
While heav'nly joys abound.
On earth preserv'd and bless'd,
God will enrich his days;
His enemies shall own His worth,
His God have all the praise.
Bless'd be the LORD our God,
Eternally the same;
World without end proclaim His love,
Extol His holy name.



PSALM 41. II METRE. (C. M.)

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd;
When troubles compass him about
The LORD shall give him rest.
The LORD his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those,
Who seek to do him wrong.
If he in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;

PSALM 42.

The LORD will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

- 4 Let therefore Israel's LORD and GOD,
From age to age be bless'd ;
And all the peoples glad applause,
With loud AMENS express'd.



PSALM 42.

(L. M.)

David, by Absalom's rebellion, driven from Jerusalem, describes in pathetic strains his despondency and hope.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart fatigued, distress'd,
For cooling streams with thirst oppress'd ;
So pants my soul for Thine abode,
For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD.
- 2 By day, by night, o'erwhelmed with tears,
My daily food, my anxious fears ;
My enemies my soul dismay,
And, where's thy GOD, insulting say.
- 3 Those past endearments I lament,
With saints when to Thy courts I went,
Thy courts for sacred joy design'd,
Where multitudes in praise combin'd.
- 4 Why then, my soul, Thy anxious fear ;
Why thus cast down in sad despair ?
Hope still in GOD, and thou shalt raise
Anthems of glory to His praise.
- 5 Deep calls to deep, the billows roll,
Thy storms and waves, oppress my soul ;
Help me my GOD, Thy pow'r to trace
In past memorials of Thy grace.

PSALM 42.

Lo! a reviving beam appears,
Thy loving kindness, quells my fears;
Thou, LORD, my sinking soul shall raise
And gloomy night shall hear Thy praise.

Then why, my soul, thy plaintive moan,
Why thus disquieted, cast down?
Hope thou in GOD, soon shalt thou raise
Anthems of glory to His praise.



PSALM 42. II METRE. (C.M.)

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

May I advance with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay;
And join the highly favor'd throng,
Who keep the sacred day.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 43 & 44. (L. M.

The same subject continued.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Dereitful men, insult Thy Laws;
God of my strength, O tell me why,
As one far off, to Thee I cry?
- 2 O send from heav'n Thy truth, Thy light,
And lead me forth, with radiance bright,
To Thy blest courts, to view Thy face,
Thy holy hill, Thy dwelling place.
- 3 Then to Thy altar I'll repair,
And bring my grateful off'rings there,
Thy praises shall my harp employ,
O God, my God, with sacred joy.
- 4 Then why art thou cast down, my soul,
Let trust in God thy fears controul;
Him will I praise in His abode,
Health of my countenance, MY God.



PSALM 44. (L. M

*The Church, recounting the mercies of God to her
Servants of old time, declares her confidence
in his mercy, and implores divine help.*

- 1 **O** God our help in days of old
Our ancestors Thy acts have told,
Israel possess'd the promis'd Land,
Victorious by Thy mighty hand.
- 2 Thou great Jehovah art our King,
Thy all triumphant pow'r we sing;

PSALM 45.

Nor bow, nor warlike sword we name,
Thine all the glory, Thine the fame.

- 4 But now Thy absence, LORD, we mourn,
Return, O GOD of hosts, return;
Behold our grief, Thy help we claim,
Reproach'd, afflicted, put to shame.
- 5 O hide not Thou Thy face, arise,
Thy servant's cause do not despise;
Rise for our help, O LORD, awake,
And save us for Thy mercies' sake.



PSALM 45. (L. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Christmas Day, as celebrating the majesty and conquests of King Messiah, and the excellence and glory of the Church.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my heart, with joy record,
The brilliant triumphs of the LORD.
My tongue, divinely influenc'd, sing
MESSIAH's praise, th' eternal KING.
- 2 O fairer than the sons of men !
Truth, grace, and mercy, mark Thy reign ;
Celestial joys Thy steps surround,
Of GOD with bliss eternal crown'd.
- 3 Gird on Thy sword, most mighty Prince,
Thy glorious majesty evince,
Truth, meekness, righteousness combine,
And round Thy car emblazon'd shine.
- 4 Ride on and conquer, mighty LORD ;
Direct the arrows of Thy word.

PSALM 45.

Subdue Thy foes, Thy conquests spread ;
Triumphs of mercy crown Thy head.

- 5 Thy throne, O God, shall ever last,
Ages to come, from ages past ;
The sceptre of Thy righteousness,
All nations shall with justice bless.
- 6 Celestial grace Thy pow'r attends ;
On Thee the oil of joy descends ;
The odours of Thy vestments rise,
And fill the palace of the skies.
- 7 Thou lovest truth, Thou HOLY ONE ;
Grace, mercy, peace adorn Thy throne :
And God, thy GOD, to Thee hath given,
The plenitude of joy in heaven.

P A R T II.

- 8 At GOD's right hand the Church is seen,
Array'd in splendor stands the Queen,
Her vesture gold, her beauteous dress,
The LORD her strength and righteousness.
- 9 Daughter of Salem, all within
Is glorious, purified, and clean ;
Garments of holiness are thine,
Mercy, and truth, and grace divine.
- 10 See sons and daughters yet unborn
Thy splendid retinue adorn ;
By saints escorted, lo, they rise,
To swell Thy triumphs in the skies.
- 11 The heavenly gates expand ; they come
Triumphant to their glorious home,

PSALM 46.

The sacred mansion bought by blood,
The palace of their Saviour God.

12 Heiress of glory, upward soar,
Thy temporal state regard no more;
So shall the King thy graces own,
Adore and worship HIM alone.

13 Let the whole world HIS praises sing;
Let every age its tribute bring;
Thy glorious name enroll'd shall shine,
And praise, eternal praise, be THINE.



PSALM 46. (8, 8, 6.)

*The Church, in time of trouble, exults in the power,
might, and wonderful works, of her victorious
Lord.*

1 **G**OD is our refuge and defence,
Our present help and confidence,
When storms of woe assail.
We will not fear, tho' tempests roar,
Or scatter'd mountains strew the shore,
Or boist'rous storms prevail.

2 There is a stream, whose gentler flow,
Shall teach with gladden'd heart to glow
The city of our GOD.
See pow'r divine her fears expels;
GOD in the midst of Zion dwells,
And owns her HIS abode.

3 The heathens rage, the kingdoms move;
JEHOVAH thunders from above,
Earth melts and hears his voice.

PSALM 47.

The **LORD** of hosts is our defence ;
Our refuge **HIS** omnipotence ;
In Jacob's God rejoice.

- 4 **O** come, behold the works of God,
The desolations of **HIS** rod,
His awful power adore ;
Behold He reigns, the Prince of Peace,
He breaks the bow, bids tumult cease,
Nations learn war no more.
- 5 Be still, and bow before **HIS** throne,
Know He is God, He reigns alone,
Exalted be His name ;
On Him, the **LORD** of hosts, rely ;
The God of Jacob rules the sky,
O'er earth and heav'n supreme.

PSALM 47. (C. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Ascension Day, it celebrates the victories and triumph of Christ, the establishment of his kingdom, and the conversion of the Gentiles.

- 1 **O** ALL ye people, anthems raise,
With lifted hands rejoice,
Triumphant in **JEHOVAH's** praise,
Exult with joyful voice.
- 2 The **LORD** most high the nations rules,
From His exalted seat,
Our lot selects, the foe controuls
Beneath our conqu'ring feet.
- 3 **GOD** is gone up, the trumpets sound
His glorious deeds on high,
Sing praises to our God, resound
His praises thro' the sky.

PSALM 48.

God reigns the heathen world to bless,
To guide to endless day,
And, on His throne of holiness,
He reigns with gentlest sway.
The Gentiles crowd to Thy abode,
And hail Thy sacred dome,
Kings, princes, worship Abraham's God,
And heirs of bliss become.

PSALM 48. I. Metre. (L. M.)

the glory, privileges, and stability of the Church.

GREAT is the Lord, His praise express,
O Zion, city of our God,
Thou mountain of His holiness,
Joy of the earth, the King's abode.
God in thy palaces is known,
His people's refuge and defence;
Kings of the earth His power shall own,
The arm of His omnipotence.
The saints of God oft heard and proved,
As prophets sang in ages past,
The Church of God abides beloved,
And to eternity shall last.
Here may our souls in patience wait,
Thy loving-kindness to behold;
Lord, in Thy temple, at Thy gate,
The mysteries of Thy grace unfold.
Great God, according to Thy name,
Thy praise throughout the world extends;
Thy righteousness exalts thy fame,
Thy hand to succour man descends.

PSALM 48.

- 4 Daughter of Judah, then, rejoice,
Triumphant in thy sov'reign LORD;
Behold His judgments, lift thy voice,
Let age to age His truth record.
- 5 Walk about Zion, her abode,
Her bulwarks, strength, defence proclaim,
JEHOVAH ever is our GOD;
Our guide thro' life, in death the same.

PSALM 48. II. Metre. (S. M.)

- 1 GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his praise be great;
He makes His Churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright hath His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 6 In every new distress,
We'll to Thy house repair;
We'll think upon Thy wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 49 & 50. (7, 7.)

The vanity of the world and prospects of the righteous.

- 1 **H**EARKEN, all mankind, give ear,
Sons of men, attentive hear;
Hear true wisdom from on high,
Learn to live—prepare to die.
- 2 Human means cannot procure
One short respite from the hour;
Death advances, dust to dust,
Sinks the sinner and the just.
- 3 Seek not gold, nor fame, nor power,
Pageants of a transient hour;
Learn true happiness to prove,
Set thy heart on joys above.
- 4 When the thoughtless sinner dies,
Thou to realms of bliss shalt rise;
God thy spirit will receive,
Rise victorious o'er the grave.
- 5 Rise my heart to joys untold,
Glory brighter far than gold;
Form my soul for Thine abode,
There to dwell with Thee, my God.

PSALM 50. (Old 113th.)

The majesty of God, his awful judgment of the world, and compassion to the righteous.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, the mighty God, comes down,
From Zion, His eternal throne;
Before Him burn devouring fires,
The trumpet sounds;—at his command,
The heav'ns and earth in silence stand:
The day of wrath wide dread inspires.

PSALM 51.

- 2 Our God shall come : at his stern bar
The world assembles from afar,
God speaks : with solemn awe they hear :
Hark, the Eternal Judge on high,
Gather my saints, He saith, draw nigh :
His voice dispels their ev'ry fear.
- 3 Hear, O my people, hear, attend ;
Know, I am God, thy God, thy friend,
Pay me thy vows, present thy praise ;
Call on me in affliction's hour,
I'll succour thee with mighty power,
And glorify my truth and grace.
- 4 Ye, who forget your God, give ear ;
Repentant turn, His vengeance fear,
Consider and obey his word.
His saints, who offer praise below,
God will approve, confess, and shew
The great salvation of the LORD.

PSALM 51. (L. M

The Royal Penitent, robed in sackcloth, and crowned with ashes, intreats for mercy. The Psalm is a model for penitential confession.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy on me, O my God,
Remove my sin's oppressive load ;
Oh, wash me with thy pardoning grace,
Cleanse me from sin, my guilt efface.
- 2 Deign my transgression to forgive,
Oh, bid the contrite sinner live ;
I justify Thy sentence, LORD,
Yet speak, oh, speak the pardoning word.

PSALM 51.

A child of wrath, conceived in sin.
No sacrifice can make me clean ;
No arm but thine can set me free,
Mercy, O God, extend to me,
Take not thy Spirit, LORD, away,
Thy healing power, thy grace display ;
Then shall my tongue proclaim thy grace,
Sinners shall hear, and learn thy ways.
Thy Holy Spirit, LORD, impart,
Give me a broken, contrite heart ;
That offering thou wilt not despise.
'Tis thy own work and sacrifice.
Then, long as life extends my days,
The God of mercy will I praise :
Thou wilt receive, approve, and bless,
This sacrifice of righteousness.

PSALM 51. II. Metre. (L. M.)

SHEW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
My sins are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
O wash my soul from every stain,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy Law, against Thy grace ;

PSALM 52.

LORD, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 52. (C. M.)

*David, persecuted by Doeg, the Edomite, foretells
the destruction of the enemies of the Church, and
flourishing state of the righteous.*

- 1 **W**HILE tyrants boast their fatal power,
Diffusing human woe ;
Thy mercies, Lord, through ev'ry hour,
In streams incessant flow.
- 2 God views their pride, their falsehood hears,
While they his laws despise :
The righteous see, observe, and fear :
Soon the transgressor dies.
- 3 The man who makes not God his strength,
Who dares defy His word ;
Who trusts in riches, shall at length
Perish beneath His sword.
- 4 The righteous, planted by thy hand,
Like the green olive grow ;
With mercies crown'd shall ever stand,
And Thy salvation know.
- 5 Oh, praise the Lord, trust Him, ye saints,
Wait on his sacred name ;
JEHOVAH will supply your wants,
In life, in death, the same.

PSALM 53 & 54. (L. M.)

This Psalm is the same as the 14th.

- 1 **T**HERE is a GOD, all nature cries ;
None but the fool the truth denies :
On all God's works it stands exprest,
By vivid arguments confess'd.
- 2 From heav'n the mighty LORD look'd down,
From heav'n, His high exalted throne,
Enquiring on this world's abode,
Who understands and seeks their GOD ?
- 3 From His appointed righteous way,
Alas ! they all are gone astray ;
The ways of peace they have not known,
And none is righteous ; no, not one.
- 4 Guilty, condemn'd, deprav'd, and lost,
Who before GOD hath ought to boast ?
Arise, O King of Sion, rise,
And bring salvation from the skies.
- 5 Then shall thy saints rejoice and sing,
And each glad heart its tribute bring :
Pardon and grace shall then be given,
Peace upon earth, and joy in heaven.

PSALM 54. (C. M.)

David, betrayed and surrounded by his enemies, expresses his trust in Jehovah.

The Church has appointed this Psalm for Good-Friday, as applicable to MESSIAH.

SAVE me, O GOD, to Thee I cry,
Incline, and hear my prayer :
Thou art my help, to Thee I fly ;
Unto my words give ear.

PSALM 55.

- 2 Oppressors rise, and foes surround,
Let all their threats be vain ;
Nor cast Thy servant to the ground,
My God, my soul sustain.
- 3 Then to Thy courts I'll joyful bring
My sacrifice of praise ;
The name of my Deliverer sing,
And ceaseless anthems raise.

PSALM 55. (C. 1)

*David, driven from Jerusalem by the rebellion
Absalom and Ahitophel, implores divine pro-
tection.*

- 1 **G**IVE ear, O LORD ; hide not Thy face,
In my complaint I mourn ;
Forsake me not, my foes oppress ;
Oh, when wilt thou return ?
- 2 Afflictions, pressing on my heart,
Like waves successive roll ;
While death, with his terrific dart,
O'erwhelms my trembling soul.
- 3 Oh, had I wings to aid my flight,
Soon like the dove I'd soar ;
And speed my way to realms of light,
Where storms alarm no more.
- 4 Till then, encouraged by Thy word,
I'll wait, nor wait in vain ;
I'll cast my burden on the LORD,
Almighty to sustain.
- 5 Evening, and morn, and noon, my prayer
To thee, my God, I'll raise ;
Feed me with thy parental care,
Till prayer's absorbed in praise.

PSALM 56 & 57. (L. M.)

David, in danger from the Philistines, and also from Saul, encourageth his faith in God, by reflecting that the Almighty takes notice of his sufferings, and his tears of anxiety.

BE merciful, O thou Most High,
 'Midst numerous foes to thee I cry.
 Where shall I for protection flee?
 Lord, when afraid, I trust in Thee.

Thou wast my hope in trouble past,
 Faithful Thy word shall ever last;
 Though man would tread me to the dust,
 I will not fear: in God I trust.

My inmost thoughts are known to Thee;
 'Thine eyes my tears observant see;
 Number'd by Thee till that blest day,
 When Thou shalt wipe them all away.

O God, again I'll praise Thy word,
 Thy faithfulness I will record;
 I'll praise Thee till my latest breath,
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death.

My feet from falling Thou wilt save,
 And grant me victory o'er the grave;
 Then 'midst the living I shall stand,
 In realms of light at Thy right hand.



PSALM 57. (L. M.)

Imposed by David on his escape from Saul, and applied by the Church in the proper Psalms for Easter-day, to illustrate the resurrection of Messiah.

O GOD of mercy, King of kings,
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,

PSALM 57.

Hide me secure, while dangers last,
Till all the storms of life be past.

- 2 O Thou Most High, who reign'st above,
Send down from heav'n Thy truth and love;
My soul's oppress'd, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
In tender mercy send relief.
- 3 My heart is fix'd, JEHOVAH's name
Shall be my song's transcendent theme:
Awake my glory, sound His praise,
My lute and harp, your anthems raise.
- 4 Be Thou exalted, mighty God,
Above the heav'ns, Thy blest abode:
Above the earth Thy glories shine,
And fill Thy courts with praise divine.



PSALM 57. II. Metre. (L. M)

- 1 **T**HY mercy, LORD, to me extend,
On Thy protection I depend;
For shelter to Thy wings I haste,
Until the storm of life be past.
- 2 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.
- 3 O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise,
To Thee, my GOD, in songs of praise.
- 4 Awake, my glory, harp, and lute,
No longer let your strains be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

PSALM 58.

- 5 Thy praises, LORD, I will resound,
To all the list'ning nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 6 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
'Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.



PSALM 58. (Old 113th.)

*The enemies of Messiah, and unrighteous judges,
admonished of final judgment.*

- 1 **Y**E kings and judges of the earth
Adore the God that gave you birth,
Hear and maintain His sacred laws ;
Your daily aim His holy will,
As His vicegerents to fulfil,
Prompt to assert His righteous cause.
- 2 Power and dominion are of God,
They emanate from His abode,
Sin to confound, and man to bless ;
Learn from injustice to refrain ;
God beareth not the sword in vain,
Vengeance is God's—He will redress.
- 3 E'er long the mighty Judge shall come ;
Transgressors then shall hear their doom ;
The just His mercy shall record :
Then, in that awful, glorious day,
The astonish'd world, convinc'd, shall say,
That God the righteous will reward.

PSALM 59 & 60. (L. M.)

A prayer of David, when Saul sent messenger, and they watched the house to destroy him.—1 Sam. xix.

- 1 **SAVE** me, O **GOD**, and o'er my head,
Thy banner of protection spread;
When enemies around increase,
Defend my soul, O **GOD** of peace.
- 2 **LORD GOD** of hosts, Thy suppliant hear;
Impress the heathen with Thy fear;
O **GOD** of Israel, now arise,
Thou shelter from all enemies.
- 3 My strength, my refuge, my defence,
I'll trust Thy gracious Providence;
Thou wast my help in dangers past,
Thy praises shall for ever last.



PSALM 60. (C. M.)

David, established on the throne, contemplates his enemies already subdued by the mighty power of God: this Psalm is also a prophecy of the spiritual triumphs of MESSIAH, and the accession of the Gentiles to his kingdom.

- 1 **O GOD**, why hast Thou cast us off?
Thine anger, **LORD**, we mourn;
Thou art displeas'd—just is thy wrath,
Return, O **LORD**, return.
- 2 Prostrate we fall, oppress'd with shame,
And terror fills our land;
Yet there's a banner through Thy name,
Display'd by Thy right hand.

PSALM 61.

- 3 **JEHOVAH** speaks in holiness ;
In Him, ye saints, rejoice :
Join heathen lands our God to bless,
Praise Him with grateful voice.
- 4 Ephraim and Judah now employ
Their songs in praise divine ;
Philistia's sons, with holy joy,
Their shouts of triumph join.
- 5 Arise, O God, assert thy right ;
Vain is the help of man :
Go with our armies to the fight,
And grant Thy help again.
- 6 Through Thee we valiantly shall do ;
Thine enemies shall fall ;
While heathen lands Thy glories shew,
And own Thee Lord of all.



PSALM 61. (C. M.)

David, an exile, restored to his kingdom, expresses faith and hope in God. The Chaldee paraphrase is very remarkable—"Thou shalt add days to the days of King MESSIAS; his years shall be as the generation of this world, and of the world to come."

HEAR me, O God, my heart's o'erwhelm'd,
From distant lands I cry ;
Oh, lead me to the living Rock,
That higher is than I.

Thou wast my hope in dangers past,
Thou wilt my soul defend ;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
Till life and danger end.

PSALM 62.

- 3 Messiah, King of glory, stands
Before JEHOVAH's face ;
While mercy, truth, and love, preserve
The sceptre of His grace.
- 4 Thy truth and mercy we'll proclaim,
Our daily offering raise ;
And chaunt the glories of Thy name,
In themes of endless praise.



PSALM 62.

(C. M)

This Psalm expresses a repeated act of faith, a trust in GOD ; it states that there is no confidence to be placed in man, but only in the power and mercy of JEHOVAH.

- 1 **O**N GOD alone my spirit waits,
My help is from above ;
He my salvation is, my Rock,
From Him I'll not remove.
- 2 My expectation is from Him,
My shield, my hiding-place :
God is my glory, tow'r, defence,
Source of all life and grace.
- 3 Trust Him, ye saints, his mercies own,
Look up to His abode ;
Pour out your hearts before His throne ;
Our refuge is our GOD.
- Trust not in man, become not vain,
Though riches should increase ;
Set not your heart on earthly gain ;
Be rich in heav'nly grace.

PSALM 63.

- 5 Once God hath spoke ; yea, twice declared,
 "Omnipotence is mine."
His foes he'll crush ; His saints reward
 With righteousness divine.



PSALM 63. (8, 8, 6.)

David in the wilderness of Judah, expresses his desire of the presence of God, and the divine pleasures of his sanctuary. He praises God in the midst of his affliction, and predicts the triumph and glory of Messiah.

- 1 **O** GOD, Thou art my GOD, for Thee,
 Thy glory and Thy power to see,
 My spirit longs and faints ;
 Thy sanctuary, Thy holy place,
 Where Thou thy glorious power displays,
 Amidst assembled saints.
- 2 Thy loving-kindness, O my Lord,
 Can more than life itself afford,
 My hands to Thee I'll raise ;
 Long as I live, my blest employ,
 My soul's delight, my heart-felt joy,
 Shall be Thy name to praise.
- 3 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 My joyful soul exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in my GOD :
 Thy own right hand shall guide my way,
 To follow Thee to endless day,
 To view Thy blest abode.
- 4 Glorious on high MESSIAH reigns,
 Exalted o'er the heav'nly plains ;
 His enemies shall fall ;

PSALM 63.

His saints, who serv'd with holy fear,
With Him in glory shall appear,
And crown Him Lord of all.



PSALM 63. II. Metre. (Old 113th.)

- 1 **O** God, my gracious God, to Thee
My early prayers shall offered be;
For Thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting strength implores Thy grace,
Within this dry, this barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 **O** to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which Thy majestic house displays;
Because to me Thy wond'rous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.
- 3 **My** life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God may I employ,
With lifted hands adore Thy name:
My soul's content shall be more great
Than their's, who dwell in earthly state,
While I with joy Thy praise proclaim.
- 4 **When** down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, LORD, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night;
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM 63. III. Metre. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** God, my God, my all Thou art,
Ere shines the dawn of rising day;
Thy sov'reign light within my heart,
Thine all enliv'ning power display.
- 2 In a dry land behold I place
My whole desire on Thee, my LORD;
Yea, more I joy to gain Thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 3 O LORD, within Thy sacred gates,
Where I so oft have sought for Thee;
Again my longing spirit waits,
That fulness of delight to see.
- 4 More dear than life itself, Thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
Thy love to sing. Thy grace to prove,
Shall be my glory, peace, and joy.
- 5 In blessing Thee with thankful songs,
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to Thy name belongs,
Daily, with lifted hands, I pay.
- 6 Abundant sweetness! while I sing,
Thy love my favour'd soul o'erflows:
Secure in Thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.
- 7 Beneath Thy smiles, O may I live,
By Thy right hand upheld and blest;
Under the shadow of Thy wing,
I trust, I wait for endless rest.

PSALM 64.

(7, 7.)

David prays for deliverance from his enemies, and predicts the exaltation of the Church in GOD the SAVIOUR.

- 1 **H**EAR my voice, O GOD, in prayer,
Guard my life from servile fear;
From each hostile counsel hide,
Through life's dreary desert guide.
- 2 Foes on every side increase;
LORD, preserve my soul in peace;
While they point the envenom'd dart,
Plead my cause, and guard my heart.
- 3 Then shall men Thy power confess,
See Thy hand, Thy mercy bless;
Men shall fear, and GOD adore,
Own thy work, and strive no more.
- 4 But the just Thy acts record,
Glorying only in the LORD;
They, who love and trust Thy name,
Shall, with joy, Thy praise proclaim.



PSALM 65.

(L. M)

The Psalmist celebrates divine mercy, in hearty prayer, pardoning transgression, and replenishing the earth with fruitful seasons.

- 1 **O** GOD of hosts, at Sion's gates,
Glory and praise eternal waits:
Thou hearest prayer; all flesh shall come
And worship at Thy hallow'd dome.

PSALM 65.

- 2 But, oh, iniquities prevail ;
Yet, Lord, let not thy pity fail ;
Be merciful unto our sin,
Remove the guilt, efface the stain.
- 3 Blest is the man, who finds a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
With food divine he shall be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 4 Wonders of mercy shall appear,
As answers to Thy people's prayer ;
While earth and seas shall hear Thy voice,
Revere Thy tokens, and rejoice.
- 5 Form'd by Thy word, at Thy command,
Upheld by Thee, the mountains stand ;
The boist'rous waves of ocean cease,
And furious tumult yields to peace.
- 6 See, flocks the verdant fields adorn ;
See, vallies smile with bending corn :
Thy bounteous gifts diffus'd appear,
Great God ! Thy goodness crown the year.

PSALM 65. II. Metre. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, Thy holy seat :
Our promis'd altars there we raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 **T**hou, who to my humble prayer,
Didst always lend a gracious ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

PSALM 65.

- 3 Our sins, tho' numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives ;
Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

PART II. (L. M)

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, from Thy exhaustless store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground ;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 2 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
Where'er Thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 3 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful plains ; the vallies bring
Their plenteous crops of full-ear'd corn,
They seem for joy to shout and sing.
- 4 Thy works pronounce Thy pow'r divine ;
Thro' every month Thy gifts appear ;
O'er every field Thy glories shine ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 66. (L. M.)

The Psalmist recites the mercies of JEHOVAH, in hearing prayer, and granting successive deliverances to his Church.

- 1 **O** ALL ye lands, with joy proclaim
 The honours of JEHOVAH's name ;
 His enemies, dismay'd, retreat,
 Or bow submissive at His feet.

- 2 All the wide earth, before Thy throne,
 The glory of Thy grace shall own ;
 And nations yet unborn shall raise
 Successive monuments of praise.

- 3 O come, behold the works of God ;
 His power arrests the swelling flood ;
 Triumphant on the promis'd land,
 See Israel's hosts in safety stand.

- 4 O come, all ye who fear the LORD,
 His mercies to my soul record ;
 Help me, ye faithful, help to raise
 Memorials of Jehovah's praise.

- 5 Borne down, oppress'd with anxious grief,
 Suppliant I pray'd ;—He sent relief ;
 Now to His courts, will I repair,
 And pay my grateful offerings there.

- 6 Blest be our God, who heareth prayer,
 Attentive He my voice did hear ;
 Praise to His name, He set me free,
 Nor mercy did withhold from me.

*In this Psalm the Church prays for the advent
Messiah and the conversion of the nations ; and
foretells the joy and gladness of the blessings
the everlasting gospel.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty God, in mercy shine,
 With beams of heav'nly grace ;
Display Thy countenance divine,
 The brightness of Thy face.
- 2 Thy great salvation send abroad,
 On earth make known Thy way ;
Say to the lands, Behold your God,
 Thy saving health display.
- 3 Rise, mighty God, the world to bless,
 Let all the nations prove,
Thy government is righteousness,
 And Thy dominion love.
- 4 O let all lands one chorus raise,
 Thy truth and grace proclaim ;
And shout, in universal praise,
 The glory of Thy name.
- 5 Then shall the earth yield her increase,
 Enrich'd with plenteous store ;
And, laden with the fruits of peace,
 Her bounteous LORD adore.
- 6 God, our own God, our souls shall bless,
 Nations shall fear His name ;
Our God shall reign in righteousness,
 And praise shall be our theme.

PSALM 67. II. Metre. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, **LORD**, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.
- 2 O let Thy wond'rous ways
Through all the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O **LORD**, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in holy mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Dost govern all the earth.
- 5 Let all the nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O **LORD**, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 6 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with mercy shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 7 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

PSALM 68. (Old 113th)

This sublime and beautiful Psalm is appointed for the Church for Whitsunday. It seems to have been composed on the joyful occasion of the removal of the ark to Mount Zion, 1 Chron. 13, and prophetically celebrates the ascension of MESSIAH, the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the Gentiles.

1. **LET** GOD, the immortal GOD, arise,
Scatter'd be all His enemies;
Let praise to heav'n ascend:
JEHOVAH's name for ever bless,
The Father of the fatherless,
The widow's God and Friend.
- 2 The great JEHOVAH gave the word;
Great were the triumphs of the LORD,
And victory rais'd the song:
Kings with their armies fled apace,
Triumphant shone the reign of grace,
And nations join'd the throng,
- 3 The Church of CHRIST, ye saints, behold,
Her dove-like wings, her radiant gold,
Her righteousness divine:
Her silver vestments, spotless white,
Around diffuse her glorious light,
Her beams refulgent shine.
- 4 See, hosts of angels fill the sky;
JESUS our LORD ascends on high,
With GOD that man may dwell:
Captivity is captive led;
For fallen man the Conqueror bled,
To save from death and hell.

PSALM 68.

- 5 Lo! Sion's portals wide expand;
Gentiles around her altars stand,
With one divine accord:
Sing praise to God; O praise His name:
Ye kingdoms join the glorious theme;
Praise ye, O praise the LORD.



PSALM 68. ver. 17 & 18. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the LORD was there;
While He pronounc'd His sacred law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
Who thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- 4 Rais'd by Thy Father to Thy throne,
Thou sent'st the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.
- 5 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

PSALM 69.

- 6 By His right hand His saints shall rise,
From the deep earth or deeper seas ;
He'll bring them to His courts above,
There shall they taste His special love.



PSALM 69. (L. M)

Appointed by the Church for Good-Friday. Messiah describes his sufferings for the sins of men makes his prayer to JEHOVAH; foretels the judgments of Heaven on the Jews, and the salvation of Zion.

- 1 **SAVE** me, O **GOD**, **MESSIAH** pray'd,
For man in human flesh array'd ;
Save me, O **GOD**, the billows roll,
Tempestuous floods o'erwhelm my soul.
- 2 My spirit fails, my throat is dry,
Ceaseless to Thee, O **GOD**, I cry ;
My eyes grow dim ; assuage my grief ;
For Thee I wait ; O send relief.
- 3 Rebuke hath broke my anxious heart,
Almighty succour, **LORD**, impart ;
I look for help, cast out, alone,
For comforters, but there are none.
- 4 Hear, **LORD**, in tender mercy hear,
Hide not Thy face ; regard my prayer ;
Thy saving health I'll still proclaim,
And praise and magnify Thy name.
- 5 The humble shall behold and praise ;
Let heaven and earth their anthems raise ;

PSALM 70.

While foes to truth, who hate the light,
Shall sink in shades of awful night.

- 6** O LORD, arise; Thy Zion save
From chains of darkness and the grave;
Thy saints, who love Thy holy name,
Thy great salvation shall proclaim.



PSALM 70. (C. M.)

*This Psalm occurs, without any material deviation,
in Psalm 40—verse 13th, to the end.*

- 1** O LORD, make haste, deliv'rance send,
In my behalf arise;
Dangers surround; my God, defend;
Subdue my enemies.
- 2** Let all who seek Thy face above,
In Thee, their GOD, rejoice;
Let all, who Thy salvation love,
Praise Thee with joyful voice.
- 3** Though poor and needy, since by Thee
My wants shall be supplied,
I'll trust in Thee, and daily say,
Let GOD be magnified.
- 4** THOU my deliv'rer art, O LORD,
Soon let Thy help appear;
My only hope is in Thy word,
That word dispels my fear.

The Psalmist, sorely distressed in his old age, by the rebellion of Absalom, prays for divine assistance, pleads the righteousness and promise of GOD, and expresses his faith, hope, and gratitude, in the prospect of final redemption.

- 1 **I** N Thee, O GOD, my LORD,
Most merciful and just;
Encourag'd by Thy faithful word,
My soul would humbly trust.
- 2 Since first I drew my breath;
Thy hand hath held me up;
In youth or age, in life or death,
Thou art my only hope.
- 3 When life and strength decays,
I'll trust Thy power to save;
Expiring life shall lisp Thy praise,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 4 Forsake me not, O LORD,
My refuge, shield, and tower;
Thy mercies past will I record,
And praise Thee more and more.
- 5 I'll go forth in Thy strength,
I'll make Thy glories known,
And mention, all my journey's length,
Thy righteousness alone.
- 6 Thy love in dangers past
Shall all my fears control;
I'll trust Thy love while dangers last,
Thou refuge of my soul.

PSALM 71.

- 7 Thy mercies, then, I'll own,
Thy righteousness adore,
And praise Thy name, Thou Holy One,
When time shall be no more.



PSALM 71. II. Metre. (C.M.)

- 1 **MY** God, my everlasting hope,
My trust is in Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year:
Behold! my days, which yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.
- 3 Reject me not when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.
- 4 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

PART II. (C.M.)

- 1 **MY** SAVIOUR, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting song,
Thy goodness I'll adore;

PSALM 72.

- Teach Thou my heart, inspire my tongue,
To praise Thee more and more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my LORD and GOD.
- 4 Thy mercy daily I'll proclaim,
Thy great salvation own,
The glories of Thy righteousness,
And mention Thine alone.
- 6 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from death and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.



PSALM 72. (Old 112th.

David praying for Solomon, foretells his peaceful and glorious reign, and under this figure, in most lively colours, describes the extent and glory of the kingdom of MESSIAH.

- 1 **I**MMORTAL GOD, ascend Thy throne,
Grant the dominion to Thy Son;
MESSIAH, King of righteousness,
All nations of the world shall bless;
His conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till sun and moon shall shine no more.

PSALM 72.

- 2 Soft as the rains from heaven descend,
As fertile lands with produce bend,
The blade, the ear, the ripening corn,
Wide cultur'd fields with fruit adorn;
Messiah reigns, the world to bless
With fruits of holiness and peace.
- 3 All kings, all nations, join to praise
The triumphs of His truth and grace;
In Him the poor and helpless find
A Saviour, merciful and kind;
While Gentile realms and islands sing
The conquest of our glorious KING.
- 4 His name for ever shall remain
Glorious, immortal, as His reign;
In Him shall all mankind be blest,
Shall seek and find eternal rest:
Oh praise Him, praise His sacred name;
AMEN, AMEN, resound the theme.



PSALM 72. II. Metre. (L.M.)

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

PSALM 73.

- And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.



PSALM 73. (C. M.

The Psalmist tempted to despondency, encourage himself with contemplating the examples of the saints, and the final issue of their affliction.

- 1 **O** GOD, how truly good Thou art,
Though enemies assail,
Though grief oppress my anxious heart,
And haughty foes prevail.
- 2 Cast down, I look'd to Thy abode,
Where all my hopes depend,
There in the sanctuary of God,
I learnt to know their end.
- 3 Thy hand through life my wants supplied,
Almighty to relieve,

PSALM 74.

And Thou wilt with Thy counsel guide,
To glory then receive.

Could I ascend to realms on high,
Or dwell in heav'n's abode ;
No scenes of glory could supply
The absence of my God.

Not all the joys this world inspires
Could equal bliss afford ;
No ; none on earth my soul desires,
Compar'd with Thee, O Lord.

I'll praise Thee with my dying breath,
Thou wilt my soul sustain ;
To live depriv'd of Thee is death,
To die with Thee is gain.



PSALM 74. (C. M.)

The Church, in a time of persecution, bemoans herself as deserted of GOD, and intreats the return of divine favour and protection for the honour of his holy name.

WHY hast Thou cast us off, O God,
Thy absence, LORD, we mourn ;
Pity Thy Church, Thy lov'd abode,
O LORD of hosts return !

O God, Thy sanctuary behold,
Low levell'd to the ground ;
Ensigns of war our foes unfold,
And compass us around.

PSALM 75.

- 3 The seas Thou didst divide, O LORD,
The raging storm was still;
And rocks of stone their waters pour'd,
Obedient to Thy will.
- 4 Assert the honour of Thy name,
Display Thy mighty arm;
Subdue the rebels who blaspheme,
The pride of man disarm.
- 5 Respect Thy covenant, O GOD,
Dispel the shades of night;
This world, fierce cruelty's abode,
Revive with glorious light.
- 6 Arise, O GOD, maintain Thy cause,
The name of Zion raise;
Relieve her poor, enforce Thy Laws,
Thy name shall have the praise.



PSALM 75.

(L. M.)

The Prophet gives thanks with the Church to JEHOVAH for the manifestation of his NAME and then describes the government of MESSIAH of whom David was a type, and his administration of divine justice.

- 1 **T**HY power, O GOD, will we proclaim,
Give thanks, and praise Thy sacred name;
Immortal GOD, Thy works declare
Thy name in glorious might is near.

PSALM 76.

- 2 Let joyful congregations sing
The triumphs of their LORD and King;
MESSIAH reigns; at His command
All nations rise, subside, or stand.
- 3 GOD is our Judge; adore His word;
He sways the sceptre, holds the sword;
Promotion comes from Him alone,
He raises up, and He puts down.
- 4 Phials of wrath His hands dispense,
Full mixt, the sinner's recompense;
The foes of GOD shall drink the same,
In shades of everlasting shame.
- 5 The GOD of Jacob guards the just,
But treads the wicked to the dust;
By His right hand, His saints shall rise,
And reign exalted in the skies.



PSALM 76. (L. M.)

A Psalm of praise, on account of some great deliverance by the immediate hand of GOD; probably, the miraculous destruction of the Assyrian army, by the angel in the days of Hezekiah, as is affirmed by the LXX. version.

- 1 IN Judah is JEHOVAH known,
There His almighty power is shewn;
In Salem's courts His name is great,
On Sion's hill, His chosen seat.

PSALM 76.

- 2 The sword, the bow, the shield, the spear,
Renounce their boasted conquests there ;
More treasures Zion can unfold,
Than hills of prey, or plunder'd gold.
- 3 Great GOD of hosts, at Thy rebuke,
Courage and strength our foes forsook ;
Asleep in death whole armies lie,
Who dar'd JEHOVAH's power defy.
- 4 THOU, even THOU art to be fear'd ;
The earth stood still, Thy voice was heard ;
When GOD arose, and judgment gave,
The humble of the land to save.
- 5 The wrath of man shall praise Thy name,
That wrath restrain'd, shall spread Thy fame ;
While all the Church rejoice and own,
JEHOVAH's arm the deed hath done.
- 6 Praise ye the LORD, your off'rings bring ;
Pay Him your vows, His triumphs sing :
Kings, princes, nations, sound His fame,
Holy and rev'rend is His name.



PSALM 76. II. Metre. (Old 11

- 1 **I**N Judah is JEHOVAH known,
There His almighty deeds are shewn ;
His name in Jacob does excel :
His sanctuary in Salem stands,
His majesty, which heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.

PSALM 77.

He brake the bow and arrow there,
The sword, the battle, shield and spear,
There, slain, the mighty armies lie;
Let Sion's fame thro' earth be spread;
Daughter of Salem, lift thy head,
Resound thy triumph thro' the sky.

Earth stood aghast, and heard her doom,
Array'd in judgment GOD did come,
The meek with justice to restore:
The wrath of man shall yield Thee praise,
And all its fury only raise
The triumphs of almighty power.

Bring to the LORD, ye nations, bring
Your off'rings to th' eternal King;
To His great name due homage pay:
He proudest enemies can quell;
In Sion He will ever dwell;
His praise exalt to endless day.



PSALM 77. (L. M.)

he Church in affliction and captivity, complains of suffering, and calls to mind the ancient mercies of JEHOVAH, particularly that of redemption from Egypt.

MY soul, with plaintive joy record
The loving-kindness of the LORD;
Though faint, oppress'd by day, by night,
His promise beams with radiant light.

PSALM 78.

- 2 I call'd to mind the days of old,
In ancient times His mercies told ;
O God, Thy way is holiness,
Thou God of wonders, truth, and peace.
- 3 Will God for ever cease to hear ?
Will God despise the suppliant's prayer ?
No : He is faithful as His name ;
Our God is evermore the same.
- 4 JEHOVAH spake ; great was the word ;
The waters saw the mighty LORD ;
The depths beheld, and fear'd their God,
Thunders were heard from His abode.
- 5 Thy way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths in deep obscurity ;
Dark and inscrutable Thy ways,
Replete with themes for future praise.
- 6 Trust Him, ye saints, till God reveal
In heav'n the mysteries of His will ;
There shalt ye praise, adore, and own
His acts were all in mercy done.



PSALM 78. (L. .

A declaration of the dealings of God with his people, in Egypt, the wilderness, and in Canaan. Christians may here view, as in a glass, their mercies, and the returns which, alas, they too often make.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, O people and record
The wondr'ous works our fathers told ;

PSALM 79.

Proclaim the praises of the LORD,
His mysteries reveal'd of old.

- 2 Extol JEHOVAH's mighty name ;
Let future generations own ;
Let children's children sound His fame,
And chaunt the works our GOD hath done.
- 3 JEHOVAH's power by day, by night,
In works of wonder was display'd ;
The cloudy pillar gave them light,
Their guide throughout the dreary shade.
- 4 The seas divide at His command,
Rais'd as an heap, from their abode ;
The tribes march through as on dry land ;
The waters saw the mighty GOD.
- 5 He clave the rocks, the waters flow'd,
The streams their parching thirst supplied
The rivers all their path pursued,
Deserts beheld the flowing tide.
- 6 Yet still they sinn'd ; they turn'd aside,
Distrustful of His faithful word ;
They tempted GOD, His power defied ;
Nor fear'd His arm, nor own'd their LORD.
- 7 Incens'd, the mighty Sov'reign rose,
The thunders mark'd His high abode ;
The fire came down and smote His foes,
Who dar'd distrust their mighty GOD.
- 8 Rebellious Israel now He spurns,
From Shiloh's tents their GOD withdraws ;
Indignant now His anger burns,
And vindicates His sacred Laws.

PSALM 79.

- 9 Mercy still guides His lifted hands,
And Judah's tribe He calls His own;
Sion He loves; His temple stands
Firm and establish'd as his throne.
- 10 From the sheep-fold, of Jesse's seed,
David He chose, the warlike youth,
Him rais'd on high, His flock to feed,
And guide with prudence, pow'r, and truth.



PSALM 79. (L. M.)

The Church, persecuted and afflicted, implores pardon, protection, and deliverance.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, O GOD, on Zion's land,
The heathen troops invading stand;
Armies encompass us around,
And trample down Thy hallow'd ground.
- 2 Return, O GOD of hosts, return,
How long shall Thy just anger burn?
Oh, bid Thy vengeful anger cease,
Remove our sins, and grant Thy peace.
- 3 O GOD of our salvation, hear,
The heathen teach Thy name to fear;
Thy glory in our sight make known,
Say, Thou art GOD, and Thou alone.
- 4 Oh, deign to hear Thy captive's cry,
The contrite pray'r, the pris'ner's sigh;
So shall Thy flock Thy praise proclaim,
Give thanks, and bless Thy holy name.

The Church in captivity, implores help and protection, and prayeth for the advent of MESSIAH, the true and living Vine.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, great Shepherd of the sheep,
Who dost Thine Israel lead;
In safety deign Thy Church to keep,
And raise her drooping head.
- 2 The vine once planted by Thy hand,
Extended wide its root;
And spread its boughs through Salem's land,
Laden with richest fruit.
- 3 Zion now mourns; in dread array,
Surrounding foes annoy;
Like the wild boar, or beasts of prey,
Impetuous to destroy.
- 4 Exalt Thy **BRANCH** of great renown,
The **MAN** of Thy right hand;
Strong in Thy strength, exalt His throne,
Glory then fills our land.
- 5 Turn us again, **LORD GOD** of hosts,
Oh, cause Thy face to shine;
In Thee alone Thy Zion trusts,
Behold and guard this **VINE**.
- 6 So shall we live with grateful heart,
Thy mercies to proclaim;
From Thee shall never more depart,
And ever praise Thy name.

PSALM 81. (P. M. 8, 7.)

Probably, desiged to be sung at the feast of trumpets, and an exhortation to observe the festivals of the Church. JEHOVAH herein expostulates with his people on account of their mercies and ingratitude.

- 1 **S**ING aloud JEHOVAH's praises,
Sing aloud to GOD our strength;
Boundless love the chorus raises,
Through eternal ages' length:
Let the trumpets, brilliant sounding,
Lute and harp, with psalt'ry join;
Every heart and voice surrounding,
In JEHOVAH's praise combine.
- 2 By the LORD thy GOD redeemed,
Israel, join the sacred lay;
Zion's race, so long esteemed,
Sav'd from Egypt's tyrant sway.
GOD, in all Thy tribulation,
Heard Thy prayer, dispell'd the night;
In thy anguish sent salvation,
Life immortal brought to light.
- 3 Oh, let all the people hearken,
Walking in JEHOVAH's ways,
Gloomy clouds the foes shall darken,
While on them shine brilliant rays:
GOD will feed His favoured nation,
Feed with honey from the rock,
Guide His sheep, protect their station,
GOD their shepherd, they his flock.

PSALM 82 & 83. (L. M.)

The Psalmist reminds magistrates, here designated gods, of the presence of Jehovah, to whom they are accountable. He prayeth for the manifestation of the righteous kingdom of Messiah.

- 1 **G**OD in the seat of judgment stands,
And thus th' Almighty Judge commands;
Defend the poor, the fatherless,
The needy and afflicted bless.
- 2 They know not, nor will understand,
Darkness o'erwhelms the guilty land;
And though as gods exalted high,
Degraded, they as men shall die.
- 2 Arise, O GOD, with power divine,
Judge Thou the earth; the right is Thine;
MESSIAH reign, the heathen bless
With fruits of peace and righteousness.



PSALM 83. (C. M.)

Zion complains of the rage, malice, and subtlety of her enemies, and prayeth for the manifestation of almighty power. Israel was a figure of the Christian Church, and this Psalm applies to her spiritual adversaries.

- 1 **O** KEEP not silence, mighty God,
Our enemies annoy;
Zion they hate, Thy blest abode
Impatient to destroy.

PSALM 84.

- 2 Confed'rate as in ancient days,
In awful league they join;
Armies surround in dread array,
Malice and rage combine.
- 3 Rise, mighty God, defend Thy cause,
Let all the heathen know,
That to defy Thy sacred Laws,
Is misery and woe.
- 4 Thine arm can put our foes to shame;
Oh, may they seek Thy face;
Teach them to know Thy holy name,
And they shall praise Thy grace.



PSALM 84. (C. M.)

Under the figure of an Israelite deprived of access to the sanctuary, as King David was during the rebellion of Absalom, this Psalm describes the earnest desire of a devout soul after the temple and presence of GOD; and concludes with an act of faith in the Divine power and goodness.

- 1 **H**OW lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O LORD of hosts, the mighty God!
My spirit longs to view Thy face,
And thirsts to visit Thy abode.
- 2 The feather'd tribes their nests prepare,
Within Thy courts, my God, my KING;
Fain to Thine altars I'd repair,
With holy joy Thy praise to sing.

PSALM 84.

How blest are they, whose daily praise
Dwells on Thy love, delightful theme!
Thou art their strength, and all Thy ways
Display the glory of Thy name.

Upheld they go from strength to strength,
Conducted through the vale of tears;
Till every one, arriv'd at length,
With joy before his God appears.

O Lord of hosts, within Thy courts,
One day my soul would value more
Than thousand days in gay resorts
Of splendid pomp, or golden store.

Thou art our sun, our shield, look down,
With grace divine direct our way;
And grace with glory deign to crown
In realms of everlasting day.



PSALM 84. II. Metre. (C. M.)

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King, my God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.

PSALM 84.

- 4 Thy saints advance from strength to strength,
Approaching still more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their **GOD** appear.
- 5 For **GOD**, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will **GOD** withhold
From those who justly live.
- 6 O **GOD**, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on Thee.



PSALM 84. III. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **MY** soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy **GOD** resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see His sacred face,
Though in His earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With Thy rich gifts, O heav'nly Dove,
Descend and fill the place,
While **CHRIST** reveals His wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad His grace.
- 4 Here, mighty **GOD**, Thy words declare,
The secrets of Thy will;
And lo! we seek Thy mercy here,
And sing Thy praises still.

PSALM 85.

- 5 **My** heart and flesh cry out for Thee,
While far from Thine abode :
When shall I tread Thy courts, and see
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.
- 6 To sit one day beneath Thine eye,
And hear Thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in earthly joys.



PSALM 85. (Old 113.)

This Psalm is appointed by the Church for Christmas-day :—it celebrates the redemption of the Israel of God from spiritual captivity, and the blessed effects of the advent of MESSIAH.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast heal'd the land that mourn'd,
Our long captivity hast turn'd,
And cover'd all its sin.
Zion the voice of mercy hears :
The wrath of man no longer fears,
Or war's terrific din.
- 2 Turn us, O GOD, our SAVIOUR, turn,
Nor let Thine anger ever burn,
Speak the reviving word.
Grant us to hear Thy pard'ning voice,
That we Thy people may rejoice
In Thy salvation, LORD.
- 3 Mercy descending from on high,
Proclaims the great salvation nigh,
Now glory fills our land.

PSALM 86.

Ne'er let us turn from Thee again,
Nor give Thy HOLY SPIRIT pain,
But yield to Thy command.

- 4 Mercy and truth united meet;
Justice and peace each other greet,
Our land yields her increase.
Thy righteousness, O LORD, display,
And guide our footsteps in the way
Of everlasting peace.



PSALM 86. (L. M.)

A prayer of David in great affliction, calculated for the use of the Church, during her pilgrimage and suffering.

- 1 **B**OW down Thine ear, O LORD, and hear
Attentive to Thy suppliant's prayer;
Needy and poor Thy servant see,
Oh, save the soul that trusts in Thee.
- 2 O LORD, Thy servant's soul rejoice;
To Thee I lift my plaintive voice:
Thou, LORD, art ready to forgive,
In mercy hear, and bid me live.
- 3 Thy saints shall all Thy works record;
Who, who is like unto the LORD?
All nations shall Thy acts proclaim,
Adore, and glorify Thy name.
- 4 Great is the glory of Thy throne;
Thou art JEHOVAH, GOD alone.
Teach me Thy way, Thy truth to hear,
Unite my heart Thy name to fear,

PSALM 86.

In times of deep distress we trace
Thy kind compassion, mercy, grace :
Thou didst redeem, uphold, set free ;
Great is Thy mercy shewn to me.

Shew me some token, LORD, for good ;
Strengthen my soul with heav'nly food ;
Then shall my foes behold and own
Jehovah was my help alone.



PSALM 86. II. Metre. (C. M.)

TO my complaints, O LORD my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distrest and destitute
Of all relief but Thine.

Thou, LORD, art good, supremely good,
And ready to forgive ;
Plenteous in mercy, to all those
Who on Thy mercy live.

Teach me Thy way, O LORD, that I
May ne'er from truth depart ;
To fear Thy awful, sacred name,
Unite and fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O LORD my God,
Praise Thee with heart sincere ;
And to Thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundless mercy shewn to me
Transcends my power to tell ;
For Thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

PSALM 87.

- 6 Do Thou thy constant goodness, LORD,
To my assistance bring ;
Of patience, mercy, peace, and truth,
Thou everlasting spring.



PSALM 87. (P. M. 7, 7

*This Psalm celebrates the stability and felicity
Sion, foretels the accession of the Gentiles to the
Church, and their enrolment among her Citizens*

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Favour'd city of our GOD ;
Firm foundations, never broken,
Mark JEHOVAH's blest abode !
Thee the GOD of consolation
More than Jacob's tents approves ;
Guards Thy dwellings with salvation,
And the gates of Zion loves.
- 2 **W**orship, honour, glory, blessing
Now MESSIAH's courts adorn ;
Hark ! ten thousand tongues confessing
There the heirs of bliss were born.
Let Philistia sing His praises,
Let the Indian swell the theme :
All the earth the chorus raises,
All resound MESSIAH's name.
- 3 **H**ail, Thou Fount of living waters !
Sion, lift thy joyful eyes ;
Countless ranks of sons and daughters
Rise triumphant to the skies.

PSALM 88.

Saints in earth and heav'n adore Thee;
All the springs of life are Thine:
Thine the kingdom, pow'r and glory,
Thine the praise, FOR EVER THINE.



PSALM 88. (L. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Good Friday, as applicable to the unexampled sorrows of our blessed LORD.

- 1 **O** GOD of my salvation, hear;
By day, by night to THEE I cry:
My soul is troubled, hear my prayer,
My life unto the grave draws nigh.
- 2 Bereft of strength, to THEE I call;
My hands are stretch'd to THEE to save;
Forgotten 'midst the dead I fall,
Sunk by affliction to the grave.
- 3 Friends, late belov'd, their aid withdraw,
Companions take themselves away:
Thy terrors fill my soul with awe,
Darkness and dread and deep dismay.
- 4 Yet still, O LORD, I look to THEE;
Ah, why cast off my anxious soul?
Why hidest Thou Thy face from me?
Withdraw Thy wrath; my fears controul.
- 5 God of my life, my days, my breath,
Thy mercies I will still declare;
Thy wonders shall be known in death:
Thine arm shall prove its triumphs there.

PSALM 89.

- 6 Thy promis'd aid my soul implores,
Thine hand from lowest depths can raise :
Thy faithfulness my life restores,
And fills my heart with joy and praise.



PSALM 89. (Old 113)

*Appointed by the Church for Christmas-day,
celebrates the mercies of GOD in CHRIST, and the
Covenant made with David as the representative
of MESSIAH.*

- 1 **PROCLAIM** the mercies of the LORD,
His faithfulness, His truth record,
His love, eternally the same :
All heav'n His wonders shall declare,
Assembled saints the triumph share,
And ever praise His holy name.
- 2 Who, mighty God, is like to Thee,
The God, who rules the raging sea,
By whom its furious waves are stay'd ?
Thine are the heav'ns, the earth is Thine,
Thy works proclaim Thy pow'r divine,
Thy hand the universe hath made.
- 3 O blessed people, blest of Heav'n,
To whom, by grace divine, 'tis giv'n,
To know the Gospel's joyful sound :
They walk, O LORD, by light divine,
Exalted they in bliss shall shine,
Before Thy throne, with glory crown'd.

PSALM 89.

Their joy, their triumph is Thy name,
Thy righteousness their constant theme,
Thy praises their delight to sing:
Their happy lives shall pass away,
In Thee rejoicing all the day,
Thou holy ONE, our LORD and KING.

In sacred visions from His throne,
God spake unto His HOLY ONE,
Anointed in His sacred name:
Help on the MIGHTY I have laid,
In Him th' eternal Covenant made,
As God unchangeable, the same,

His seed for ever shall endure,
His throne abide eternal, sure,
Establish'd by my faithfulness:
Glorious in Him His saints shall rise,
And live, and reign above the skies,
Exalted in His righteousness.

Yet see, oh, see Thy Zion mourn;
Return, O LORD of Hosts, return;
Thy loving kindness call to mind.
Oppress'd, reproach'd, Thy servants see,
Where, MIGHTY GOD, where but in Thee
Shall fallen Israel mercy find?

From heav'n Thy high exalted throne,
In tender pity, LORD, look down,
Revive Thy Church, Thy cause maintain,
For ever faithful is Thy word?
For ever blessed be our LORD!
Resound His praise. AMEN, AMEN.

PSALM 89. II. Metre. (L. 1)

- 1 **THY** mercies, **LORD**, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell,
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never failing truth shall tell.
- 2 Thy faithfulness Thou wilt maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth eternal shall remain,
As heav'n shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 For Thy stupendous grace and love,
Both heav'n and earth just homage owe;
Let choirs of angels praise above,
Let saints assembled praise below.
- 4 Happy, thrice happy, they who hear,
Who know Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
Who in Thy sacred courts appear,
With Thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 5 Fulness of joy Thy saints shall bless,
Who on Thy sacred name rely;
Exalted in Thy righteousness,
Shall they ascend and claim the sky.
- 6 Strong in Thy strength shall they advance,
Their conquests from Thy grace shall spring
The **LORD** of hosts is our defence,
Our glory, shield, our **GOD**, our **King**.
- 7 Blessed for ever be our **LORD**!
Ye saints, His praise repeat again;
Let all your strains His love record,
For evermore—**AMEN—AMEN**.

he title of this Psalm is, "A prayer of Moses, the man of God." It is thought to have been composed by him, when the Almighty shortened the days of the murmuring, rebellious Israelites. Numb. xiv. This Psalm is appointed by the Church for the Funeral Service.

O LORD, Thou hast our refuge been,
In generations past ;
Our refuge Thou wilt still remain,
While generations last.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or earth's foundations stood ;
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
The everlasting God.

Thou to destruction dooms't mankind ;
While we the sentence mourn,
Thy fixt decree saith, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

LORD, in Thy sight a thousand years
As yesterday are past ;
As withering grass, or flowers cut down,
Before the evening blast.

Teach us, O LORD, while life remains,
To regulate our days,
That, taught by wisdom, we may live
Devoted to Thy praise.

Almighty GOD, Thy servants own,
Thy glorious power display ;
Prosper our work ; our efforts crown,
And guide to endless day.

PSALM 90. II. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is Thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd its frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are, like the evening, gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.



PSALM 91. (L. M.)

The prophet describes the righteous man under the care and protection of JEHOVAH, guarded by angels, and assured of final victory and immortality. This Psalm is acknowledged by Jews and Christians to relate primarily to MESSIAH.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose safe abode
The mighty LORD himself provides ;
Under the shadow of his GOD,
In holy peace his soul abides.

PSALM 91.

GOD is his glory and defence,
His faithfulness, His truth and love,
Confirm his humble confidence,
His fortress, shield, and refuge prove.
Though thousands fall at his right hand,
Still is his strength in the Most High;
Beneath His wings safe shall he stand,
Nor be afraid, though storms draw nigh.
Commission'd by the most high God,
Angels, descending, keep his ways;
Encamp'd, they guard his blest abode,
The residence of prayer and praise.
His hopes are built on GOD above;
He calls; JEHOVAH hears his prayer;
On Him supreme is fix'd his love,
On Him repos'd each anxious care.
JEHOVAH's name to him is known,
In every trouble strong to save,
His days shall peace and honour crown,
And endless life, beyond the grave.



SALM 91. II. Metre. (P.M. Old 113.)

HE that hath GOD his guardian made
Shall, under the Almighty shade,
Secure and unalarm'd abide.
Thus to my soul of Him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My GOD, in whom I will confide.

PSALM 92.

- 2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
From danger, woe and pestilence :
He over thee His wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head ;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.
- 3 Because, with humble confidence,
Thou mak'st the LORD thy sure defence,
And on the HIGHEST dost rely,
Therefore, thy GOD will honour thee,
Preserve, protect, and set thee free,
And fix thy glorious rest on high.
- 4 The LORD will answer at thy call,
And rescue thee when ills befall,
And raise to honour and renown.
His peace shall give thy soul content ;
And when thy happy life is spent,
Salvation shall thy prospect crown.



PSALM 92. (Old 104th)

The title of this Psalm is, "A Psalm or Song. the Sabbath-day." It describes the holy del of praise ; the perdition of the ungodly ; and prosperity of the righteous.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the LORD, your voices combine
To honour His name let harmony join ;
Awake in the morning hosannahs to raise,
And in the night-season His faithfulness prai

PSALM 92.

How great are Thy works ! Thy thoughts, O how deep !

How blest are Thy saints, Thy statutes who keep !
Thine enemies perish, cut down by Thy hand,
Exalted for ever Thy kingdom shall stand.

The righteous shall grow like palm spreading trees ;
No change shall they know, their fruit shall increase ;

By Thy right hand planted within Thine abode,
Eternal they flourish, and glorify God.

When nature declines, they still shall bear fruit,
Their hopes shall revive, their strength shall recruit ;

[shock,
Firm stands their foundation, their faith fears no
The LORD's their salvation, JEHOVAH their rock.



PSALM 92. II. Metre. (L. M.)

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !

PSALM 93.

- 4 O may I see, and hear, and know,
All I desire or wish below;
And every pow'r find sweet employ,
In CHRIST's eternal world of joy.
- 5 Within GOD's court the righteous stand,
Supported by His guardian-hand;
Blest objects of His constant care,
The bounties of His love they share.
- 6 Blest with Thy influence from above,
They bear the fruits of faith and love;
Time, which doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 7 Laden with richest fruits, they shew
Thou, LORD, art holy, just, and true;
None who attend Thy gates shall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.



PSALM 93.

(S. 1)

*It is acknowledged by the Jews, that the kingd
of MESSIAH is prophesied in this Psalm, and
those which follow, to the hundredth.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns on high;
His throne how dazzling bright!
Clothed with strength and majesty,
In beams of radiant light.
- 2 Establish'd is His throne,
Immortal are His days;
From everlasting GOD alone,
Holy in all His ways.

PSALM 93.

Though floods tremendous rise,
And lift their awful voice;
The LORD on high rules earth and skies,
Let all the saints rejoice.

Zion shall still endure,
Though waves and storms assail;
His testimonies all are sure;
His promise cannot fail.

His name for ever bless,
His grace and truth adore;
Thy house is peace and holiness,
O LORD, for evermore.



PSALM 93. II. Metre. (L. M.)

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The LORD, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

Firm and establish'd is Thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy testimonies, LORD, are sure;
Thy promises our fears dispel;
O let Thy saints, in Thee secure,
In truth and holiness excel.

PSALM 94.

(L.

The Psalmist prayeth for the overthrow of proud wickedness ; extolleth the blessedness of righteous and their support in adversity.

- 1 **O** LORD our God, the sword is Thine,
Ordain'd with equity divine ;
Thine all-sufficient pow'r display ;
Vengeance is Thine ;—Thou wilt repay.
- 2 Great Judge of all the earth, arise,
Reward the proud, Thine enemies ;
Who dare insult Thy saints, and say,
That God regardeth not their way.
- 3 Hear, ye unwise, and understand,
God holds the sceptre in His hand ;
The God, who form'd the eye, the ear,
Shall He not know ? shall He not hear ?
- 4 Blest is the man, whom Thou, O LORD,
With chast'ning teachest in Thy word ;
Train'd by adversity he's blest,
And finds in Thee his long-sought rest.
- 5 Thou, LORD, wilt not forsake Thy flock,
Thou art our Shepherd, Shield, and Rock ;
And when my feet seem'd nigh to fall,
Thou wast my help, Thou heard'st my call.
- 6 Oft when my thoughts tumultuous roll,
Thy comforts, LORD, delight my soul ;
And lead me to Thy blest abode,
My refuge, my defence, my God.

PSALM 95. (Old 104.)

n exhortation to praise JEHOVAH. The Epistle to the Hebrews quotes this Psalm as an address to believers under the Gospel.

O COME, let us sing the praise of the LORD,
Loud anthems combine, his goodness record ;
Our Rock of salvation, in Him we rejoice,
In psalms of thanksgiving, exalt your glad voice.
O LORD our great GOD, O great King on high,
Thy praises supreme replenish the sky ;
The angelic choirs Thy goodness record,
The earth, seas, and heav'ns, sustain'd by Thy
word.

His presence approach, and shew forth His praise,
While prostrate ye fall, his honour to raise ;
The LORD is our Shepherd, His mercies behold,
And we are His people, the sheep of His fold.

To-day hear His voice, submit to His word,
Nor tempt ye His power, acknowledge your LORD :
Believe and obey Him—His saints shall be blest,
Thro' Him they shall triumph, and enter His rest.



PSALM 95. II. Metre. (L. M.)

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King :
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

PSALM 95.

- 3** For **GOD** the **LORD**, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathens falsely call.
- 4** O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the **LORD** our Maker fall.



PSALM 95. III. Metre. (s

- 1** **C**OME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2** He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3** Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the **LORD** ;
We are His work, and not our own,
He form'd us by His word.
- 4** With humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before His face :
O may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace.

n exhortation to sing the praises of MESSIAH, and to publish the glad tidings of his kingdom. This Psalm was composed by King David on the occasion of bringing the ark of GOD to Jerusalem.
1 Chron. xvi.

O SING unto the LORD ;
New songs of glory raise ;
Let all the earth His grace record,
In one great act of praise.

His great salvation shew,
Exalt His sacred name ;
From day to day the theme renew,
His mighty deeds proclaim.

Glorious is His abode ;
The heav'ns and earth He made ;
Declare the glory of our God,
'Midst heathen lands display'd.

His throne is righteousness ;
Your sacred off'rings bring ;
In beauteous robes of holiness,
Worship the LORD your King.

Proclaim MESSIAH, King ;
All pow'r to Him is giv'n ;
Earth, seas, and fields, rejoice and sing,
Adore the LORD of heav'n.

To judge the world he comes,
In righteousness divine :
His foes shall hear their awful dooms,
His saints in bliss shall shine.

PSALM 97. (Old 141)

This Psalm again celebrates the reign of MESSIAH and the nations are again called upon to rejoice and give thanks in his triumphs.

- 1 **THE** LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
Proclaim Him LORD alone;
Peace dwells in His domains,
And mercy is his throne :
Ye distant islands, lift your voice,
Let the whole earth in GOD rejoice.
- 2 Before the mighty LORD
The hills and mountains melt ;
Earth trembles at His word,
His awful power is felt.
Zion, be glad, lift up thy voice,
In presence of thy LORD rejoice.
- 3 Glorious He reigns on high,
His judgments wide proclaim ;
Above the earth and sky,
Exalted is His name ;
He guards His saints ; in Him rejoice ;
Resound His praise with joyful voice.
- 4 His truth and grace make known,
Ne'er from His ways depart ;
For you His light is sown,
In peace and joy of heart :
Ye righteous, in your LORD rejoice,
Give thanks and praise with grateful voice.



PSALM 97. II. Metre. (L..)

- 1 **HE** reigns; the LORD, the SAVIOUR reigns;
Praise Him in high exalted strains;

PSALM 98.

- Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
Let distant islands lift their voice.
- 2 Deep are His counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support His throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds His way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day!
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.
- 5 Immortal light and joy's unknown,
Are for God's saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 6 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the LORD:
Proclaim the triumphs of his grace,
His justice, truth, and holiness.



PSALM 98. (7, 7.)

*The prophet extols the victory and triumphs of
JEHOVAH, and calls upon man, and the whole
creation, to rejoice and give thanks.*

- 1 PRAISE JEHOVAH, on His throne,
Sing the wonders He hath done:

PSALM 98.

- His right hand, and holy arm,
Zion guards from ev'ry harm.
- 2 Now salvation is made known,
Righteousness and truth are shewn;
Israel now proclaims abroad
The salvation of our **GOD**.
- 3 Heathen lands, your songs employ,
Raise the theme of holy joy;
All the earth His grace record,
Hail the glory of the **LORD**.
- 4 Raise your joyful anthems high,
With hosannahs fill the sky;
Trumpets, cornets, harps combine,
Melody of psalms divine.
- 5 Let the sea's majestic roar
Sound His praise from shore to shore;
Hills exult, and floods proclaim
Great **JEMOVAN**'s glorious name.
- 6 Lo, from heav'n behold Him come,
Hear, O earth, the solemn doom:
Lo, He comes the world to bless,
Full of peace and righteousness.



PSALM 98. II. Metre. (C.M)

- 1 **SING** to the **LORD** a new-made song,
Who wondrous things hath done:
With His right hand, and holy arm,
The conquest he hath won.
- 2 The **LORD**, has thro' th' astonish'd world
Display'd His saving might;

PSALM 99.

- And made His righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
- Of Israel's house His love and truth
Have ever mindful been ;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's God have seen.
- Rejoice, O world ; the LORD is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And all creation sing.
- Rejoice, O earth, the SAVIOUR reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
Let fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.



PSALM 99. (S. M.)

The prophet celebrates the glory of JEHOVAH, his holiness, power, and just government. The examples of Moses, Aaron, and Samuel, are referred to, as encouragements to worship, to obey, and trust in God.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns ;
Tremble, O earth, and fear :

PSALM 99.

- The LORD is great in Zion's plains,
His awful name revere.
- 2 Exalt the LORD our God,
And worship at His feet;
Judgment and truth are His abode,
And holiness His seat.
- 3 Praise Him in grateful lays,
Moses and Aaron join,
With Samuel, in themes of praise,
Extol His pow'r divine.
- 4 Ye servants of the LORD,
Who call'd upon His name,
The answer of your prayers record,
His acts of grace proclaim.
- 5 God spake;—the people fear'd :
In mercy He forgave :
Through the dark cloud His voice was heard,
Omnipotent to save.
- 6 The LORD for ever reigns
In Zion, His abode :
His mighty arm His church sustains ;
Exalt the LORD our God.



PSALM 99. II. Metre. (S. M)

- 1 **T**HE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear :
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 **J**ESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
Let earth adore its LORD :

PSALM 100.

Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

- 3 In Zion is His throne,
His honours are divine ;
His Church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.
- 4 How holy is His name !
How terrible His praise !
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all His works of grace.
- 5 Exalt the LORD our GOD,
And worship at His feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.



PSALM 100. (Old 113.)

The Psalmist invites all the world to join with Israel in the praises of JEHOVAH, who is the GOD, not of the Jews only, but of the Gentiles also.

- 1 **A**LL nations, join in themes of praise,
Serve ye the LORD, your anthems raise ;
His courts attend, approach His throne :
We are His people, we His sheep,
Form'd by His hand, He doth us keep,
JEHOVAH is the LORD ALONE.
- 2 O enter then within His gates,
Where praise with grateful homage waits ;
His goodness and compassion prove :
The LORD is gracious, true His word,
Eternal truth His works record,
Eternal mercy crowns His love.

PSALM 100. II. Metre. (L. M)

Old Version.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth-tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.



PSALM 100. III. Metre. (L. M)

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;

PSALM 101.

And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command :
Vast as eternity Thy love :
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.



PSALM 101. (L.M.)

ing David advanced to the throne of Israel, declares his pious purpose of just and holy government, and the qualifications of his household.

MY song shall be of mercy, Lord,
Thy judgments shall my soul record ;
To Thee I'll sing with grateful voice,
I'll gaze, and tremble, and rejoice.

When wilt Thou come to me, my God,
And make my heart Thy blest abode ?
O may I walk as in Thy sight,
With conscience clear, and heart upright.

The faithful in my house shall dwell,
With me Thy loving-kindness tell ;
Deceit and falsehood shall depart,
The slanderous tongue, the froward heart.

The Church below, in peace and love,
Shall emulate the Church above ;
Form'd by Thy Spirit and Thy Word,
The holy city of the Lord.

This Psalm is entitled, "A Prayer of the afflicted when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the LORD." In the Epistle to the Hebrews, i. 10. the latter part of this Psalm is addressed to MESSIAH, the eternal Son of GOD

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my prayer, incline Thine ear,
Hide not Thy face, Thy suppliant hear;
Rise and appear for my relief,
My spirits faint, assuage my grief.
- 2 My days, like shadows, swift decline,
But, LORD, eternal days are Thine;
Like with'ring grass, my days are past,
Thine to eternity shall last.
- 3 Rise, mighty GOD, on Sion shine,
Display Thy pow'r, Thine arm divine;
The time to favour her is come,
Let Israel find her long-sought home.
- 4 So shall the heathen fear Thy name,
Kings of the earth Thy grace proclaim;
Zion her head with joy shall rear,
When Thou in glory shalt appear.
- 5 In ages past Thy hand, O LORD,
Thy glorious pow'r, Thy mighty word,
The heav'ns, and earth's foundations laid,
And the whole frame of nature made.
- 6 They all shall fade and pass away,
But Thou shalt reign in endless day;
Resplendent shines Thy glorious name,
In time, eternity, the same.

PSALM 103. (Old 104.)

The Psalmist praiseth JEHOVAH for the mercies of redemption; describes in most affecting expressions the frail and transient state of man; and calleth on heaven and earth to praise the everlasting mercy of God.

- 1 **MY** soul, praise the LORD, bless His holy name,
His goodness record, His bounties proclaim;
Who crowns Thee with mercies and grace from
above,
And pardons transgressions with infinite love.
- 2 JEHOVAH is great, yet deigns to forgive,
To anger he's slow; by mercy we live:
He will not chide always, His ways He makes
known,
A just God and SAVIOUR, and mercy His throne.
- 3 As far as the heav'ns in grandeur are high,
So great is His love, so glorious, yet nigh;
His children He pities, who serve Him with fear,
As parents their offspring, with tenderest care.
- 4 The days of our life, how soon are they past!
The mercies of GOD eternally last:
His word ever faithful, and His righteousness,
Shall his children's children eternally bless.
- 5 The LORD in the heav'ns prepar'd hath His throne,
The sov'reign dominion He claims as His own;
Let angels, archangels, accomplish His word,
Let all His works praise Him:—my soul, praise
the LORD.

PSALM 103. II. Metre. (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still Thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis God that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By grace preserv'd, with mercy crown'd.
- 3 The **LORD** abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move ;
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with His anger quickly parts ;
He loves His punishments to guide,
More by His love than our deserts.
- 5 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The feeble homage we can pay.
- 6 As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far has He our sins remov'd ;
Who with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.
- 7 The **LORD**, the universal King,
In heav'n has fix'd His awful throne ;
To Him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength His pow'r is shown.
- 8 Ye that His just commands obey,
And hear and do His sacred will ;

PSALM 103.

Ye hosts of His, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

- 9 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty LORD ; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.



PSALM 103. III. Metre. (S. M.)

- 1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 The pity of the LORD,
To those who fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r ;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, LORD,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

PSALM 104. (Old 104)

An act of praise, celebrating the glory, wisdom, goodness, and power of JEHOVAH, in the manifold works of creation.

1 **MY** soul, praise the **LORD**, His honour proclaim;

O LORD our great **GOD**, how glorious Thy name
Thy beams light diffusing, no eye can behold,
The clouds are Thy chariot, in glory untold.

2 The heav'ns and earth, the waters and air,
Were form'd by Thy hand, sustain'd by Thy care
The angelic spirits Thy goodness record,
They all wait Thy order, exist by Thy word.

3 The fowls of the air, the beasts of the field,
The earth Thou hast form'd its produce to yield
The trees Thou hast planted, Thy bounty display
While birds chaunt Thy praises, and join in thy lay.

4 The sun, moon, and stars, by day and by night,
The heav'ns adorn'd with varying light;
The rivers and oceans, the ships on the sea,
Acknowledge Thy goodness, and wait upon Thee

5 Man form'd for Thy praise, refresh'd from above
Returns to his work and labours of love;
Thy glory for ever, **O LORD**, shall endure,
Thy works shall all praise Thee, Thy throne secure.

6 I'll sing to the **LORD** as long as I live,
My being, my all, to Him will I give;
In sweet meditation my days will I spend,
In hope of that glory which never shall end.

PSALM 104. II. Metre. (L. M.)

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul : Thou, LORD, alone
Possessest empire without bounds :
With honour 'Thou art crown'd, Thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.
- 2 With light Thou dost Thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 In praising God while He prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
His grace extol in all my songs,
And praise my God with holy joy.
- 4 His glorious majesty adore ;
My soul, praise Thou His holy name ;
Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and His praise proclaim.



PSALM 105. (S. M.)

An exhortation to praise JEHOVAH for his works of mercy and power, his covenant made with Abraham, the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, and their establishment in the land of promise, the type of the heavenly Canaan.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks unto the LORD,
Invoke His sacred name ;
In psalms of praise His grace record,
His mighty deeds proclaim.
- 2 Glory and make your boast
In His great name alone ;
Resound, with heav'ns exalted host,
The wonders He hath done.

PSALM 105.

- 3 Praise Him with joyful voice,
His marv'lous works record;
And let the heart of them rejoice,
Who humbly seek the LORD.
- 4 For ever stands His word,
Unchang'd by time or space;
Th' eternal cov'nant of the LORD,
Ordain'd in truth and grace.
- 5 For Israel God provides,
Guards with His mighty arm;
Through hostile nations safely guides,
Secure from ev'ry harm.
- 6 The cloud protects by day,
A guide of fire by night;
Israel pursues the dreary way,
Led by the sacred light.
- 7 So shall the church of God,
Guarded, upheld, and blest,
Advance with joy to His abode,
The land of heav'nly rest.



PSALM 105. II. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks, and bless the LORD,
Invoke His sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to His praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

PSALM 106.

- 3 Rejoice in His almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the LORD.
- 4 Seek ye the LORD, His saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.
- 5 His Cov'nant GOD has kept in mind,
For num'rous ages past;
His Cov'nant, thousand ages more,
Eternally shall last.
- 6 His statutes then may we observe,
His sacred laws obey;
For benefits so vast, may we
Eternal praise display.



PSALM 106. (C. M.)

The Psalmist commemorates the Divine benefits, reproves the ingratitude and idolatry of the people, and prays for their recovery.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD, give thanks and raise
Your sacred themes above;
What tongue can speak JEHOVAH's praise,
Or celebrate His love?
- 2 How blest are they who keep His word
In truth and righteousness!
With mercy visit me, O LORD,
With Thy salvation bless.

PSALM 106.

- 3 Grant me Thy favour, LORD, to see,
Elate with joy divine;
That I in full felicity,
In endless praise may join.
- 4 Alas, we have Thy laws despis'd,
Averse to Thy command;
Nor judgments fear'd, nor mercies priz'd,
Forgetful of Thy hand.
- 5 Prest by affliction, oft we fear'd;
Thy hand deliv'rance gave;
On Thee we call'd; Thy voice was heard,
Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Then we believ'd Thy sacred word,
And joyful sang Thy praise;
But soon, alas, forgot our LORD,
Regardless of Thy ways.
- 7 Thy just displeasure then, O God,
Ordain'd our pain and grief;
Successive changes mark our road,
Oh, haste to our relief!
- 8 Save us, O God, exalt Thy name;
Thy mercies we'll record;
AMEN, let all the earth proclaim,
Praise ye, oh, praise the LORD.



PSALM 106. II. Metre. (L. M)

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

PSALM 107.

- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from Thy judgments fear to stray,
Who know what's right, not only so,
But aim to practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, LORD,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 5 O ! may I in Thy presence see
Thy saints in full felicity !
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.
- 6 Let Israel's God be ever blest ;
His name eternally confest ;
Let all His saints with full accord,
Sing loud AMENS. Praise ye the LORD.



PSALM 107. (Old 148)

The redeemed of the LORD are exhorted to praise Him for his goodness, in various instances.

GIVE thanks unto the LORD,
Your noblest anthems raise ;
His mighty deeds record
In sacred themes of praise :
Let the redeem'd of GOD proclaim
The triumphs of JEHOVAH's name.

PSALM 107.

- 2 Exiles in foreign land,
 Confess with grateful lays,
The guidance of His hand
 Through solitary ways :
Obscure the way, yet right the road,
It led to Canaan's blest abode.
- 3 Ye who in darkness sit,
 Or sink in shades of death,
Praise Him who gives you light,
 With your expiring breath ;
He burst the bouds, He set you free,
The heirs of life and liberty.
- 4 Ye who, afflicted, feel
 Diseases of the soul,
He sends His word to heal,
 And make the wounded whole ;
Praise ye the LORD ; adore, and raise
Your sacrifice of grateful praise.
- 5 Ye who in ships behold
 The seas like mountains rise,
By swelling billows told,
 God rules o'er seas and skies ;
When tempests rage, and surges swell,
His mighty pow'r what tongue can tell !
- 6 To heav'n ascends your prayer ;
 God hears, and whispers peace ;
Relieves your anxious care ;
 The furious billows cease ;
In harbour safe the anchor's cast ;
The storm subsides, the danger past,
- 7 JEHOVAH spake the word,
 Tremendous waves were still ;

PSALM 107.

The ocean saw its LORD,
 Submissive to His will :
Jehovah praise, exalt His name ;
His goodness, grace, and pow'r proclaim.
When rich and fruitful lands
 Are turn'd to barren ground,
His blessing God commands,
 And water-springs abound :
Fields, flocks, and vineyards yield increase,
And pastures crown'd with fruits of peace.
The saints of God shall hear,
 Consider, and rejoice ;
Iniquity shall fear,
 And stop her impious voice :
He who is wise shall understand,
Observe and own JEHOVAH's hand.



PSALM 107. II. Metre. (L. M.)

GIVE thanks to God : He reigns above ;
 Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love ;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
In their distress to God they cried,
God was their SAVIOUR and their Guide ;
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

PSALM 107.

- 4 Thus when on heav'n we fix our eyes,
And seek a rest above the skies ;
We have this desert world to pass,
A long and dangerous wilderness.
- 5 God feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray ;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 6 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the LORD !
How great His works ! how kind His ways !
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce His praise.



PSALM 107. III. Metre. (C M)

- 1 **H**OW are Thy servants bless'd, O LORD !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will :
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

PSALM 108.

Beset with dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.



PSALM 108. (Old 113.)

*prayer for the exaltation of the divine glory ;
the redemption and enlargement of the Church.*
Psalm lvii. 7—11, and lx. 5—12.

MY heart is fixed, O my God,
My praise shall rise to Thine abode,
And join th' angelic songs :
Awake, my glory, join the theme,
Harps, psalt'ries, lutes, resound His Name,
To whom all praise belongs.

Among the nations will I sing .
Thy ceaseless praise, my God, my King,
And make Thy glory known :
Above the heav'ns Thy mercies shine,
Truth, majesty, and grace divine,
Transcendent as Thy throne.

Be Thou exalted, mighty God,
Above the heav'ns, Thy blest abode,
Above the earth Thy praise ;
That Thy beloved, by Thy hand
Delivered, may triumphant stand
To everlasting days.

PSALM 108.

- 4 All human help is fleet and vain,
Weak all our power, our life a span,
THOU EVERMORE THE SAME:
So shall we conquer by Thy strength,
And more than conquerors be at length,
Through Thine almighty name.



PSALM 108. II. Metre. (C.M.)

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate Thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute; nor Thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay:
Whilst I, with early hymns of praise
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O LORD,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to the nations sing Thy praise,
That round about us dwell:
- 4 Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far above aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 5 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.

PSALM 109.

- 6 That all Thy chosen people Thee
 Their SAVIOUR may declare ;
Let Thy right hand protect me still,
 And answer now my prayer.



PSALM 109. (L. M.)

*This Psalm is applied by St. Peter, Acts i. 20, to
the betrayers and murderers of MESSIAH.*

- 1 **O** GOD of praise, hold not Thy peace,
 Nor let Thy loving-kindness cease ;
Deceitful men, who hate Thy Laws,
 Against me fight without a cause.
- 2 Thus when on earth MESSIAH stood,
 Evil His foes return'd for good ;
Though hatred they repaid for love :
 His mercies still ne'er ceas'd to move.
- 3 Tremble, ye foes, and be afraid,
 By whom MESSIAH was betray'd ;
Behold JEHOVAH's anger burn,
 See Judah in dispersion mourn.
- 4 Scatter'd abroad in distant lands,
 Insulted, led in captive bands,
By Gentiles trodden down, forlorn,
 Expos'd to pride, contempt, and scorn.
- 5 O LORD, in tender mercy save,
 Oh, bring Thine Israel from the grave ;
Arise, Thine ancient people bless,
 O LORD our GOD, in righteousness.
- 6 Then shall the world astonish'd stand,
 And know JEHOVAH's mighty hand ;

PSALM 110.

The poor, redeem'd by Thee, shall own,
Thou, LORD, the mighty deed hast done.



PSALM 110. (C.M)

A prophecy of the exaltation of MESSIAH, the increase of his Church, his eternal Priesthood, victory, and triumphs. This Psalm is quoted by our Lord himself, Matt. xxii. 43, and in Acts 34. Heb. v. 6. It is appointed by the Church Christmas-day.

- 1 **T**O CHRIST the LORD JEHOVAH spake,
 Enthron'd in glory sit
At my right hand, till all Thy foes
 Shall fall beneath Thy feet.
- 2 JEHOVAH shall from Sion send
 The sceptre of His word,
That rod of strength, till all confess
 MESSIAH is the LORD.
- 3 The glorious day of power appears,
 Day of victorious grace ;
See willing nations crowd Thy courts
 In robes of holiness.
- 4 Behold the beauteous early dew,
 The spangles of the morn ;
In countless myriads thus Thy saints
 Thy triumphs shall adorn.
- 5 The LORD hath sworn, nor will repent ;
 In heav'n Thy high abode,
Eternal shall Thy priesthood last,
 Thou great high-priest of GOD.

PSALM 110.

Conquer'd by Thee, at Thy right hand
All enemies shall fall ;
All kings, all empires shall submit,
And own Thee, LORD of ALL.
But Thou must taste, it is decreed,
Affliction in the way ;
Perfect through suff'rings, glory crowns
Thy head, in endless day.



PSALM 110. II. Metre. (P. M.)

ALL hail, victorious LORD,
At God's right hand above !
Triumphant o'er Thy foes !
Triumphant in Thy love !
To Thee our joyful songs we bring,
To Thee we bow, all-conquering King !
O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own Thy gentle sway :
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.
All hail, exalted Priest !
To Thee our all we give ;
Enthron'd above the skies,
All homage to receive !
There deign in our behalf to plead ;
Yea, there for ever intercede.
God shall exalt Thy head,
And Thy high throne maintain :

PSALM 111.

In triumph Thou shalt lead
All who oppose Thy reign;
Thy foes beneath Thy feet shall lie
Prostrate to all eternity.



PSALM 111. (L.M.)

Appointed by the Church for Easter-day. It celebrates the blessings of redemption, and the new and everlasting Covenant.

- 1 **WITH** my whole heart I'll praise the **LORD**,
Amidst his saints His name record :
Great are His works, in glory bright,
Sought out by saints with great delight.
- 2 Honour and truth adorn His reign ;
His counsels glorious shall remain !
MESSIAH reigns, the world to bless
With fruits of peace and righteousness.
- 3 His wondrous works the **LORD** makes known,
Ye saints, the sweet memorials own ;
Eternal, gracious, just, and kind,
His Covenant He bears in mind.
- 4 He feeds His flock with heav'nly food,
He to His saints His glory shew'd ;
The Cov'nant of His **HOLY ONE**,
Fix'd as His everlasting throne.
- 5 Let the whole earth His sceptre own,
His works in truth and judgment done ;
His great redemption wide proclaim ;
Holy and reverend is His name.

PSALM 111.

Begin to know and fear the LORD,
Obey His will; revere His word;
True wisdom shall direct Thy ways,
And endless glory crown Thy days.



PSALM 111. II. Metre. (L. M.)

PRAISE ye the LORD; our God to praise

My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found
By those, who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all His servant's wants supplied;
And He will ever keep in mind
His Cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

God sets His saints from bondage free,
And thus fulfils His grand decree,
Or ever to remain the same:
Holy and rev'rend is His name.

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they, who know and do His will.

PSALM 112.

(L. M.)

*The blessedness of the man who feareth JEHOVAH,
his support in trouble, liberality in prosperity,
confidence in GOD, and reward in eternity.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who fears the LORD,
Loves His commands, obeys His word ;
Blessed on earth his seed shall rise,
And soar to mansions in the skies.
- 2 In tribulation's gloomy night,
To him shall rise celestial light ;
Compassion shall adorn his race,
Rich in good works, in truth and grace.
- 3 When terrors spread destruction near,
Trusting in GOD he needs not fear ;
His heart is fix'd, he dreads no ill,
The LORD his GOD is with him still.
- 4 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
A grateful off'ring to his GOD ;
His works of righteousness proclaim
The honour of JEHOVAH's name.



PSALM 112. II. Metre. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HRICE happy man who fears the LORD,
Loves His commands, and trusts His word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind ;
To works of mercy still inclin'd,
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

PSALM 113.

When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all His pow'r is there.

His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from His word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

He hath dispers'd his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;
His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd.



PSALM 113. (S.M.)

appointed by the Church for Easter-day. An exhortation to praise the name of JEHOVAH, his glory, condescension, and mercy, in the redemption of man.

THE name of God adore,
Ye servants of the Lord;
From this time forth, for evermore,
His sacred name record.

Let rising suns proclaim,
And setting suns resound,
The glory of JEHOVAH's name,
Through all creation round.

In heav'n, His blest abode,
JEHOVAH dwells on high:
Who's like unto the Lord our God?
His glory fills the sky.

PSALM 113.

- 4 Enthron'd in glorious state,
In robes of light array'd,
He views, with condescension great,
The earth and heav'n's He made.
- 5 His kind compassions tell;
The poor partake His grace;
Rais'd from the dust with Him to dwell,
In heav'n's exalted place.
- 6 Ye barren lands, rejoice;
Zion, His praise record;
Children unnumber'd join their voice;
Praise ye, O praise the LORD.



PSALM 113. II. Metre. (Old 113.)

- 1 **Y**E saints and servants of the LORD,
The triumphs of His name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great name address.
- 2 God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are:
With Him whose majesty exceeds,
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
- 3 Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:

PSALM 114.

The poor He raiseth from the dust,
Exalting him among the just,
The blessing of His grace to share.

O then His pow'r and grace declare,
His love divine; His guardian care,
Trust in His ever-faithful word;
Adore His everlasting fame,
Extol the honours of His name:
Who, who is like unto the LORD?



PSALM 114. (C.M.)

appointed by the Church for Easter-day. It celebrates the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, as a figure of the redemption of our nature by the resurrection of MESSIAH.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And led the tribes from thence;
Their sanctuary was JEHOVAH's name,
Dominion and defence.

The sea stood back amaz'd to view;
Mountains convuls'd with fear;
And Jordan's streams, aghast, withdrew,
Because the LORD was there.

Streams flow'd from rocks of rugged stone,
Obedient at His word;
Tremble, O earth, adore and own
The presence of the LORD.

PSALM 115.

(C.M.)

The Church ascribeth to GOD the glory of her salvation, and calls upon her children to praise and extol his mercy.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but to Thy name,
O LORD, be glory giv'n;
Thy truth and mercy we'll proclaim,
And raise the theme to heav'n.
- 2 Our GOD on high exalted reigns,
Let idols prostrate fall;
What He approves, His will ordains,
JEHOVAH, LORD of all.
- 3 Thou hast been mindful of us, LORD,
Thou wilt Thy Israel bless;
To small and great wilt grace afford,
The fruits of righteousness.
- 4 Zion, thy children shall increase,
And in succession rise;
Blest of the LORD, the GOD of peace,
The LORD of earth and skies.
- 5 Rais'd from the tomb His saints shall soar,
And round His throne record
Their songs of praise for evermore;
Praise ye, O praise the LORD.



PSALM 116.

(L.M.)

A psalm of thanksgiving for deliverance from tribulation, a holy determination to receive the cup of salvation and make a public acknowledgme of the mercies of JEHOVAH.

- 1 **I** LOVE the LORD, He heard my prayer;
My suppliant voice He deign'd to hear;

PSALM 116.

Long as I live, will I proclaim
His love, and call upon His name.

Pain and distress encompass'd round;
To Him I fled, and refuge found:
With holy joy I now record,
Gracious and righteous is the LORD.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
Thy God, who did thy fears controul,
Sav'd thee from death, thine eyes from tears,
Restor'd to life, reliev'd thy fears.

GOD views His children with delight,
Their death is precious in His sight;
LORD, I am Thine; I'll live to Thee,
Thou loos'd my bonds, and set me free.

Thy courts I love; within Thy house
With grateful joy, I'll pay my vows;
Assembled saints their songs shall join,
And praise, eternal praise, be Thine.



PSALM 116. II. Metre. (C. M.)

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all His kindness shown?

My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

Among the saints that fill Thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!

PSALM 117.

How dear Thy servants in Thy sight !
How precious is their blood !

- 4 How happy all Thy servants are !
How great Thy grace to me !
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
LORD, I devote to Thee.
- 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor let my purpose move ;
Thy hand has loos'd my hands of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.
- 6 Here in Thy courts I pay my vow,
And Thy rich grace record ;
O all ye saints, who hear me now,
Praise ye, O praise the LORD.



PSALM 117. (Old 113.)

This psalm is a prophecy of the divine joy which the world should experience at the coming of MESSIAH ; it exhorts both Jews and Gentiles to glorify GOD for his mercy. In this sense it is quoted by St. Paul, Rom. xv. 8, 9, &c.

- 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the LORD,
His mercy, love, and truth record,
Proclaim abroad the glorious theme.
O all ye people, join in praise,
Let every heart the anthem raise,
Extol the great JEHOVAH's name.
- 2 JEHOVAH reigns in glorious state,
His loving-kindness ever great,
Faithful and just His sacred word :

PSALM 117 & 118.

His truth, eternally the same,
Endures for ever as His name,
Jehovah praise : praise ye the LORD.



PSALM 117. II. Metre. (L.M.)

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the CREATOR's praise arise ;
Let the REDEEMER's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are Thy mercies, LORD ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 118. (L.M.)

psalm of triumph, celebrating the victory and glory of MESSIAH. This application is made by CHRIST himself, Matt. xxi. 42. Acts iv. 11. It is appointed by the Church on Easter-day, in commemoration of the resurrection and exaltation of our REDEEMER.

PRAISE ye the LORD, give thanks, and bless
His mercy, truth, and righteousness :
Zion, arise ; rejoice, and sing
The triumphs of our glorious KING.
All nations compass'd, but in vain ;
The LORD shall ever, ever reign ;
Exalted high at GOD's right hand,
Behold the KING OF GLORY stand.

PSALM 118.

- 3 Open, ye gates of righteousness ;
MESSIAH comes, His saints to bless ;
Enter, Thou blessed of the LORD,
Thy kingdom claim, Thy just reward.
- 4 By man refus'd, GOD'S HOLY ONE,
Head over all, the corner-stone ;
Eternal life through Him is giv'n,
He reigns the LORD of earth and heav'n.
- 5 The mighty deed is done ; proclaim
Salvation in JEHOVAH'S name :
GOD is the LORD ; your off'rings bring ;
He comes, He comes, hosannahs sing.
- 6 This is the day the LORD hath made ;
Ye heav'ns rejoice ; O earth, be glad ;
Thou art our GOD ; Thine be the praise ;
The glory Thine, to endless days.
-

PSALM 118. II. Metre. (C.M.)

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day CHRIST rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed KING,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O LORD ; descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne,

PSALM 119.

- 4 Blest be the LORD, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
To ransom by His bitter pain,
And save the fallen race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.
-

PSALM 119.

This psalm is divided into twenty-two portions, according to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. It is a series of devotional meditations, adapted to all the vicissitudes of human life, and is replete with instruction, devotion, and consolation.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Thy statutes who obey ;
Who from Thy precepts ne'er depart,
Who love Thy holy way.
Oh that my ways were so prepar'd
Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
Thy righteous judgments to discern,
And do Thy holy will.
- 2 How shall the young preserve his way,
Protected by the LORD ?
By diligently taking heed,
According to Thy word.
Blessed art Thou, O LORD, Thy grace
Supplies my ev'ry want :
With my whole heart I'll seek Thy face,
Do Thou instruction grant.

PSALM 119.

- 3 Thy word within my heart I've hid,
From sin my constant guard;
I'll meditate on all Thy ways,
My joy, delight, reward.
O grant me life, that I may live,
And keep Thy word with awe;
Open my eyes, that I may see
The wonders of Thy Law.
- 4 Expos'd to men of scorn and spite,
A stranger here I move;
Thy testimonies my delight,
Thy law, oh, how I love!
My spirit cleaveth to the dust,
Revive my soul, O LORD;
Make me to understand Thy truth,
And I'll proclaim Thy word.
- 5 Grant me to choose the paths of truth,
And ev'ry falsehood shun,
That with enlarged heart I may
Thy path of duty run.
Teach me, O LORD, to know Thy way,
And keep it to the end;
With my whole heart may I obey,
And to Thy will attend.
- 6 Turn from me the reproach I fear,
Thy judgments, LORD, are good;
Revive me in Thy righteousness;
Feed me with heav'nly food.
O turn from vanity mine eyes,
And keep my conscience clear;
Confirm Thy word, that I may live
Devoted to Thy fear.

PSALM 119.

O let Thy mercies come to me,
According to Thy word;
In Thy commandments I delight;
Remember me, O LORD.
In shades of night I'll praise Thy name,
To Thee all praise belongs;
Thy name consoles my pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are my songs.
Thou art my portion, O my GOD;
Be merciful, O LORD;
By day, by night, I'll praise Thy name,
According to Thy word.
The earth, O LORD, Thy mercy shews,
Created for Thy praise;
Teach me Thy statutes, LORD, to love,
And meditate Thy ways.
Afflictions have Thy mercy prov'd;
My soul had gone astray;
But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Teach me Thy holy way.
LORD, in Thy Law is my delight,
Where I Thy grace behold;
More dear to me Thy sacred words
Than thousand heaps of gold.
Grant me, O LORD, Thy Laws to know,
Form'd by Thy sacred hands;
My hope is in Thy faithful word,
Teach me Thy just commands.
Thy judgments, LORD, are good and right,
In truth and faithfulness;
Thy saints Thou dost afflict in love,
And then with mercies bless.

PSALM 119.

- 11 My soul for Thy salvation faints,
I pant Thy grace to see;
My eyes grow dim; hear my complaints;
When wilt Thou comfort me?
Oppress'd, cast down, consum'd on earth,
How many are my days?
LORD, Thy commandments faithful are,
Revive my soul to praise.
- 12 For ever, LORD, abides Thy love!
Thy truth eternal stands,
Firm as the basis of the earth,
Establish'd by Thy hands.
LORD, I am Thine; Thy servant save;
Uphold me by Thy hand;
Nothing is perfect here below;
How broad is Thy command!
- 13 Oh, how I love Thy sacred Law,
My study all the day!
Thy wise commands instruct my soul,
And guard and guide my way.
Taught by Thy word, I shun the snare,
From sin refrain my feet;
Like honey to my soul Thy words,
Oh, how divinely sweet!
- 14 Thy word, unto my paths a light,
Directs my path to heav'n;
Thy truth, a lamp unto my feet,
For weary pilgrims giv'n.
Accept my off'rings, O my LORD,
To Thee my pray'rs ascend;
Thy words rejoice my trembling heart;
Preserve me to the end.

PSALM 119.

- 5 Vain thoughts I hate ; Thy Law I love ;
Thy word is all my hope :
Thou art my hiding-place, my shield ;
Defend and hold me up.
Sustain me by Thy mighty hand,
Impress me with Thy fear ;
Thy testimonies, LORD, I love,
And Thy commands revere.
- 3 Plead Thou my cause, forsake me not ;
Mine enemies oppress ;
Mine eyes for Thy salvation fail,
Thy word of righteousness.
In mercy deal with me, O LORD,
Thy servant, LORD, uphold ;
Thy precepts I esteem and love,
Above the finest gold.
- 7 Thy words give light unto the soul,
Thy grace and truth proclaim ;
Oh, look on me, as Thou art wont
On those, who love Thy name.
Rivers of waters from my eyes
In frequent torrents flow,
For men, alas, keep not Thy Law,
Nor seek Thy ways to know.
- 3 Righteous art Thou, O LORD, and just,
Holy in all Thy ways ;
Thy testimonies, faithfulness,
Replete with truth and grace.
Thy words so pure, delight my soul,
Truth, light, and comfort give ;
Grant me Thy righteousness to know,
And I to Thee shall live.

PSALM 119.

- 19 With my whole heart to Thee I cried,
Thy servant deign to hear;
LORD, hear my voice, my foes draw nigh,
Relieve my anxious fear.
Before the morning dawn appears
I muse upon Thy word;
Thy loving-kindness is my theme,
And Thou art near, O LORD.
- 20 O LORD, consider my complaint,
Mine enemies controul;
Thy tender mercies never fail;
Revive my drooping soul.
Transgressors I beheld with grief,
For they kept not Thy word;
Thy precepts are my soul's delight,
Thy word is true, O LORD.
- 21 Princes oppos'd without a cause,
Upheld by Thee I stand;
Sev'n times a day I'll praise Thy name,
And own Thy righteous hand.
Great peace have they who love Thy Law,
Taught by Thy sacred word;
No ills offend them; all their ways
Are known to Thee, O LORD.
- 22 Oh, let my cry ascend to Thee,
And teach me by Thy word;
Thy Law is my delight; I long
For Thy salvation, LORD.
Like a lost sheep I've gone astray;
Thy servant, Lord, defend;
Let my soul live, to praise Thy name,
LORD, keep me to the end.

PSALM 120. (C.M.)

he Psalmist complaineth of the falsehood, treachery and violence, of his surrounding enemies.

O'ERWHELM'D and sunk in deep distress,
I call'd upon my **GOD** ;
He heard my pray'r, He sent redress
From heav'n, His high abode.

Ah, woe is me, 'midst Meseck's plains,
Or Kedar's tents to dwell ;
Where strife its constant war maintains,
Where words deceitful swell.

While foes to peace contend for war,
Nor let contentions cease ;
Plead Thou my cause, when strife is near,
Prepare me, **LORD**, for peace.



PSALM 121. (L.M.)

he Psalmist describeth an Israelite on his way to Jerusalem, expressing his trust and confidence in JEHOVAH, the Maker of heaven and earth, in whose favour and protection at all times, and in all dangers, he feels humble confidence.

LO, to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The hills whence all my help descends ;
The **LORD**, who form'd the earth and skies,
On Him alone my hope depends.

Guardian of Israel, constant guide,
In life, in death, our faithful Friend !
Oh, never let our footsteps slide,
Direct, uphold us to the end.

PSALM 121.

- 3 O mighty LORD, who slumb'rest not,
Whose watchful eyes ne'er yield to sleep,
Oh, let Thy wisdom choose our lot,
And evermore in safety keep.
- 4 Guarded by Thee, Thy saints shall stand,
Thine arm defence and strength affords ;
Thou art a shade on their right hand,
Their keeper Thou, the LORD of LORDS.
- 5 No dangers need their souls affright,
Almighty Shepherd of the sheep ;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor day, nor night,
Shall hurt whom Thou dost deign to keep.
- 6 At home, abroad, till danger's o'er,
Preserv'd by Thee, Thy saints are blest ;
From this time forth, for evermore,
To glorious realms of endless rest.



PSALM 121. II. Mètre. (C.M)

- 1 **T**O Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.
- 2 Then, O my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
The mighty LORD, who Israel guards,
With watchful care will keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest ;
Where neither sun or moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

PSALM 122.

His constant care, throughout thy life
Shall guard from ev'ry ill ;
In going out, in coming in,
Thy Lord preserves thee still.
At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.
Thus God His people ever guards
From all impending harms ;
And evermore around them spreads
His everlasting arms.



PSALM 122. (L. M.)

his Psalm describes the holy joy usually expressed in repairing to Jerusalem on the solemn festivals. It is applicable to the worship of the Christian Church, and those solemn seasons which peculiarly commemorate the mysteries of our Redemption.

HAIL sacred day of praise and prayer,
To man in tender mercy given,
To Zion's courts with joy repair,
House of the Lord, the gate of heaven.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
Where unity with peace resides ;
City divine ! where mercy waits,
Where God the mighty God presides.
Hither the joyful tribes ascend,
To testify Thy sacred name ;

- PSALM 122.

Here thankful songs of praise attend,
And spread abroad Thy glorious fame.

- 4 Here on His throne MESSIAH reigns,
Eternal shall His kingdom stand,
Peace, joy and love inspire the plains,
And own the sceptre of His hand.
- 5 Peace be within thy blest abode !
Treasures divine, and heav'nly food :
Blest mansion of the LORD our GOD ;
May ev'ry heart seek Zion's good !
- 6 O Prince of peace, Thy Zion bless,
Prosper all those, who Zion love ;
Adorn Thy saints with righteousness,
Unite them in Thy Church above.



PSALM 122. II. Metre. (Old 113.)

- 1 **T**HE joyful morn, my GOD is come,
That calls me to Thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.
- 2 Hither from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeem'd of GOD ascend,
Their offerings hither bring,
Here crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Behold, to our expecting eyes
Fair Sion's towers in prospect rise ;
E'en now, with glad survey,

PSALM 123.

Behold her mansions, that contain
Angelic forms, a splendid train,
Who shine in endless day.

- 4 Let me, blest seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
In thee for ever dwell ;
Let faith and hope my steps attend,
Be grace divine my constant friend,
And bid the world farewell.
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !
Ne'er let my tongue, O Sion, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode !
Ne'er cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansions of my GOD.



PSALM 123. (S.M.)

An act of confidence in God, and a prayer for deliverance from the reproach and contempt of infidelity and sensuality.

- 1 **T**O Thee I lift my eyes,
O GOD, my prayer attend !
O Thou, that dwell'st above the skies,
Help to Thy servant send.
- 2 Thy faithful servant, LORD,
May I observant stand ;
Waiting for all Thou dost afford,
And passive in Thy hand.
- 3 Teach me to do Thy will ;
My eyes are fix'd on Thee,

PSALM 124.

Thy holy pleasure to fulfil,
To suffer or obey.

- 4 Though scorn'd, despis'd, unknown;
Still Thou wilt strength afford;
I look for help to Thee alone,
Have mercy on me, LORD.



PSALM 124. (C.M.)

The Church describeth her past dangers, and ascribes to JEHOVAH the whole praise of her deliverance.

- 1 **O** GOD, Thy mercy we proclaim,
To Thee the praise be giv'n;
O mighty arm, Thy glorious name,
Thy LORD of earth and heav'n.
- 2 If Thou hadst not been on our side,
When men impetuous rose,
We had been victims to their pride,
O'erwhelm'd by cruel foes.
- 3 Their proud attempts against us made,
Like swelling billows roll'd;
Our souls escap'd, their fury stay'd,
Thine arm their rage controul'd.
- 4 Our help is in Thy holy name,
O LORD of earth and heav'n:
Thy pow'r, Thy mercy we proclaim;
To Thee be glory giv'n.

PSALM 125. (S. M.)

The Church is comforted with the promises of Divine protection and final deliverance. Aben Ezra applies this psalm to the days of MESSIAH.

- 1 **WHO** in **JEHOVAH** trust,
Like Sion's mount shall stand
Firm and unmov'd, their hopes are fix'd
By His almighty hand.
- 2 As mountains, rais'd on high,
Jerusalem enclose,
So stands the great **JEHOVAH** nigh,
To guard His saints' repose.
- 3 The enemies of truth
Shall not their pow'r maintain;
Lest dangers should o'erwhelm the just,
God will that pow'r restrain.
- 4 Who in **JEHOVAH** trust,
Who serve with hearts sincere,
Shall prove that He defends the just,
He will for them appear.
- 5 All they who turn aside,
All who forsake the **LORD**,
With evil-doers shall abide,
Their awful, just reward.
- 6 God will His Israel bless;
His mercies never cease;
He will give strength and righteousness,
And everlasting peace.



PSALM 125. II. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **WHO** in the **LORD JEHOVAH** trust,
Shall as mount Sion stand,

PSALM 126.

- Firm and immoveable be fix'd,
By GOD's almighty hand.
- 2 Mark how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the LORD around His saints,
To guard them from their foes.
- 3 Secure in GOD's almighty name
Let thy sure trust remain;
GOD to His people will do good,
Nor shall they trust in vain.
- 4 While all who turn aside from Him,
The LORD will soon destroy;
He loves the just, and crowns His saints
With endless peace and joy.



PSALM 126. (L. M.)

The joyful surprise of the children of Zion, when redeemed from Captivity; and an anticipation of the final complete Redemption of the people of God.

- 1 **W**HEN Zion saw her fertile lands
Freed from Chaldea's hostile bands,
O'ercome with joy, the transport seem'd
As though of freedom Zion dream'd.
- 2 The heathen lands compell'd did own,
This mighty deed the LORD hath done;
"This deed is thine," with grateful voice,
Loud we exclaim, while we rejoice.
- 3 Turn our captivity, O LORD,
Thy blessing to our fields afford;

PSALM 126.

Zion shall flourish by Thy hand,
And southern streams refresh our land.
Then they who sow the early seed,
Their crops shall reap from terror freed,
With joy their sheaves shall homeward bring,
And shout the praise of Zion's King.
Laden with grief, oppress'd with fears,
The precious seed was sown in tears ;
Yet still the plenteous harvest prov'd
That God the Lord His people lov'd.



SALM 126. II. Metre. (Old 113. 8,8,6.)

THE heathen lands were forced to own,
That God a wond'rous work had done ;
When Israel was set free.
"Redemption Thou hast wrought," we said,
Whereof our grateful hearts are glad ;
We give the praise to Thee.

Now send, O send Thy powerful word,
To loose our fetter'd spirits, LORD ;
We mourn a bondage still ;
By sin to earth and death enslav'd,
When, LORD, from these shall we be sav'd,
And full deliv'rance feel ?

Turn then this worst captivity !
The mighty change belongs to Thee,
Our efforts all are vain ;
Turn as the southern streams each heart
From sin to Thee, nor let them start
From Thee to sin again.

R

PSALM 127.

- 4 Who wait Thy time, although they sow
In tears, shall reap in joy, we know;
Their sin shall be forgiv'n :
Who weeps the penitential tear,
Bearing good seed, with joy shall bear
His fruitful sheaves to heav'n.



PSALM 127.

(C. M.)

A song of degrees for Solomon; referring to the building of the City and Temple; and, in a metaphorical sense, to the Church of CHRIST.

- 1 **EXCEPT** the LORD the city keeps,
The watchman wakes in vain;
None but the LORD, who never sleeps,
The building can sustain.
- 2 Men of this world with anxious breast,
Earth's vanities pursue;
Early they rise, and late take rest,
With schemes of wealth in view.
- 3 The LORD to His beloved saints,
The gift of sleep imparts;
He soothes their spirit when it faints,
He heals the wounded heart.
- 4 The offspring of the righteous grow
In knowledge, faith, and love;
Giv'n as an heritage below,
And heirs of bliss above.
- 5 Like arrows in the giant's hand,
Their enemies they fight;
Till more than conquerors they stand,
In realms of endless light.

promise of the blessing of JEHOVAH upon the man who feareth him and walketh in his holy ways, in his person, family, and the prosperity of Zion.

BLEST is the man who fears the LORD,

Who walks His holy ways;
 GOD his obedience will reward,
 And bless with peace his days.

O happy man! how blest of Heav'n
 The labour of his hand!

How sweet the gifts so freely giv'n,
 Which constant praise demand!

O that our families may rise
 In unity and love;
 As tender plants, meet for the skies,
 To part no more above.

Thus shall the man on earth be blest,
 Who fears the mighty LORD;
 And when he soars to endless rest,
 Be blest with full reward.

Eternal GOD, Thy children bless,
 And let Thy Church increase
 In faith, truth, grace, and righteousness,
 And everlasting peace.



PSALM 129. (L. M.)

the Church recollects her repeated trials and deliverances; and foretels the final ruin of her enemies.

MANY a time, from early youth,
 Have enemies assail'd;

PSALM 130.

But through Thy help, O God of truth,
Have never yet prevail'd.

- 2 The scourge of the malignant tongue,
Envious without control.
Like painful furrows, deep and long,
Pierc'd mine afflicted soul.
- 3 O righteous Lord, Thy mighty pow'r,
Subdued their hostile rage;
Broke all their snares;—our shield, our tow'r,
When wars incessant wage.
- 4 So Sion's foes shall soon decay,
Fall'n prostrate at her feet;
As with'ring grass that fades away,
Consum'd by scorching heat.
- 5 No traveller that passeth by
Shall pause their work to bless;
Forgotten and unknown, they die
In darkness and distress.
- 6 The mem'ry of the just is blest;
God will their works record;
From all their labours they shall rest,
And reap a full reward.



PSALM 130.

(L.M.)

*This is the sixth of those styled Penitential Psalm.
It contains a complaint of great distress, a confession of sin, and an act of faith in the promise redemption.*

- 1 **I**N scenes of woe, in depths of grief,
From Thee, O Lord, I sought relief;

PSALM 130.

LORD, hear my voice, my pray'r attend,
Mercy is Thine, deliv'rance send.

If **THOU**, omniscient, should'st survey
The errors of one passing day,
Who can the scrutiny abide ?
Or, how shall man be justified ?

But mercy pleads the sinner's cause,
That man may fear and learn Thy **Laws** ;
Mercy, Thy grand prerogative ;
Thou, **LORD**, art ready to forgive.

As guards, who thro' the shades of night,
Watch for the dawn of morning light,
So waits my soul for Thee, O **LORD** ;
My only hope is in Thy word.

Hope in the **LORD**, and patient wait,
A suppliant at His mercy's gate ;
Our **GOD** is mighty to redeem ;
O Israel, hope and trust in **HIM**.



PSALM 130. II. Metre. (C. M.)

OUT of the depth of self-despair,
Help us, O **LORD**, to cry ;
Our misery mark, attend our prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

If **Thou** art rig'rously severe,
Who may the test abide ?
Oh, where shall sinful man appear,
Or how be justified ?

PSALM 131.

- 3 But oh ! forgiveness is with Thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear Thy goodness see,
And never grieve Thee more.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, confide in **GOD**,
Mercy with Him remains ;
Plenteous redemption, bought with blood,
To wash out all our stains.
- 5 His people **GOD** himself shall clear ;
Let Israel hope in Him ;
He will give strength and righteousness,
And from all sin redeem.



PSALM 131. (Old 113. 8, 8, 6)

*A description of true humility, and resignation
the will of GOD.*

- 1 **L**ORD, teach my heart to Thee to bow,
Content what is reveal'd to know,
And future leave to Thee ;
Patient, and teachable, and mild,
Submissive as a little child,
In meek simplicity.
- 2 In myst'ries for this state too high,
Oh, may I not presume to pry,
But on Thy word recline :
Be Thou my trust, and may I be
For evermore resign'd to Thee,
Here, and hereafter Thine.

Appointed by the Church for the festival of the Incarnation. It describes the exultation of the faithful upon the glad tidings that GOD would dwell among them. The 8th, 9th, and 10th verses, were used by King Solomon at the dedication of the temple.—2 Chron. vi. 41, &c.

- 1 **ARISE**, O LORD, into Thy rest.
Thy presence makes Thy temples blest;
Come, with Thy holy influence come,
Thy living temples make Thy home.
- 2 Clothe all Thy priests with righteousness,
With shouts of joy Thy servants bless;
Within these courts arise and shine
With beams of majesty divine.
- 3 Thy face, O LORD, turn not away,
Thy love, Thy truth, Thy pow'r display;
Thy Zion deign to make Thy rest,
So shall Thy name be ever blest.
- 4 Bless her provisions with increase,
With holy fruits of heav'nly peace;
Her poor be satisfied, and fed
With food divine, with living bread.
- 5 **MESSIAH** here shall ever reign,
His sceptre ever shall remain;
His foes shall sink to endless shame,
His saints with joy His praise proclaim.
- 6 Arise, O glorious King, arise,
Zion to Thee lifts up her eyes;
Mercy and truth adorn Thy throne,
Thy sacred head a glorious crown.

PSALM 132. II. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.
- 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honour shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.



PSALM 133. (Old 113. 8, 8, 6.)

The design of this Psalm is to recommend unity among the tribes of Israel. Bishop Patrick observes that it was used by the first Christians, to express their joy for the blessed union of Jews and Gentiles.

- 1 **H**OW good, how pleasant is the sight,
When brethren in one bond unite,
The sacred bond of peace!

PSALM 133.

This holy union no'er decays,
Increasing to eternal days,
When faith and hope shall cease.

- 2 As precious ointment, from the head,
O'er Aaron's garments fragrance spread,
Perfum'd his sacred vest;
Or, as the dew from Hermon's hill,
On Zion's mountains soft distil,
With fertile influence blest.
- 3 Thus on MESSIAH, great High-priest,
Behold the Holy Spirit rest,
Fulness of grace is giv'n:
Oh, may this unction from above
Fill the whole Church with peace and love,
And earth unite with heav'n.



PSALM 133. II. Metre. (Old 113. 8,8,6.)

- 1 **H**OW blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brethren join'd with brethren meet
In bands of mutual love!
Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed
On Aaron's consecrated head,
Distilling from above.
- 2 Less sweet the perfumes of his vest;
Less sweet the dew on Hermon's breast,
Or Zion's hill descend;
The hill which God with blessings crown'd,
And promis'd grace, which knows no bound,
And life that knows no end.

PSALM 134. (Old 113.)

An exhortation to bless the LORD; and an invocation of the divine blessing.

- 1 **YE** servants of the LORD most high,
His praise extol above the sky,
By day, by night, that praise proclaim;
In His blest courts lift up your hands,
His mercy all your praise demands;
Bless ye the great JEHOVAH's name.
- 2 The LORD, who made both earth and heav'n,
Hath to His saints this honour giv'n;
Bless ye the LORD with grateful love:
O LORD, Thy Zion deign to bless
With fruits of peace and righteousness,
And grace with glory crown above.



PSALM 134. II. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **BLESS** God, ye servants that attend
Upon His solemn state,
That in His temple, night by night,
With humble rev'rence wait:
- 2 Within His house lift up your hands,
And bless His holy name;
From Sion bless Thy Israel, LORD,
Who earth and heav'n didst frame.



PSALM 135. (8-7, 8-7.)

An exhortation to praise God, for his peculiar mercies to Israel, and infinite superiority over the gods of the nations.

- 1 **PRAISE** JEHOVAH without ceasing,
Spread abroad His glorious fame;

PSALM 135.

- In His courts for ever blessing,
Praise and magnify His name ;
Blest employment ! holy pleasure !
Praise, ye servants of the LORD ;
Israel, His peculiar treasure,
Sound His praise, His love record.
- 2 Sov'reign LORD of earth and heav'n,
Seas and deeps perform Thy will ;
To Thy name be glory giv'n,
Thy good pleasure all fulfil.
Through successive generations,
Thy memorials, LORD, remain ;
Thou, the Judge of all the nations,
King of kings, for ever reign.
- 3 Heathen nations sound His praises,
Idols fall before His throne ;
Truth divine the chorus raises,
All the earth His glories own.
Praise the LORD, who reigns in Zion,
Priests of GOD, His name record ;
Fear the LORD, His truth rely on
EVERMORE. Praise ye the LORD.



PSALM 135. II. Metre. (c.m.)

- 1 **O** PRAISE the LORD with one consent,
And magnify His name ;
Let all the servants of the LORD
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise Him all ye that in His house
Attend with constant care ;

PSALM 136.

Praise Him, and to His sacred courts
With humble zeal repair.

- 3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing,
And with loud songs to bless His name;
A most delightful thing.
- 4 For God His own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for His own
Most valued treasure takes.
- 5 That God is great we often have
By glad experience found;
And oft have seen His wond'rous pow'r
Above all glory crown'd.
- 6 Let all with thanks His wond'rous works
In Zion's court proclaim;
Let all in Salem, where He dwells,
Exalt His holy name.



PSALM 136. (8-7, 8-7, 8-7.)

A psalm of praise to JEHOVAH for his great mercies, in creation, providence, and grace; probably designed for an act of responsive praise, concluding in the full chorus.

- 1 **O** GIVE thanks unto JEHOVAH,
Gracious acts each day records;
Holy, just, and good, for ever,
God of gods, and LORD of lords.

Chorus—Praise JEHOVAH!
For His mercies now and evermore endure!

PSALM 136.

Sun and moon in splendour shining,
Day by day His pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n and earth in concert joining,
Seas and lands extol His name.

Chorus—Praise **JEHOVAH**!

For His mercies now and evermore endure!

Israel, praise thy **GOD** and **SAVIOUR**;
Thou with food from heav'n wast fed;
Guarded with peculiar favour,
Through the waves in safety led.

Chorus—Praise **JEHOVAH**!

For His mercies now and evermore endure!

He from heav'n condescending,
Pitied us in low estate;
He redeem'd from wrath impending,
Endless bliss to contemplate.

Chorus—Praise **JEHOVAH**!

For His mercies now and evermore endure!

Praise, oh, praise the **GOD** of heav'n,
Who supplies our souls with food;
Pardon, grace, and glory giv'n,
Mercies evermore bestow'd.

Chorus—Praise **JEHOVAH**!

Praise **JEHOVAH**! Hallelujah! Praise the **LORD**!



PSALM 136. H. Metre. (L. M.)

GIVE to our **GOD** immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all His ways!
Wonders of grace to **GOD** belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

PSALM 137.

- 2 Give to the **LORD** of lords renown,
The **King** of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to **God** belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 **God** sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to **God** belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.



PSALM 137. (C.M.)

The Israelites, captives in Babylon, describe their oppressed state, their inviolable affection for Jerusalem, and the predicted overthrow of Babylon.

- 1 **CAPTIVES**, by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, by grief oppress;
The woes of Zion were our theme,
The city **God** had blest.

PSALM 138.

- 2 Silent our harps on willows hung,
Our foes insulting cried,
“ Strike up your harps to Zion’s song ;”
“ How shall we sing ?” we sigh’d.
- 3 Say, O my soul, canst thou forget
Thy chief, thy constant theme ?
Or shall my tongue cease to repeat
Belov’d JERUSALEM ?
- 4 GOD will arise thy cause to plead,
Though men thy name despise ;
Thy foes shall all be captive led,
And thou immortal rise.



PSALM 138. (C.M.)

A holy resolution to praise God for some special deliverance, and a prophecy that all the kings of the earth should glorify JEHOVAH for his mercy.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God I’ll praise,
His mercies I’ll proclaim ;
Kings of the earth shall hear my lays,
And glorify His name.
- 2 His loving-kindness is my theme,
His truth I will record ;
Above the glories of His name
He magnifies His word.
- 3 To Him I cried, opprest with grief ;
In answer to my pray’r,
Strength to my soul and swift relief
Came down, and sooth’d my care.

PSALM 138.

- 4 Thou art the high and lofty ONE ;
Thy promis'd help I crave ;
For still Thy majesty looks down,
The contrite soul to save.
- 5 Although in gloomy paths I tread,
Thou wilt revive my soul ;
Thy out-stretch'd hand shall guard my head,
And all my foes controul.
- 6 Thy mercies evermore shall last,
Faithful and true Thy word :
Thou wast my help in dangers past,
Forsake me not, O LORD.



PSALM 138. II. Metre. (L.M)

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels, that make Thy Church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, LORD ;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word :
Not all Thy works and name below,
So much Thy power and glory shew.
- 4 To God I cried when trouble rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

PSALM 139.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins :
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.



PSALM 139. (L. M.)

The omnipresence and omniscience of JEHOVAH exemplified in the creation and preservation of man, an holy admiration of the countless mercies of God, and an earnest petition to be proved and purified in the way of holiness.

GREAT God, to Thine omniscient eye,
The inmost thoughts of man are known ;
Thou dost each secret plan descry,
When rising up, or lying down.

Thine omnipresence, mighty Lord,
Doth all my paths distinctly see ;
Can there escape my lips a word,
Or secret wish, unknown to Thee ?

Could I the heights of heav'n ascend,
Or seek the grave and shades of night,
Or dwell in sea's remotest end,
Thou, Lord, art there, and darkness light.

Impress'd, I view this frame of mine,
Form'd by Thy hand, and form'd for Thee ;
Curious machine of skill divine !
How precious are Thy thoughts to me !

PSALM 139.

- 5 In earliest life Thy love I trace ;
Countless Thy mercies as the sands ;
In ev'ry period, ev'ry place,
Thy boundless love my praise demands.
- 6 Oh, may my soul Thy mercy prove,
Whene'er I wake, be still with Thee ;
Live in dependence on Thy love,
And, when I die, Thy glory see.
- 7 Try me, O God, and search my heart,
Examine me, and prove my way ;
Oh, bid all evil hence depart,
And guide my steps to endless day.



PSALM 139. II. Metre. (L.M.)

- 1 **THOU**, LORD, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
Thine eye observeth all my ways ;
Thou know'st the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Surrounded by Thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand ;
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 Where, LORD, could I Thy influence shun ?
Or whither from Thy presence run ?
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

PSALM 140.

- 5 I'll praise Thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
The wonders Thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 6 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount ;
Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore.
- 7 Oh, may I feel these truths imprest,
Fix'd on my heart, whene'er I rest ;
And when I wake each morning, find
God and His love possess my mind.
- 8 Try me, O God ; oh, search my heart,
And bid all evil thence depart :
Oh, guide me in Thy perfect way,
To realms of everlasting day.



PSALM 140. (L.M.)

A prayer for deliverance from enemies and persecutors ; involving a prophecy of the salvation of the righteous.

- 1 **PRESERVE** me, LORD ; my foes increase ;
From men of violence defend ;
All the day long averse to peace :
Keep me, O LORD ; deliv'rance send.
- 2 O hear my voice ; Thou art my God ;
Thou strength of my salvation, hear ;
For help I look to Thine abode,
Plead Thou my cause, attend my pray'r.

PSALM 141.

- 3 Thou wast my guardian in the field,
When enemies to battle led;
Thy mighty arm hath prov'd my shield,
And cover'd my defenceless head.
- 4 Thou wilt the cause of truth maintain,
The poor avenge, the helpless guard;
The proud shall fall, nor rise again,
The sinner's portion and reward.
- 5 Thy foes shall all be put to shame,
And sink to shades of endless night;
The righteous praise Thy glorious name,
And stand accepted in Thy sight.



PSALM 141. (7, 7, 7, 7.)

This psalm of David was probably composed when he was an exile from the service of the sanctuary, and fled for protection to Achish, king of Gath. Surrounded by idolators, he prays for preservation, and an holy restraint over his words and actions.

- 1 **H**EAR, O LORD; on Thee I call;
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
Oh, make haste, to Thee I cry;
Hear my voice; my foes are nigh.
- 2 Let my pray'r accepted rise,
As the evening sacrifice;
Lo, to Thee my hands I raise,
Incense offer'd to Thy praise.
- 3 Set a watch before my mouth,
Guard my lips to speak the truth;

PSALM 142.

To Thy Law incline my heart,
That I may from sin depart.

When my heart inclines to stray
From Thy good and perfect way,
Let the righteous me reprove
With their precious balm of love.

Keep me from each tempting snare,
Make and keep my conscience clear;
While surrounding foes despise,
On Thy truth I fix my eyes.

All my trust is in Thy word;
Cast not out my soul, O LORD:
Guard me till the danger's past;
Oh, receive my soul at last.



PSALM 142. (C.M.)

prayer of David in the cave of Adullam, whither he fled from Saul and the Philistines, 1 Sam. xxii. 1. expressive of perplexity, supplication for deliverance, and confidence in God.

PROSTRATE before JEHOVAH's throne,
With earnest voice I cried;
My supplication I made known,
Oppress'd with grief I sigh'd.

My Spirit sunk, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
No friend remain'd for me;
I look'd around, but no relief,
No refuge could I see.

Friendless, I cried to Thee, O LORD,
Thou refuge of my soul;

PSALM 142.

Thou art my portion, and Thy word
Can all my fears controul.

- 4 Hear my complaint; to Thee I cry;
Deliv'rance deign to send;
My foes are stronger far than I;
Thou art my only friend.
- 5 Forth from the gloom my spirit bring,
That I may praise Thy name;
Assembled saints Thy praise shall sing,
Thy bounteous grace the theme.



PSALM 142. II. Metre. (s. m.)

- 1 **T**O God, with mournful voice,
In deep distress I pray'd;
Made Him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before Him laid.
- 2 I look'd, but found no friend
To own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, and no man came
To pity or redress.
- 3 To Thee, my God, I pray'd;
Thou, LORD, my refuge art;
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.
- 4 That I may praise Thy name,
Help to Thy servant bring;
And of Thy kind regard to me
Assembled saints shall sing.

*commonly called the seventh Penitential Psalm.
The Psalmist confesseth his sin, and devoutly
prays for remission, consolation, and deliverance.*

O LORD, incline Thy gracious ear,
My supplication deign to hear ;
In mercy, truth, and righteousness,
Answer my pray'r, Thy servant bless.

Should'st Thou in solemn judgment come,
Awful must be the sinner's doom ;
None can Thy scrutiny abide,
Nor in Thy sight be justified.

My spirit, LORD, within me faints ;
My heart pours out its sad complaints ;
Darkness and woe my soul o'erspread,
As those long number'd with the dead.

I call to mind the days of old,
Thy mercies past my thoughts behold ;
Memorials of Thy gracious hand :
Revive me in this thirsty land.

My spirit fails ; in mercy hear ;
Hide not Thy face ; dispel my fear ;
Thy loving-kindness may I see ;
O LORD, I lift my soul to Thee.

Teach me Thy way ; Thou art my God ;
Conduct me to Thy blest abode ;
May Thy good Spirit deign to bless,
And guide in paths of righteousness.

PSALM 144. (Old 113. 8,8,6.

Composed by king David after his accession to the crown. This psalm celebrates the condescending goodness of God to frail man, abounds with thanksgiving, and concludes with petitions for temporal and spiritual mercies.

- 1 **B**LEST be JEHOVAH, mighty LORD,
Through whom the faithful wield the sword
And all their conquests gain;
Guarded by His almighty pow'r,
Their fortress, shield, defence, and tow'r,
They rise with Him to reign.
- 2 **L**ORD, what is man ! before Thine eyes
The son of man consumes and dies,
The creature of a day !
Transient as chaff before the wind ;
How soon cut down ! no trace we find ;
A shadow pass'd away.
- 3 **B**ow down Thy heav'ns, O LORD, come down ;
The billows swell ; Thine arm alone
Can stay the impetuous wave :
O'erwhelming waters sink my soul ;
Stretch forth Thy hand, my foes controul,
Omnipotent to save.
- 4 **A**wake, my heart ; awake, my tongue ;
Sing to the LORD a new-made song ;
Salvation He hath giv'n :
Our garners full our praise demands,
Perpetual mercies fill our hands ;
Praise ye the LORD of heav'n.
- 5 **M**ay future sons and daughters rise,
Train'd in succession for the skies,
An holy offspring found !

PSALM 145.

While sheep and cattle o'er the field,
Their thousands and ten thousands yield,
Our land with pasture crown'd.

Thrice happy people ! O how blest,
Where freedom, peace, and plenty rest,
Thankful for all bestow'd :

Still happier they who love Thy name,
In life, in death, their glorious theme,
JEHOVAH is our GOD.



PSALM 145. (7,7,7,7.)

this and the following Psalms the subject is entirely devoted to the praise of JEHOVAH ; his adorable perfections and wonderful works ; the justice, mercy, majesty, and glory of his kingdom. This in the Hebrew is an alphabetical Psalm, like the 119th.

I WILL praise my GOD and King,
Evermore give thanks and sing ;
Ev'ry day my anthem raise,
Evermore Thy name I'll praise.

Great in power is the LORD,
Let the Church His praise record
Age to age His righteousness,
All His mighty acts shall bless.

God to mercy is inclin'd,
Slow to anger, gracious, kind ;

T

PSALM 145.

Good to all, in all His ways,
Mercy ev'ry act displays.

4 All Thy works shall bless Thy name,
All Thy saints Thy love proclaim;
Speak the glory of Thy throne,
All Thy majesty make known.

5 Thy dominion shall remain,
Everlasting Thou shalt reign;
Thine the pow'r, the glory Thine,
Thine the majesty divine.

6 Ev'ry eye on Thee shall wait,
Suppliant at Thy mercy's gate;
Thy kind hand supplies their food,
Bounteous giver of all good.

7 Thou wilt hear the helpless cry,
All their wants Thou wilt supply;
With salvation Thou wilt bless,
Grace, and peace, and righteousness.

8 All, who love Thy name, shall prove
Thee a God of boundless love:
While I live may I proclaim,
Praise and bless Thy holy name.



PSALM 145. II. Metre. (C. M.)

1 **T**HEE will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim:
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless Thy name.

PSALM 145.

Thou, LORD, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Whilst I Thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me Thy might shall own,
And Thy great pow'r confess.

The praise that to Thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

The LORD is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

Thy love through earth extends its fame,
By all Thy works exprest;
These shew Thy praise, and be Thy name
For EVER, EVER blest.



PSALM 145. III. Metre. (c. m.)

SWEET is the mem'ry of Thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly king;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies,
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

PSALM 146.

- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee, for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, LORD !
How slow Thine anger moves !
How soon He sends His pard'ning word
To cheer the soul He loves !
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim :
May we, who taste Thy richest grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.



PSALM 146. (8,7,8,7)

An holy determination to praise JEHOVAH ; the insufficiency of man ; the all-sufficiency, mercy and eternity of God.

- 1 **PRAISE** the LORD of earth and heaven,
Praise the great JEHOVAH's name ;
Mercies countless, freely given,
Loud demand each grateful theme.
Long as I have any being,
Shall my constant praise ascend ;
All around His goodness seeing,
For His mercies know no end.
- 2 Not in honour, wealth, or power,
Nor in princes put your trust ;
Fading pageants of an hour,
Soon they die, and turn to dust.

PSALM 146.

Happy they, whose hopes are grounded
On JEHOVAH's faithful word ;
They shall never be confounded,
Wholly trusting in the LORD.

GOD with pity views th' oppressed,
GOD the captive soul sets free ;
Food supplies for the distressed,
Gives the blind His light to see.
Praise the LORD, His truth rely on,
Praise the widow's GOD and friend ;
Praise, ye orphans ; praise, O Zion ;
GOD shall reign world without end.



PSALM 146. II. Metre. (C. M.)

O PRAISE the LORD, and Thou, my soul,
For ever bless His name :
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

O happy he, who Jacob's God
For his Protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the LORD
His constant refuge makes.

The LORD, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit His stedfast truth,
Nor make His promise vain.

The poor oppress, from all their wrongs
Are cas'd by His decree ;

PSALM 147.

- He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.
- 5 By Him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n He rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.
- 6 The strangers He preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of all their foes defeats.
- 7 How holy is the LORD ! how just,
How righteous all His ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For His assistance prays !
- 8 The LORD thy GOD, O Sion lives,
Thy everlasting King ;
From age to age His reign endures :
Let all His praises sing.



PSALM 147 (S. 1)

The Psalmist praises Jehovah for his mercies, providence, his protection of the Church, and glorious privilege of the divine word and ordinances.

- 1 PRAISE ye, oh praise the LORD,
To Him all praise be giv'n ;
'Tis good his mercies to record,
Delightful theme of heav'n !

PSALM 147.

- 2** Zion, His grace declare ;
He builds Jerusalem,
He gathers Israel from afar
To glorify His name.
- 3** He for the contrite feels,
He makes the wounded whole ;
Med'cine He gives, binds up and heals
The sorrows of the soul.
- 4** All heav'n His pow'r proclaims ;
Stars shine at His command ;
He tells their number, calls their names,
Form'd by His mighty hand.
- 5** His majesty adore ;
How glorious is His might !
Great is the LORD ; great is His pow'r ;
His wisdom infinite !
- 6** Sing praises to the LORD,
Who spreads the clouds on high ;
Food to the beasts His hands afford ;
He hears the ravens cry.
- 7** How lovely in His sight
Are those who fear His name !
Pleasure He takes, and great delight,
In those who hope in Him.
- 8** Zion, God is thy guard,
Thy children He will bless ;
Thy wants supply, thy works reward,
And grant the fruits of peace.

PSALM 147.

- 9 He gives His sacred word,
To guide our steps to heav'n ;
No other nation can record
Such grace, such glory giv'n.
Praise ye the LORD. HALLELUJAH !



PSALM 147. II. Metre. (L.M)

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise ;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is our LORD, and great His might ;
And all His glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 Sing to the LORD, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky :
There He prepares the fruitful rain ;
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn ;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

PSALM 148.

- 6 But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hopes, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.
- 7 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



PSALM 148. (Old 104.)

The Psalmist exhorts the whole creation to unite in one grand chorus of praise and thanksgiving, the angelic hosts, the material heavens, the earth with all its inhabitants and productions, mankind of every age, and the Church of GOD, are invited to the universal harmony.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise Him in the height; [light;
Praise Him, sun and moon; praise Him, stars and
Ye armies of heaven, ye angels above,
He spake—ye were form'd: adore ye his love.
- 2 All creatures on earth, fulfil ye His word;
He gave you your birth, His praises record;
Ye storms, winds, and oceans, in chorus combine;
Fire, hail, snow, and vapours; the theme is divine.
- 3 Ye mountains and hills, **JEHOVAH** adore;
Trees, laden with fruit, praise Him evermore;
Kings, princes, and people, His wonderful name
Exeels earth and heav'n, in glory supreme.

PSALM 148.

- 4 Let youth and old age His mercies record,
With Israel draw near; oh, praise ye the LORD.
Ye saints, who exalted in glory shall reign,
Praise Him: hallelujah, for ever. AMEN.



PSALM 148. II. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the LORD, immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above,
Praise Him, who form'd you of His fire,
Who feeds you with His love:
Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of His abode,
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter GOD.
- 2 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of His command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand:
Shout to the LORD, ye surging seas,
In your majestic roar;
Let wave to wave resound His praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 3 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

PSALM 148.

- 4 Praise ye the LORD ye saints below,
Brought nigh thro' JESU's blood,
With praise seraphic ever glow
And chaunt the love of GOD :
Praise Him in all the highest strains
Your noblest pow'rs afford,
While saints from yon celestial plains,
Reply PRAISE YE THE LORD.



PSALM 148. III. Metre (P. M.)

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Angels, archangels swell the sound :
Let all th' adoring thrones around
GOD's boundless mercy sing :
Let ev'ry perfect saint above
Wake all the harmony of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Let man, by purest motives sway'd,
Join ev'ry pow'r the theme to spread,
Let praise those pow'rs employ :
Chaunt His majestic name around,
Till heav'n shall echo back the sound,
The gen'ral theme of joy.

PSALM 149.

- 4 O praise Him, all beneath, above,
O praise Him, praise the God of love;
Let ev'ry youth conspire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh His blest name, then soar away
And praise with angels' lyre.
-

PSALM 149. (Old 148.)

The children of Zion are excited to praise Jehovah, and to rejoice in the prospect of their triumph over their spiritual enemies, and the honour to which they will finally be exalted.—Compare 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the mighty LORD,
New songs of triumph raise;
Assembled saints record
Acts of immortal praise:
Let praise sublime to heav'n ascend,
Where perfect praise shall never end.
- 2 Israel, in GOD rejoice,
Thy great Creator sing;
Zion, lift up thy voice,
Be joyful in thy King:
Let music all her pow'rs combine;
Oh, praise His name in strains divine.
- 3 The LORD His people loves,
Takes pleasure in their ways,
Their services approves,
Accepts their pray'rs and praise:

PSALM 149.

He listens to their meek complaints,
And with salvation crowns His saints.

4 Joyful in glory raise
Him praises through the sky ;
And, when your life decays,
In hope of glory die :
In scenes of sorrow, beds of death,
Oh, praise Him with your dying breath.

5 The mighty God comes down ;
Hear the last trumpet sound :
His saints are near His throne,
In chains His foes are bound :
Prostrate they tremble in the dust,
Compell'd to own His judgments just.

6 His saints to bless He comes ;
With joyful haste they rise ;
They leave their empty tombs,
To meet Him in the skies.
Such honours are His saints' reward :
Praise ye His name. Praise ye the Lord.



PSALM 149. II. Metre. (Old 104.)

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad
voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing :
In God our Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion be glad in their King.

PSALM 150.

- 2 Exalt His great name, extol in your songs,
Hosannahs combine His praise to express;
Our God taketh pleasure His saints to advance,
And with His salvation the humble to bless.
- 3 With glory adorn'd, His people shall sing,
And perfect in bliss, His praises proclaim;
Such honour and triumph His saints shall enjoy,
For ever and ever exalting His name.

Gloria Patri.

By angels in heav'n, of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd,
To GOD, Three in person, one GOD, ever blest,
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.



PSALM 150, (8-7, 8-7.)

An universal exhortation to praise JEHOVAH, to celebrate his holiness, excellence, majesty, and power, with all kinds of musical instruments. The Psalmist concludes his inspired composition by calling upon every thing that hath breath to praise the LORD.

- 1 **PRAISE**, oh, praise the great JEHOVAH;
Praise Him in His holiness;
GOD omnipotent for ever,
Heav'n and earth, adore and bless.

PSALM 150.

Justice, mercy, truth combining,
Excellent and great His name :
In resplendent glory shining,
All His mighty acts proclaim.

- 2 Let the trumpet sound His praises,
Organs, harps, and psalt'ries, join ;
One blest theme the chorus raises,
Praise the Majesty divine.
Glory, honour, power, and blessing !
Ever be Thy name ador'd !
Ev'ry creature breath possessing,
Praise **JEHOVAH !** Praise the **LORD.**
Hallelujah ! Amen.



PSALM 150. II. Metre. (*P.M.*)

- 1 **PRAISE** the **LORD**, who reigns above,
And keeps His courts below,
Praise the holy **GOD** of love,
And all His greatness show :
Praise Him for His noble deeds,
Praise Him for His matchless pow'r ;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let heav'n and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
The great **IMMANUEL's** name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him **LORD** of hosts proclaim :
Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful string,
All the pow'rs of heav'nly art ;
All the aids of music bring ;
The music of the heart.

PSALM 150.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King :
Hallow'd be His name beneath,
As in heav'n, on earth ador'd !
Praise the LORD in ev'ry breath :
LET ALL THINGS PRAISE THE LORD.

GLORIA PATRI. (Old 148.)

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt JEHOVAH's name ;
His praise your songs employ,
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing His praise.
Ye saints in glory, sing
MESSIAH's endless praise,
Angels, archangels, bring
Your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Join the whole family above,
In endless praise, in perfect love.
To the ETERNAL GOD,
The FATHER, and the SON,
The SPIRIT, all divine,
The glorious THREE in ONE,
Salvation, pow'r, and praise be giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HALLELUJAH! AMEN.

MORNING HYMN

BY BISHOP KENN.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past ;
Live this day, as it were thy last,
Improve thy talents' take due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincera ;
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to the eternal King.
- 5 Glory to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant LORD, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.



- 6 **LORD**, I my vows to Thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with Thy grace my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design to do, or say ;
 That all my pow'rs with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 8 Praise **GOD**, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host :
 Praise **FATHER**, **SON**, and **HOLY GHOST**.



BY BISHOP KENN.

Evening.

(L. M.)

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my **GOD**, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light,
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under Thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me **LORD**, thro' **CHRIST** Thy **SON**,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
 The grave as little as my bed !
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise, at the last day.

- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose ;
And with sweet sleep mine eye lids close :
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my GOD, when I awake.
- 5 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow, &c.



PART II. 153.

BY BISHOP KENN. (L. M.)

- 1 **B**LESS'D angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful chaunt the EVER BLEST,
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 2 I with your choir celestial join
In off'ring up a hymn divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 3 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand !
May I in sight of heav'n rejoice
Whene'er I hear my SAVIOUR'S voice.
- 4 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight :
My soul, O lighten and inflame
With thoughts and love of Thy great name !
- 5 Praise God, &c.

154, 155 & 156

Morning.

(C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD! for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay,
LORD! now to Thee I dedicate,
The first fruits of the day.
- 2 May this day praise Thee, O my God!
And so may all my days;
And, O! may my eternal day,
Be Thy eternal praise.



155.

Evening.

(C. M.)

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise,
Assist me LORD to offer up
My evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet, more free than they.
- 3 LORD of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score;
Thee may I praise for all my time—
When time shall be no more.



156.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(P. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, eternal mind,
In uncreated light enshrin'd
Immensely good and great;

Thy children form'd and blest by Thee,
 With filial love and homage, we
 Fall prostrate at Thy feet.

- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung,
 Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 The solemn concert join;
 In loving, serving, praising Thee
 We find our chief felicity,
 But cannot add to Thine.
- 3 Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign reign,
 Throughout creation's ample plain,
 Let ev'ry being own:
 LORD, in our hearts, where passions rude
 With fierce tumultuous rage intrude,
 Erect Thy peaceful throne.
- 4 As angels round Thy seat above,
 With joyful haste, and ardent love,
 Thy blest commands fulfil;
 So let Thy creatures here below,
 As far as thou hast giv'n to know,
 Perform Thy sacred will.
- 5 On Thee we day by day depend,
 Our being's Author, and its end,
 Our daily wants supply;
 With healthful meat our bodies feed,
 Our souls sustain with living bread,
 Our Souls that never die.
- 6 Extend Thy grace to ev'ry fault,
 Each single action, word, and thought,

O let Thy love forgive !
 For Thou hast taught our hearts to show
 Divine forgiveness to our foe,
 Nor let resentment live.

- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
 To lead unwary minds astray,
 Permit us not to tread ;
 Unless Thy gracious aid appear,
 T' avert the threat'ning evil near,
 From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred Name we thus adore ;
 And thus Thy choicest gifts implore
 With joyful humble mind ;
 Because Thy pow'r and glory prove
 Thy kingdom built on wisdom, love,
 Unceasing, unconfin'd.—

VENITE, vide Psalm xcv.



157.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(L. M.,

- 1 **T**HEE sov'reign GOD ! our anthems praise ;
 We own Thee LORD in all Thy ways,
 Thee, holy FATHER, earth's whole frame,
 And heav'n's high powers e'er proclaim.
- 2 O HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD !
 Great GOD of Sabbath, they record
 With splendour of Thy glory spread,
 Is heav'n and earth replenished.

- 3 Thy praises fill the Apostles' choir;
The prophets in Thy praise conspire;
Legions of martyrs swell the theme,
And vocal blood resounds Thy name.
- 4 O GOD ! Thy holy church to Thee
Ascribes infinite majesty,
Thy HOLY SPIRIT and Thy SON,
The sacred Three in Godhead ONE.
- 5 O King of Glory, CHRIST most high !
Thou co-eternal DEITY !
Who, to save sinners from their doom,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb.
- 6 We sing Thy conquests o'er the grave !
Aloud we sing Thy power to save !
The realms of bliss we joyful see
For all believers bought by Thee.
- 7 At God's right hand enthron'd on high,
In all the glories of the sky,
Till Thou in judgment shalt appear
We hail Thee, and adore Thee there.
- 8 LORD of the living and the dead !
O spare the souls for whom Thou bled;
Unite us with Thy saints above,
Their partners in a SAVIOUR'S love.
- 9 O bless Thy heritage, defend,
And keep us faithful to the end :
Raise Thou our hearts, direct our way
To magnify Thee day by day.

- 10 Our suppliant pray'r, O LORD, receive !
 FATHER, Thy mercies ceaseless give,
 And ever with us LORD be near,
 Till we in glory shall appear.



158.

BENEDICITE.

(P. M.)

- 1 **Y**E works of GOD, on Him alone,
 In earth His foot-stool, heav'n His throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabrick made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye angels, who with loud acclaim,
 Admiring view'd the new born frame
 And hail'd the eternal King ;
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.
- 3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
 Their ev'ry faculty employ.
 Proclaim His praise divine ;
 Fire, air, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 And in fu'll chorus join.
- 4 Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
 Combine your joyful songs with ours,
 With us your voices raise ;

From age to age extend the lay,
 To heav'n's eternal Monarch pay.
 Hymns of eternal praise.

- 5 Ye Priests of God the lay prolong,
 Ye saints, exalt the grateful song
 To heav'n's eternal throne ;
 'Till wonder seize th' angelic train,
 Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain,
 So sweet, so like their own.

- 6 Ye spirits of the just and good,
 Who eager for the blest abode,
 To heav'nly mansions soar ;
 O let your songs His praise display,
 'Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more.

- 7 Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,
 Ye saints, whom His decrees ordain
 The boundless bliss to share ;
 O ! praise Him, 'till you take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there.

- 8 Praise God who, reigns enthron'd on high,
 Praise GOD THE SON, who deign'd to die ;
 The HOLY SPIRIT praise.
 Join the blest theme, angelic host,
 Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 One glorious Anthem raise.

BENEDICTUS. LUKE i. 68. (C. M.)

BY BISHOP PATRICK.

- 1 **B**LEST be the GOD of ISRAEL,
His name be ever blest,
Who came from heav'n to visit us,
And all our bonds releas'd.
- 2 In David's house a SAVIOUR rais'd
On His eternal throne;
According to His truth and grace,
To holy prophets known.
- 3 Salvation's granted by His hand
From all who did us hate;
The mercy is perform'd, for which
Our fathers long did wait.
- 4 The Covenant with Abr'ham made,
Redemption's grand design,
He has perform'd the solemn oath,
With grace and truth divine.
- 5 Thus may we serve Him without fear,
From every terror freed,
In holiness and righteousness,
Our lives before Him lead.
- 6 Thus like Thy harbinger, O LORD,
Endued with heav'nly grace,
May all Thy priests prepare Thy way
Before Thy glorious face.
- 7 By the remission of our sin
Make Thy Salvation known,

Rise, Sun of righteousness, on high,
In tender mercy shewn.

- 8 Those, who in death and darkness sit,
With light and comfort bless ;
And guide our feet into the way
Of peace and happiness.

JUBILATE DEO vide Psalm 160.



160.

MAGNIFICAT, LUKE 1, 46, &c.

BY BISHOP PATRICK. (L. M.)

- 1 **MY** soul doth magnify the LORD ;
Transports of joy my spirits raise ;
My GOD, my SAVIOUR, 't'hou shalt be
The subject of my song of praise.
- 2 GOD to His humble suppliant's state
Shew'd mercy, when by woe deprest ;
All ages hence His truth shall own,
And call His favor'd servant blest.
- 3 The mighty LORD, hath magnified,
Adored be His holy Name,
His mercy is thro' ev'ry age,
To them that fear Him still the same.
- 4 His holy Arm His strength hath shew'd
Comounded what the proud had thought ;
Put down the mighty from their seat
And rais'd them, who were set at nought.

- 5 The hungry He hath fill'd with good ;
 The full and rich for want complain'd ;
 His mercy He hath call'd to mind
 And ISRAEL hath His help obtain'd.
- 6 The promise to our fathers made,
 In which engag'd th' Almighty stood,
 For EVER sure to Abr'ham's seed,
 GOD hath in sov'reign truth made good.

CANTATE DOMINO vide Psalm, 98.



161.

THE SONG OF SIMEON,

NUNC DIMITTIS. LUKE ii. 28, &c. 7, 7

- 1 **L**ORD, behold the hour is come,
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let my mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with my kindred clay.
- 2 Since Thy mercies LORD of old,
 By thy chosen Seers foretold,
 Faithful all and stedfast prove,
 GOD of truth and GOD of love.
- 3 Sun of righteousness to Thee,
 O let nations bow the knee !
 O let realms of distant kings,
 Own the healing of Thy wings.
- 4 Hail the light of Jacob's star !
 Spread Thy glories from afar ;
 Wide diffuse the gospel ray,
 Usher in eternal day !

5 On the GENTILES pour Thy light,
 Truth divine in radiance bright!
 On Thy people ISRAEL shine,
 Crown'd with glory all divine.

DEUS MISEREATUR. VIDE PSALM LXVII.

THE FOLLOWING ARRANGEMENT IS MADE
 ACCORDING TO THE ORDER OF THE LITURGY.

N. B.—*The first Psalm specified under each Sunday and Holy Day is the same as was directed by the Rubric, in the reign of King Edward VI. and was called the Introit, because it was sung, while the Priest was going to the Altar.* The other Psalms, or Hymns are generally adapted to the Epistle, or Gospel, or the subject of the day; when there can be no appropriate selection, the arrangement is merely designed to accommodate the choice, and prevent the selection being left to an incompetent person.*

The Psalms referred to at the close of each Sunday, or Holy Day, comprise an arrangement of the Psalms throughout the year.

* Wheatley on the Common Prayer.

ADVENT SUNDAY. .



PSALM I.

Isaiah, lxi. 1. (C. 1

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The SAVIOUR promis'd long !
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the riches of His grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Psalm xii. cxii. xxiii. cxviii. 3 last verse

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.



PSALM. CXX.

Luke xxi.—25.—Rev. 1—7. (P.M. 8, 7.)

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in awful majesty;
 Those, who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing!
 Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him, must confounded;
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

Psalm xcyii—xl—lxxx—ix—xlviii.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.



PSALM IV. (P. M. 8, 7.)

- 1 **R**ISING from the promis'd nation,
 Lo ! the great MESSIAH's near,
 Join in loudest acclamation ;
 See the incarnate Son appear !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Saints the joyful tidings hear.
- 2 He, who laid the world's foundation,
 And the deeps of ocean bound,
 Owns to man a near relation,
 And is in a manger found,
 Hallelujah !
 Praise, eternal praise resound.
- 3 Lo He comes, th' incarnate Saviour !
 Saints your highest anthems raise ;
 Love divine, endearing favor,
 Yields ten thousand themes for praise,
 Hallelujah !
 Loud resound your heav'nly lays.
- 4 Strike your harps, the whole creation,
 And a great REDEEMER sing ;
 Join the joyful acclamation,
 And adore the new born King,
 Till to heav'n
 Joyful Hallelujah's ring —

Psalm cxlvi—cxxxv—lvii.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.



PSALM V.

John—i. 1 & 14. (L. M.)

1 **M**Y song shall bless the LORD of all,
 My praise shall climb to His abode ;
 Thee, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
 The GREAT SUPREME, the MIGHTY GOD.

2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six day's work He made
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns JEHOVAH bears,
 Salvation is His dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleas'd He hears,
 And owns EMMANUEL for His name.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.

Psalm cxxxii, cxxx. lxiii, cxlviii, 2nd met.

CHRISTMAS DAY.



PSALM XCVIII—VIII—CII.

*Luke ii. 12, 14.**Severe*

- 1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new born King ;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies !
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 " CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem* !"
- 3 **CHRIST**, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 CHRIST, the everlasting LORD ;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as man with men t'appear :
 JESUS our IMMANUEL here.
- 5 Hail the heav'n born Prince of peace !
 Hail the Sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in His wings !
- 6 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that men no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

CHRISTMAS DAY.



Luke ii. 8, 14.

(P. M. 8, 7.)

- 1 **H**ARK ! the harmony of heaven !
 Glory be to **GOD** on high :
 Peace on earth, good will is given,
 Hallelujahs, fill the sky.
 Hallelujah !—join the choir,
 Swell the theme, the anthem raise ;
 Hallelujah !—louder, higher,
 Echo round the **SAVIOUR**'s praise.

- 2 Hark ! ten thousand Seraphs praising ;
 Hosts unnumber'd laud His name ;
 Saints in bliss, astonish'd, gazing,
 All **IMMANUEL**'s grace proclaim.
 Glory beams with God-like favor,
 Hark ! glad tidings of great joy !
 Lo ! for man is born a **SAVIOUR**,
 Endless praise be man's employ.

- 3 Joyful news to ev'ry nation,
 MYST'RY great of Bethlehem,
 Perfect and complete **SALVATION**
 To all people in His name !
 Lo ; He comes, from heav'n descending,
 GOD the SON, th' ETERNAL WORD
 Hallelujahs, never ending,
 Be to **JESUS CHRIST the LORD.**

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*Matt. i. 23.**(L. M.)*

- 1 **L**ET angels and archangels sing
 The wonderful IMMANUEL's name ;
 Adore with us our new-born King,
 And still the joyful news proclaim !
 All earth and heav'n be ever join'd
 To praise the SAVIOUR of mankind.
- 2 The everlasting GOD comes down,
 To sojourn with the sons of men,
 Without His majesty or crown,
 IMMANUEL (GOD WITH US) is seen
 A virgin's womb He did not scorn,
 The everlasting SON is born.
- 3 Angels behold that infant's face,
 With holy awe the Godhead own ;
 'Tis all your heav'n on Him to gaze,
 And cast your crowns before His throne ;
 Tho' now He on His footstool lies,
 Ye know He built both earth and skies.
- 4 By Him into existence brought,
 Ye sang the all-creating word :
 Ye heard Him call our world from nought,
 Again, in honour of our LORD,
 Ye morning stars, your hymns employ ;
 And shout ye sons of GOD for joy ;

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.



PSALM LII.

*Acts vii. 55.**(L. M.)*

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought !
 Patron of souls Thy blood hath bought !
 To Thee our spirits we commit,
 Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
 In realms of purity and love,
 With songs of endless praise proclaim
 The honours of Thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the pow'rs of nature fail'd,
 Thy ever-constant care prevail'd ;
 Courage and joy Thy mercy spoke,
 When ev'ry mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on thy mercy, LORD, repose,
 The healing balm of all our woes ;
 And we, when sinking in the grave,
 Trust Thine omnipotence to save.
- 5 O may our spirits, by Thy hand,
 Be gather'd to that happy band,
 And wait with them that brighter day,
 Which all Thy triumph shall display.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.



PSALM XI.

John XXI, 21. 22. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are Thy ways !
 How blind are we, how mean our praise !
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?
 'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from mortal sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;
 Amid the lines with curious eye
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God ! I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be ;
 If light and bliss attend my days ;
 Then shall my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share ?
 Then let me trust Thy guardian care ;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below ;
 In life and death, my grand request
 To serve my God, and I am blest.

INNOCENTS' DAY.



PSALM LXXIX.

*Matt. ii. 16.**(C. M.)*

1 **G**REAT God, we own Thy sov'reign hand
 Thy faithful care we own ;
 Wisdom and love are all Thy ways,
 When most to us unknown.

2 By Thee the springs of life are form'd
 And by Thy breath are broke ;
 And good is ev'ry awful word
 Our gracious LORD hath spoke.

3 To Thee we yield our comforts up ;
 To Thee our lives resign ;
 In straits and dangers, rich and safe,
 If we and ours are Thine.

4 Thy saints, in earlier life remov'd,
 In sweeter accents sing,
 And bless the swiftness of their flight,
 That bore them to their King.—

5 The burdens of a lengthen'd day
 With patience may we bear ;
 And in our dying hours attest
 Thy wisdom, love, and care.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY



PSALM CXXI.

*Luke ii. 13.**(C. M)*

- 1 **M**ORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay,
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 Hark ! the Cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 3 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and tongues to raise :
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !
- 4 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high !
"Good will and peace are now complete
"JESUS was born to die."
- 5 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !
SAVIOUR ; Almighty Friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Psalm c. xcviii. xxxiv.

NEW YEAR's DAY.

The Circumcision of Christ.

PSALM CXXII. XC. XXXII.

*Psalm lxxv. 11.**(L. M.)*

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
 O let Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Thy goodness crowns the circling Year.

Seasons renew'd, and years and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 To Thee be grateful homage paid,
 With op'ning light and ev'ning shade.

But mercies more than these we own,
 Thy mercy in Redemption shewn;
 Thy means of grace, whereby we rise
 To hopes of glory in the skies.

O may we with harmonious tongue
 In realms of bliss pursue the song!
 There, in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.



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PSALM CXXXIX.

(C. M.)

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd
And ail my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom those blessings flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou,
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ ;
O grant me, LORD, a thankful heart,
To taste those gifts with joy.
- 7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more ;
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Thro' all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

MY helper God ! I bless His name :
 The same His pow'r, His grace the same ;
 The tokens of His friendly care
 Open and crown, and close the year.
 I, midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by His pow'ful hand ;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
 Thus far His arm hath led me on ;
 Thus far I make His mercy known ;
 And, while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.
 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
 Then bear, in His bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.



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THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure, nor end.
 ΕΗΘΥΛΗ, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 We'll trust Him for all that's to come.
 O may we while here we abide,
 Attentive be found to Thy will ;
 The station Thy wisdom assigns
 Our portion of duty fulfil.
 Since God is our all and in all,
 Content or to stay, or remove,
 'Tis heav'n to serve Thee below !
 To love Thee is heav'n above !

Psalm xix—xxxiv—cxvi—lxxi.

EPIPHANY,
Or Manifestation of CHRIST to the
Gentiles.



PSALM XCVI. LXXII.

Eph. iii. 1. 6. (P. M. 8, 7

- 1 **H**AIL, Thou Source of ev'ry blessing,
 Sov'reign Father of Mankind!
 Gentiles now thy grace possessing,
 In Thy courts admission find.
 Grateful now we fall before Thee,
 In Thy Church obtain a place,
 Now by faith behold Thy glory,
 Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

- 2 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach Thy sacred throne,
 In Thy Covenant united,
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one,
 Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
 See the star of mercy shine,
 Myst'ry hid in former ages;
 Myst'ry great of love divine.

- 3 Hail, Thou universal SAVIOUR!
 Gentiles now their off'rings bring,
 In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
 JESUS CHRIST our LORD and KING:
 May we, body, soul and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

*Mal. iv. 2.**(L. M.)*

ARISE, O Sun of righteousness,
 The nations of the world to bless ;
 With healing in Thy beams arise,
 Display Thy glories thro' the skies.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So send, O-**LORD**, Thy influence down ;
 Thy grace on fainting souls distils
 Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

Let heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at Thy first dawning light,
 And desarts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in Thy days,
 Drest in the robes of joy and praise,
 Peace, like a river, from Thy throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.



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Isaiah lx. 1, 2, 4. (P. M. 8, 7.)

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

- 3 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the wild Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary.
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, LORD, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 Hallelujah !
 Rise to light eternal day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Spread thy conquests, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre !
 SAVIOUR, all the world around.
- 5 Rise and triumph, favor'd Zion,
 See around the glory shine,
 On thee view the LORD arising,
 Cloth'd in brightness all divine ;
 Hallelujah !
 To thy light the nations come.
- 6 Lo ! behold the day approaching,
 Day of JESU's deathless fame !
 When the fulness of the Gentiles
 Shall exult to own His name.
 Reign for ever ! Reign for ever !
 KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.



PSALM XIII.

*Luke ii. 49. &c.**(L. M.)*

MY blest REDEEMER and my LORD!
 I read my duty in Thy word;
 But in Thy life the Law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy FATHER'S will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witness'd the fervour of Thy pray'r;
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and Thy vict'ry too.

Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here;
 Then God the Judge shall own my name
 Amongst the follow'rs of the LAMB.

Psalm **xxi—cxxxviii—cxlvi**.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.



PSALM XIV.

*Rom. v. 21.**(C. M.)*

- 1 **A**RISE, O LORD, reveal Thy face,
 Teach and inspire our tongues
 To make Thy sov'reign, reigning grace
 The subject of our songs.
 No sweeter subject can invite
 A grateful heart to sing,
 Or more display the glorious right
 Of our exalted King.
- 2 This subject fills the starry plains
 With wonder, joy, and love :
 And furnishes the noblest strains
 For all the harps above.
 While the redeem'd in praise combine
 To grace upon the throne,
 Angels in solemn chorus join,
 And make the theme their own.
- 3 LORD, when this changing life is past,
 If we may see Thy face,
 How shall we praise and love at last,
 And sing Thy truth and grace !
 Yet let us aim, while here below,
 Thy mercy to display ;
 And own, at least, the debt we owe,
 Altho' we ne'er can pay.

Psalm xc—ciii—cxiii.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.



PSALM XV.

Rom. xv. 11, 12.

(L. M.)

- 1 **O** Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just;
 O tune our hearts to praise Thy name,
 JESUS, IMMANUEL the same!
- 2 If angels, while to Thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing;
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
 Thy great and awful Majesty?
- 3 Where shall I fit my thankful tongue
 To join with heav'n's unnumber'd throng?
 Or how prepare my humble lay,
 Rightly Thy glory to display?
- 4 Angels alone, and saints above,
 Sinless, and perfected in love,
 Can utter Thy exalted praise,
 And sing the honors of Thy grace.
- 5 Glory to Thee, auspicious Lamb!
 Thou holy LORD, Thou great I AM!
 Let all our pow'rs unite to bless
 The LORD our strength and righteousness.
- 6 Live, ever glorious JESUS! live,
 Worthy all blessings to receive!
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath Thy feet.

Psalm **xxiii. xcii. cxxxii. cxxxiv.** 156.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.



PSALM II.

Psalm cxlix. (Old 104th.)

- 1 **O** Praise ye the LORD, prepare a new song,
 Assemble, ye saints, the concert to join;
 With anthems of triumph the chorus prolong,
 The theme all exalting in praises divine.
- 2 The Lord on His Church looks down with delight,
 The Lord, whom we worship, indulgent attends,
 Let Zion be joyful, sustain'd by His might,
 While praise from her altars as incense ascends.
- 3 This honor, ye saints, appointed for you,
 All grateful receive, all faithful obey,
 In glory exulting, His will while ye do,
 And make His high praises the theme of each day.
- 4 All glory to God! Thy triumphs we sing;
 Eternity shall Thy praises proclaim;
 Almighty REDEEMER, our SAVIOUR and KING,
 For ever and ever adoring Thy name.

Psalm cvii.—cxvii.—157, 159.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.



PSALM XX.

Matt. xiii. 24.

(S. M.)

- 1 **W**ITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise Thee for Thy word;
We bless Thee for the joyful sound
Of our Redemption, LORD.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n.
- 3 So let Thy holy word
Accomplish Thy design;
Sow seeds of truth in ev'ry heart,
And consecrate us Thine.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it great encrease;
Nor let the tares and weeds of sin
Prevent the fruit of peace.
- 5 In knowledge bid us grow,
For Thee our lives employ,
And let the ripen'd harvest yield
Our souls immortal joy.

Psalm lxvii.—c.—cxxxv.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY



PSALM XXXI.

Matt. xxiv. 29. (P. M. 8, 7)

- 1 **D**AY of judgment! day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than ten thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the guilty heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloath'd in majesty divine!
 Saints who long for His appearing,
 Then shall shout "*this God is mine*"
 Gracious SAVIOUR,
 Own me in that day for Thine!
- 3 Lo 'tis He, his saints desire,
 Come for his redem'd below!
 Come to join us with His choir?
 Come to make our joys o'erflow,
 Palms of vict'ry
 Crowns of glory to bestow!
- 4 Coming in the clouds of heaven,
 Now His pow'r and glory see
 Saints, exult, to you 'tis given
 With Him evermore to be,
 Hallelujah!
 Praise to all eternity.

Psalm lxxxiv. ciii. cxxxvi, 160.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.



PSALM XXIII.

(C. M.)

WHILE saints above in perfect strains
 Their loud Hosannas raise,
 We join the chorus to the LAMB,
 And chaunt His sacred praise.

The blissful theme with joy repeat,
 Proclaim His wond'rous love,
 Ye saints, who militate below,
 And who adore above.

Ye heav'nly choir, who round the throne
 In humble homage bow:
 At humble distance, lo, we join,
 Our highest notes with you.

Worthy the LAMB enthron'd on high,
 All homage to receive,
 More than our pow'rs can e'er return,
 Or thoughts can e'er conceive.

Accept our praise 'till we adore,
 With all Thy hosts above;
 And in grand chorus round Thy throne,
 Proclaim that GOD is LOVE.

Psalm xxvii. xcix. civ. cxxxviii.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.



PSALM XXIV.

Isaiah lviii. 13. (L. 1.)

- 1 **W**ELCOME blest Day, of days the best,
Design'd of GOD for holy rest ;
When to His house His saints repair,
To offer solemn praise and prayer.
- 2 This is employment all divine !
My soul, the blest assembly join ;
Go, bow before Thy Maker's Throne,
And all thy SAVIOUR's glories own,
- 3 Forget all earthly things and cares,
And soar by faith above the stars ;
On wings of strong devotion rise,
And feast on fruits of Paradise.
- 4 Glory to GOD, whose love assigns
This sacred rest for wearied minds ;
Oh ! that our pray'rs and praise may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies.
- 5 In holy duties may this day,
In holy pleasures pass away !
And hail that day, while this we spend,
That Sabbath, which will never end.
- 6 Hail best of days, that GOD ordain'd,
That man for heaven might be train'd !
Be this, my soul, thy day of rest ;
And thus prepare thee to be blest.

Psalm xxxiv. cxlii. cxxxix. cxlv. 158.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.



PSALM XXVI.

1 Cor. xiii.

(C. M.)

- 1 **T**HIO' perfect eloquence adorn
 With sweet persuasive tongue,
 Though man could speak in higher strains
 Than ever angel sung :
- 2 Though liberal gifts the hand imparts ;
 Though faith could rocks remove,
 It profits nothing if devoid
 Of charity and love.
- 3 Love suffers long, Love envies not,
 True love is ever kind ;
 Love glows with social tenderness ;
 Love feels for all mankind.
- 4 Love still shall hold an endless reign,
 In earth and heav'n above ;
 When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
 And ev'ry gift but love.
- 5 Now darkly seen, as through a glass,
 Are God and truth beheld ;
 Then shall we see as face to face,
 And God shall be unveil'd.
- 6 Faith, hope and love now dwell on earth,
 And earth by them is blest ;
 But faith and hope must yield to love,
 Of all the graces best.
- 7 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
 Faith lost in sight above :
 But love shall triumph to the end ;
 The heav'n of heav'ns is Love.

Psalm xlv. cxxvi. cxlviii. 152.

ASH WEDNESDAY.



PSALM VI.

(C. M.)

*The lamentation of a sinner.**

- 1 **O** LORD, turn not Thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his many sins,
Before Thy mercy's gate.
- 2 **L**ORD, I come to Thy throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for my sins,
To heal my soul's deep wound.
- 3 The circumstances of my sins,
Their number and their kind,
Thou know'st them all, and more, much more
Than I can call to mind.
- 4 **O** LORD, I need not to repeat,
What I do beg and crave;
For Thou dost know, before I ask,
The thing that I would have.
- 5 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, LORD, is all my suit,
LORD, let Thy mercy come.

Psalm xxxix. cxlii. cxlvi. 163.

* From the Old Version.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.



PSALM XXXII. LI.

(L. M.)

GREAT Judge of all, Eternal King !
 Thou mercy's unexhausted spring !
 To Thee my contrite heart I rend,
 My GOD ! my SAVIOUR ! and my FRIEND !

Surrounded with amazing fears,
 I sigh and weep, accept my tears ;
 Reject not my unworthy prayer ;
 My guilty soul in mercy spare.

Thou, who for man didst feel such pain ;
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
 Forget not what my ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief
 Thou, who absolv'd a dying thief,
 Grant me at Thy right hand a place,
 A sinner sav'd alone by grace.

My GOD, what interest can I make,
 Where else can I for refuge take ?
 Where but in Thee, Friend of mankind,
 Can guilty man such mercy find ?*

Psalm xlii. ciii.

* Altered from Lord Roscommon's *Dies Irm.*

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.



PSALM CXXX.

*Heb. iv. 14, &c.**(C. A.)*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
Of faithfulness and love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears : *Heb. v.*
And in His measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame :
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then, let our humble faith address
His mercy and His pow'r :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

Psalm i. xli. lxxxvi. cviii. cxi.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.



PSALM XLIII.

*Psalm v. 7.**(C. M.)*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the LORD, unite to praise
The SAVIOUR of mankind.
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust His worth declare,
When angels try in vain ;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of man.
- 3 **O** LORD we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to Thee—
Our SAVIOUR, and our Friend !
- 4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise,
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well meant sacrifice.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue Thy goodness show,
And spread abroad Thy fame :
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless Thy sacred name.
- 6 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
To JESUS CHRIST be giv'n !
By men below,—by hosts above,—
By all in earth and heav'n !

Psalm xlii—lxxxvi—cxii.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.



PSALM XLVI.

Luke xviii. 13.*(C. M.)*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, blest SAVIOUR, at Thy feet
 A guilty sinner lies ;
 And upwards to the mercy seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh let not justice frown me hence ;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm ;
 Forbid it that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice,
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt ;
 No tears but those that Thou hast shed,
 No blood but Thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of Thy sorrows gracious Lord,
 And all my sins forgive :
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

Psalm lxiii—xcv—cxxxvi—cxlvi.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.



PSALM LIV.

1 *Cor.* xv. 45.

(L. M.)

LORD, in the dust, before Thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
 Great GOD, we own th' unhappy name,
 Whence sprung our nature, and our shame.

But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
 Behold the terrors of Thy Law,
 We sing the honors of Thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruin'd race.

We sing Thine everlasting SON,
 Who join'd our nature to His own :
 ADAM the second, from the dust
 Raises the ruins of the first.

Where sin did reign, and death abound,
 There have the sons of ADAM found
 Abounding life, there glorious grace
 Reigns thro' the LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS.

All blessings, might and majesty,
 Then to our GOD for ever be ;
 To JESUS CHRIST our SAVIOUR raise,
 Eternal songs of endless praise.

Psalm li. lxx. ciii. cxiii.

PALM SUNDAY.



PSALM. LX. XX.

Heb. ix. 11, 12. (P. M. 8, 7

- 1 **H**AIL ! Thou once despised JESUS !
 Hail ! Thou Galilean King !
 Who didst suffer to release us,
 Who didst free salvation bring !
 Hail ! Thou glorious GOD and SAVIOUR,
 Who hast born our sin and shame,
 By whose merits we find favour,
 Life is given thro' Thy name !
- 2 **P**ascal LAMB, by GOD appointed,
 All our sins were on Thee laid !
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made,
 Every sin may be forgiven,
 Thro' the virtue of Thy blood,
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 **J**esus hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side ;
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year "—
 There for saints art interceding,
 'Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
 CHRIST is worthy to receive—
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give!
 Help ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest noblest lays,
 Help to sing our SAVIOUR's merits,
 Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's praise.

Psalm xvi. 2nd. part.



MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Phil. ii. 8, Col. ii. 15. (L. M.)

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise!
 That e'er th' Eternal God design'd,
 Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
 Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,
 A subject for an angel's tongue:
 When angels sound these awful things
 They tune and summon all their strings.
 Proclaim inimitable love,
 JESUS, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the GOD in mortal clay.
 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans,
 The Prince of life resigns His breath,
 The King of glory bows to death.

- 5 Behold the wonders of His power,
CHRIST triumphs in His dying hour !
 Our life He purchas'd when He fell
 And overcame the pow'rs of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
 And sin aton'd by **JESU'S** blood :
 Then He arose and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by His love.



TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

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(L.M)

- 1 **I** NFINITE grace almighty love !
 Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !
JESUS, the **LORD**, extends His arms
 Upon a cross of love, and dies !
- 2 Did ever pity stoop so low,
 Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
 Well may the Church triumphant bow,
 And sing to their incarnate **GOD**.
- 3 There glory shines in ev'ry face ;
 There friendship shines in ev'ry eye ;
 There shall our tongues relate the grace
 That led us homeward to the sky.
- 4 O'er all the names of **CHRIST** our King
 Shall our melodious voices rove :
 Our harps shall sound, from ev'ry string.
 The wonders of His dying love.
- 5 O **LORD**, for bounty so divine
 We ne'er can equal honors raise !
SAVIOUR, may all our hearts be Thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim Thy praise !

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.



Isaiah liii. 34.—Gal. vi. 14. (L. M.)

ARISE, my soul; with wonder see
 What love divine for thee hath done!
 Behold thy sorrows, sin, and grief,
 Are laid on GOD'S Eternal SON.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
 Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so bright a crown!

My soul, survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 And count thy richest gain but loss,
 And pour contempt on all thy pride.

Forbid it LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of CHRIST my GOD;
 All the vain things that please me most,
 I'd sacrifice them to His blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life my all,

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

*Zech. xiii. 7.*

(L. M)

- 1 **"AWAKE, O sword,"** the Father cries;
The sword awakes, and **JESUS** dies;
He bows His head beneath the stroke,
To free our souls from Satan's yoke.
- 2 What mingled dignity and grace
Appear'd in our **REDEEMER's** face,
When He forsook the courts above,
And swiftly flew on wings of love.
- 3 Our nature with His own He joins,
And thus fulfils His grand designs;
The Son of man, the Son of God,
Redeems the Church with His own blood.
- 4 How great the price **MESSIAH** paid,
When He His soul an off'ring made!
Behold Redemption all complete!
Behold the **SAVIOUR's** love how great!
- 5 See grace and justice both combine!
United now, how bright they shine!
God's glory in the cross appears,
And mercy's voice dispels our fears.

GOOD FRIDAY.

—◆—
PSALM XXII.

Isaiah liii.

- 1 **WHO** hath our report believed ?
 Shiloh come, is not received.
 Not received by His own ;
 Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
 David's offspring sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly to be known.
- 2 Like a tender plant that's growing
 Where no water's friendly flowing,
 No kind rains refresh the ground ;
 Drooping, dying we shall view Him,
 See no charm to draw us to Him,
 There no beauty will be found.
- 3 Lo! **MESSIAH** unrespected,
 Man of griefs, despised, rejected ;
 Wounds His form disfiguring,
 Marr'd His visage more than any,
 For He bears the sins of many,
 All our sorrows carrying.
- 4 No deceit His mouth hath spoken,
 Blameless, He no law had broken ;
 Yet was number'd with the worst ;
 For, because the **LORD** would grieve Him,
 We, who saw it, did believe Him
 For His own offences curst.

- 5 But while Him our thoughts accused,
 He for us alone was bruised,
 Stricken, smitten for our guilt:
 With His stripes our wounds are cured,
 By His pains our peace assured,
 Purchas'd with the blood He spilt.
- 6 Love amazing, so to mind us,
 Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
 Wand'ring sheep all gone astray!
 Lost, undone by our transgressions!
 Worse than stript of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay.
- 7 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,—
 He redeem'd us by His merit,
 To a glorious liberty;
 Dearly first His goodness brought us,
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us:
 Truth and love have made us free.
- 8 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us;
 Freely gave His SON to save us:
 Bless'd the SON, who freely came:
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation,
 Be to GOD, and to the LAMB.

GOOD FRIDAY.

*John, xix. 30.*

8, 7.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from *Calvary* ;
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
 “ IT IS FINISH'D ! ”
 Hear the dying SAVIOUR cry !

IT IS FINISH'D ! O what pleasure
 Do these sacred words afford !
 Heav'nly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD.
 IT IS FINISH'D !
 Saints the dying words record.

FINISH'D all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law !
 Finish'd all that GOD had promis'd,
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 IT IS FINISH'D !
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the glorious theme !
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise IMMANUEL's name.
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding LAMB.

GOOD FRIDAY.



Matt. xxvii. 45, 46.

(c. m.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When the Almighty SAVIOUR died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While JESU'S cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here LORD, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

John, iii. 14. 15.

(S. M.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' amazing sight,
The SAVIOUR lifted high !
Behold the SON of GOD's delight
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all those sorrows borne ?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?
- 3 For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died :
'Twas love that bow'd His fainting head,
And ope'd His streaming side.
- 4 Lord help me to adore
In sympathy of love ;
To feel the strong attractive pow'r
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With holy ardour to confess
The Mystery divine.
- 6 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from Thy cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant Throne.

EASTER-EVEN.



PSALM LXXXVIII.

(C. M.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD the SAVIOUR of mankind,
 Omnipotent to save !
 Behold what love His heart inclin'd ;
 Submissive to the grave.
- 2 When He expir'd all nature shook,
 Earth's strongest pillars bent ;
 The temple's veil asunder broke,
 The opening graves were rent.
- 3 'Tis FINISH'D ! now the ransom's paid—
 Receive my soul, He cried :
 'Twas then He bow'd His sacred head,—
 He bow'd His head and died.
- 4 Soon will He break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 O LAMB of GOD ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like Thine !
- 5 Learn, O my soul, from this dire scene
 How vast that guilt must be,
 Which nail'd th' incarnate SON of GOD
 To the accursed tree.
- 6 Taught by this scene, thy sin bewail
 With penitential sighs ;
 And trust His grace, thro' death's dark vail
 To guide thee to the skies.

EASTER SUNDAY.



PSALM XVI. II. CXVIII.

7, 7.

JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to-day—Hallelujah !
 Our triumphant holy-day ;
 Who so lately on the cross
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praises let us sing,
 Unto CHRIST, our heav'nly King,
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

By the pains, which He endur'd
 Our salvation is procur'd ;
 Now above the skies He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing.—Hallelujah !



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Hcb. xix. 20, 21.

(c. m.)

GREAT God of peace and God of love !
 We own Thy pow'r to save :
 All hail ! great Shepherd of the sheep !
 Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead, Thou brought'st again,
 When by His sacred blood,

Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore.
Th' eternal Cov'nant stood.

- 3 Strengthen, O LORD, our feeble souls,
Conform us to Thy will;
Settle our hearts to stray no more,
But keep Thy precepts still.
- 4 Glory to Thee, Great Son of God,
Glory to Thee be giv'n,
For ever, and for evermore,
Thro' all the days of heav'n.



Matt. xxviii.

7, 7.

- 1 **C**HRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise our joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King.
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, O grave?
- 5 May we rise where **C**HRIST hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
In His image may we rise.
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

208 & 209

King of glory ! soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this—
 Thee to know—Thy pow'r to prove,
 Thee to serve, adore, and love.



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Psalm cxviii. 24.

Old 148th.

ALL hail ! triumphant LORD !
 To Thee all praise belongs ;
 The wonders of this day
 Demand our noblest songs.
 Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays,
 Bright Seraphs hail in songs of praise.
 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant Death resign'd
 The glorious Prince of life,
 Her dark domains confin'd.
 Th' angelic host around Him bends,
 And 'midst their shouts, the GOD ascends.

All hail ! triumphant LORD !
 Heav'n with Hosannas rings ;
 While earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy art Thou, who once wast slain,
 Thro' endless years to live and reign.



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Rev. i. 18.

(s. m.)

JESUS, who once was dead,
 The LAMB for sinners slain ;
 He lives, and lives for evermore,
 O'er death and hell to reign.

- 2 Rejoice, ye saints, and sing,
 His love and pow'r proclaim;
 Ten thousand, thousand praises bring.
 In honor of His name.



- 1 **THE LORD**, is risen! He who came
 To suffer death and conquer too:
 The LORD is risen! loud proclaim
 The praise to our REDEEMER due:
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead—
 Let glory crown the Conq'ror's head.
- 2 The Lord is ris'n to His abode;
 Aided by grace be our employ
 To die to sin, to live to God;
 To serve with fear and holy joy.
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead—
 Let glory crown the Conq'ror's head.
- 3 The LORD is ris'n! let hosts above,
 Triumphant now, proclaim His praise;
 Let saints on earth adore His love,
 And consecrate to him their days.
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead—
 Let glory crown the Conq'ror's head.
- 4 When life is past, when time is o'er,
 Oh may we all to glory rise:
 There dwell with Him for evermore,
 With countless myriads in the skies,
 And sing His praise, who once was dead,
 And ever crown our Conq'ror's head.

MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK.



PSALM LXII.

Psalm xvi. 9, 12. (L. M.)

WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my SAVIOUR deign'd to lie,
I see fulfil'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'rs of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust His name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!

Our Surety freed, declares us free,
For whose offences He was seiz'd;
Our pardon in His hands we see,
And shout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.

JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals His eyes, to sleep no more,
And ever lives our cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death He bore.

Thy risen LORD, my soul adore,
See the rich diadem He wears!
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when He appears.

Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious GOD, Thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.



PSALM CXIII. (L. M. Old 11)

- 1 **L**ET joyful nations hail the day,
 That crowns their King with loud acclaim;
 Let saints their grateful homage pay
 To their Almighty SAVIOUR'S name.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 JESUS the King of glory reigns!
- 2 Sing how He vanquish'd all our foes;
 He came to save, He reigns to bless;
 From Him our ev'ry comfort flows,
 Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 JESUS the King of glory reigns!
- 3 Yes, Thou art worthy, gracious LORD,
 Of universal, endless praise;
 With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
 That man or angels e'er can raise.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 JESUS the King of glory reigns!
- 4 He comes, He comes, with triumph crown'd,
 In dazzling robes of light array'd:
 Faith views the splendor dawning round,
 Earth's faintest lustre sinks in shade.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 JESUS the King of glory reigns.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.



PSALM CXII.

1 *Cor.* xv. 20, 21, 55. (L. M.)

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For Him who groan'd beneath your load !
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The **LORD** of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 The tomb in vain forbids His rise !
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies !
 Break off your tears, ye saints ! and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.
 Say, " live for ever wond'rous King !
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
 " And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

Psalm xxiv. xlviii. lxxii. 179.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.



PSALM. LXX. XXIII.

1 *Pet.* ii. 24. (L. M. Old 112)

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render unto Thee,
 Thou glorious LORD of life and pow'r!
 Teach us to bow the humble knee :
 Teach us with thankfulness t'adore ;
 To praise Thee as Thy saints above,
 To praise Thee for Thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful Shepherd's eye ;
 When borne along th' impetuous tide
 Of this world's sin and vanity :
 Our SAVIOUR then from heav'n came down,
 To save us by His grace alone.
- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
 To seek and save the lost He came ;
 There was He bound to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame ;
 The captive flock from hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.
- 4 Then shall our grateful songs abound
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd away ;
 No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
 No night o'ercloud the endless day ;
 O praise Him ! all beneath, above !
 O praise Him ! praise the GOD of love ?

Psalm lvii. lxvi. cx.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.



PSALM LXXV.

GLORY to God on high!
 Let earth and skies reply;
 Praise ye His name;
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the LAMB.

JESUS our LORD and GOD, 2
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye His name;
 Tell what His arm hath done,
 What spoils from death He won;
 Sing His great name alone;
 Worthy the LAMB.

While saints around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one
 Praising His name;
 Ye who believe His blood
 Doth seal your peace with GOD,
 Proclaim His grace abroad,
 Worthy the LAMB.

Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise His blest name;
 To him ascribed be
 Honor and majesty,
 Thro' all eternity
 Worthy the LAMB.

Psalm ii. lxiii. xcvi.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER



PSALM LXXVIII.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

(L. A.)

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in JESU's face,
The brightest image of His grace ;
GOD, in the person of His SON,
Hath all His mightiest works out-done.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God :
And Thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in Thy looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands ;
Redemption beaming in His eyes,
Out-shines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! O divine ennobling theme ;
My thoughts rejoice in JESU's name,
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His sacred face !
Where all His glories you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

PSALM lxxv. lxxi.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.



PSALM LXXXVII.

P. M. 8, 7.

- 1 **M**IGHTY GOD, while Angels praise Thee,
 Saints on earth may chaunt Thy name;
 LORD of men as well as angels! [Amen.
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme. Hallelujah,
- 2 LORD of ev'ry land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and lawful praise. Hal.
- 3 Author of the great Redemption,
 Glorious mystery of love!
 GOD propitious, sin forgiv'n,
 GOD incarnate from above! Hal.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives,
 Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 5 Rise to bliss, immortal SAVIOUR,
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne!
 Thence return and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all Thy own. Hal.
- 6 Grant we may behold Thy glory,
 Grant us, LORD, in heav'n a place:
 There to cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Psalm xx, cxlix, cl.

ASCENSION DAY.



PSALM XLVII. XXI.

*Psalm xxiv.**(L. M.)*

- 1 **O**UR LORD is risen from the dead,
 MESSIAH is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way!
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
 He claims these mansions as His right,
 Receive the King of glory in!
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The LORD, who all our foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And JESUS is the Conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way!
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The LORD of glorious pow'r possess;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest!

*John xvii. 24.**(C. H.)*

AWAKE, my soul, and grateful sing
 Th' ascended SAVIOUR's love :
 Sing how He lives to carry on
 His people's cause above.

With cries and tears He offer'd up
 His humble suit below ;
 But with authority He asks,
 Enthron'd in glory now.

For all that come to **GOD** by Him,
 Salvation He demands ;
 Points to their names upon His breast,
 And spreads His wounded hands.

Eternal life, at His request,
 To ev'ry saint is giv'n :
 Safety on earth, and after death,
 The plenitude of heav'n.

Founded on right, Thy prayer avails,
 The **FATHER** smiles on Thee ;
 And now Thou in Thy kingdom art,
 O **LORD**, remember me.

Let the sweet incense of Thy prayer
 In my behalf ascend !
 And as its virtue, so my praise
 Shall never, never, end.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.



PSALM XCIII.

(C. M.)

- 1 **O** The delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow;
While all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Hosanna to our conq'ring King!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand thousand glories wait,
To crown Thy head above!
- 4 Arch-angels sound His lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street;
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at His feet.
- 5 That ever blest majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound;
See, what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
- 6 This is th' eternal SON of GOD,
Whom we unseen adore:
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

Now to the LAMB, that once was slain,
 Be endless honours paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
 For ever on Thy head.

Psalm lxviii. cx.



Heb. ix. 24.

(c. m.)

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,
 Where your REDEEMER stays ;
 Kind intercessor, there He sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well my soul, He died for thee,
 And shed His vital blood ;
 Appens'd stern justice on the tree,
 And then arose to God.

Petitions now and praise may rise,
 And saints their off'rings bring ;
 The Priest with his own sacrifice
 Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand praises to the King,
 Hosanna in the high'st !
 Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
 To God and to His CHRIST.

WHIT-SUNDAY.



PSALM XXXIII. LXVIII.

Extracted from the Ordination Office. (L. M)

- 1 **C**OME HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and chear our soiled face,
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home !
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of both, to be but ONE ;
 That through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

*ltered from the Old Version, entitled a Prayer
to the Holy Ghost, to be sung before the Sermon.*

(C. M.)

COME HOLY SPIRIT, GOD of might,
Great comforter of all ;
Teach us to know Thy word aright,
That we may never fall.

O LORD, that gav'st Thy holy word,
Send preachers plenteously ;
And in the same may we accord,
And therein live and die.

O HOLY SPIRIT, guide aright
The preachers of Thy word ;
Satan dethrone, and sin subdue,
By Thy almighty sword.

Depart not from Thy pastors, LORD
Supply their ev'ry need ;
They break to us the bread of life,
Grant us thereon to feed.

Convert all those, who know not GOD,
And bring them to Thy light :
May Thy whole Church in truth agree,
And praise Thee day and night.

O LORD of Hosts increase our faith,
And let our love abound ;
To distant nations send Thy truth
Thro' the whole world around.

VENI CREATOR.

From the new Version. (C. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, HOLY GHOST, Creator, come,
 Inspire the souls of Thine
 Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made
 Is fill'd with grace divine.
 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of GOD, and fire of love :
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And unction from above.

- 2 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st
 GOD'S Laws in each true heart :
 The promise of the FATHER, Thou
 Dost heav'nly speech impart,
 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace ;
 Assist our minds by nature frail,
 With Thy celestial grace.

- 3 With Thee, O FATHER, therefore may
 The SON, from death restor'd,
 And sacred COMFORTER, one GOD,
 Devoutly be ador'd.
 As in all ages heretofore
 Has constantly been done ;
 As now it is, and shall be so,
 When Time his course has run.

VENI CREATOR. (L. M. Old 112th.)

CREATOR, SPIRIT, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid;
 Come visit ev'ry waiting mind,
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free
 And make us temples meet for Thee.

Hail, Source of uncreated light!
 Illumine our dull, darken'd sight.
 Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
 Come and Thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

O God of mercy, truth and love,
 Now shed Thy influence from above;
 Unfailing comfort, heav'nly Guide,
 Now o'er Thy favor'd Church preside;
 And still from age to age convey
 The glory of this sacred day.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' almighty FATHER's name;
 The SAVIOUR SON, be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be
 Eternal COMFORTER, to Thee.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.



(P. M.)

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost? inspire our praises,
 Shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S love;
 While we chaunt the name of JESUS,
 Deign on ev'ry heart to move.
 Source of sweetest consolation!
 Breathe Thy peace on all below;
 Bless, O bless this congregation,
 Bid our hearts with influence glow.

- 2 Come with heav'nly inspiration,
 JESUS in our souls reveal;
 Manifest this great salvation,
 As 'Thy own our spirits seal.
 Light divine, on darkness shining,
 Deign the light of truth to give;
 Every grace and joy combining,
 May we to Thy glory live.

- 3 Hail, ye spirits bright and glorious,
 High exalted round the throne!
 Now with you we join in chorus,
 And your LORD we call our own.
 GOD to us His SON hath given:
 Saints your noblest anthems raise!
 All in earth and all in heaven,
 Shout the great JEHOVAH'S praise!

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

A



(S. M.)

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come ;
 Let Thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow from our mind,
 The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
 With visitations sweet ;
 Give us to lie with humble hope,
 At our REDEEMER'S feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our hearts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to JESU'S blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 Th' amazing love of God.

Shew us the sinner's Friend,
 That rules the courts of bliss ;
 The LORD of Hosts, the mighty God,
 Th' eternal Prince of peace.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

PSALM LXVII.

1 *John* v. 7. (Old 1480)

- 1 **A**SCRIBE immortal praise
 To **GOD** the **FATHER**'s love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above :
 He sent His own eternal **SON**,
 To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To **GOD** the **SON** belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe ;
 And now He lives, and now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To **GOD** the **SPIRIT**'s name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live ;
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty **GOD** to Thee
 Be endless honors done ;
 The undivided **THREE**,
 And the mysterious **ONE** :
 Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

- 1 **B**LEST be the **FATHER** and His love,
To whose celestial source we owe,
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below !
- 2 Glory to Thee great **SON** of **GOD** !
Forth from Thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred **SPIRIT** praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus **GOD** the **FATHER**, **GOD** the **SON**,
And **GOD** the **SPIRIT** we adore,
To whom be equal honours done,
By all the Church, for evermore.

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- 1 **G**LORY to **GOD** on high,
The **GOD** of love and pow'r
Who made both earth and sky,
Let all His works adore ;
Praise to th' Eternal **GOD** be giv'n,
By all in earth, and all in heav'n.
- 2 Hail, all-sufficient **LAMB**,
God, bless'd for evermore !

We glory in Thy name,
 Thy fulness, love, and pow'r
 Worthy art 'Thou, who once was slain,
 Thro' endless years to live and reign.

- 3 O HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
 To Thee our hearts we raise !
 Accept our humble lay,
 And deign t' inspire our praise.
 THEE TRIUNE GOD we trust to adore,
 When heav'n and earth are known no more.



Rev. i. 5, 6.

(P. M.)

- 1 **SING** Hallelujah ! praise the LORD !
 Sing with a cheerful voice :
 Exalt our GOD with one accord,
 And in His name rejoice ;
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
 Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 Until in realms of endless light
 Your praises shall unite.
- 2 May we to all eternity
 There join the angelic lays ;
 And sing in perfect harmony,
 To GOD our SAVIOUR's praise ;
 He hath redeem'd us by His blood,
 Hath made us kings and priests to GOD,
 FOR US, FOR US THE LAMB was slain,
 PRAISE YE THE LORD. AMEN.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXIX. 1st. Metre. CXXII.

Rev. iv. 8, &c.

(C. M.)

HAIL holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Thrice blessed TRINITY!
 By all Thy heav'nly hosts ador'd,
 E'er man began to be:
 Worship'd by all the saints below,
 The GOD of truth and grace;
 Thro' faith the great THREE-ONE they know,
 And triumph in Thy praise.
 The upper and the lower choir
 Shall soon be join'd in one,
 And both triumphantly conspire
 To worship round Thy throne:
 Angels and saints, when time shall end,
 Shall all Thy love display,
 And in Thy glorious praises spend
 An everlasting day.

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(L. M. Old 112th.)

FATHER of all above, below,
 Thy praise let ev'ry creature shew,
 In Thee who live, and move and are,
 The FATHER'S Everlasting SON,
 Eternal Sharer of His throne,
 Let all in heav'n and earth declare.
 Hail, HOLY GHOST! alike ador'd,
 ONE with the FATHER and the WORD,
 The LORD of Life, the great I AM!
 Co-equal, Co-eternal THREE,
 Thy glorious TRIUNE DEITY
 Let all eternally proclaim.

Psalm i. xvi. lxxxiv.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 2nd. Metre LXIII.

*Luke xiv. 16.**(C. M.)*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, with joy obey
 The mandate of thy LORD ;
 " All things are ready, come away,"
 Thus speaks the sacred word.
- 2 In CHRIST, the FATHER reconcil'd
 Invites our souls to come :
 The penitent He calls His child,
 And kindly welcomes home.
- 3 O then return unto the LORD,
 The world and sin forsake ;
 See happiness in CHRIST restor'd,
 And all His gifts partake.
- 4 O come, and with His children taste
 The blessings of His love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
 In extacies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come :
 Arise, my soul, the grace adore :
 Approach, " there yet is room."

Psalm lxxxvi. cxxxv. cxlv.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 3rd. Metre. (Old 112th.)

Micah, vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD of wonders, all Thy ways
Are matchless, God-like and divine ;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More God-like and unrivall'd shine.
Who is a pard'ning GOD like Thee !
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Sins of such numbers to forgive,
Guilty, offending worms to spare ;
This is Thy grand prerogative.
And none shall in the glory share.
Who is, &c.
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace ;
These glories crown JEHOVAH's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is, &c.
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our GOD ;
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with JESU's blood.
Who is, &c.
- 5 O may this great, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all angelic hosts above !
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Psalm iv. lxxxix. xci.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM cxix. 4th. Metre.

*Rom. viii. 18.**(L. M.)*

- 1 **L**ORD ! what are all our sufferings here,
 May we but with Thy saints appear,
 And see the glories of Thy face,
 Reveal'd in truth and righteousness.
- 2 Expecting blessings at Thy gates,
 For Thee the whole creation waits ;
 And full deliv'rance seeks from Thee
 Thy children's glorious liberty.
- 3 O gracious SAVIOUR, and our God,
 Array'd in majesty and blood,
 Be thou our life ! our souls in Thee
 Possess their full felicity.
- 4 All our immortal hopes are laid,
 In Thee our Surety and our Head,
 Thy cross, nativity and throne,
 Are full of glory yet unknown.
- 5 O may our joyful faith proclaim,
 Life thro' MESSIAH's sacred name,
 A word of Thine Almighty breath,
 Disarms the sting and fears of death.
- 6 Here may my soul for ever lie,
 Beneath the blessings of Thine eye ;
 ' Tis heav'n on earth, ' tis heav'n above,
 To see Thy face, to praise Thy love.

Psalm viii. xc. xcv.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 5th. Metre.

Psalm cxvii. 12.

(S. M.)

MY Maker and my King,
 To Thee my all I owe;
 Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
 From whence my blessings flow.
 Thou ever good and kind;
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
 The creature of Thy hand,
 On Thee alone I live!
 My God, Thy benefits demand
 More praise than I can give.
 Oh! what can I impart,
 When all is Thine before!
 Thy love demands a grateful heart!
 The gift, alas! how poor!
 Shall I withhold Thy due?
 Shall I ungrateful prove?
 Lord, form this wand'ring heart anew,
 And fill it with Thy love.
 O let Thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my pow'rs to Thee aspire;
 And all my days be Thine.

Psalm lxxxii, cxxxii, cxlix.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 6th. Metre.

Rom. vi. 9. *New Version.* (C. M.)

- 1 **C**HRIſT being rais'd by pow'r divine,
And reſcued from the grave.
Shall die no more, Death ſhall on Him
No more dominion have.
- 2 For that He died, 'twas for our ſins
He once vouchsaf'd to die;
But that He lives, He lives to God,
To all eternity.
- 3 If then ye riſen are with **C**HRIſT
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where **C**HRIſT
At God's right hand is ſet.
- 4 So count yourſelves as dead to ſin,
But graciously reſtor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through **J**ESUS **C**HRIſT our **L**ORD.
- 5 To **F**ATHER, **S**ON, and **H**OLY **G**HOS'T,
The **G**OD whom we adore.
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

Psalm xxiv. xcii. cxviii.

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 7th. Metre.

Psalm viii. (L. M. Old 112.)

- 1 **I**MMORTAL King ! thro' earth's wide frame
 How great Thy honor, praise, and name !
 Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends ;
 Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.
 From infants Thou canst honour raise,
 And form their lisping tongues to praise.
- 2 When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
 I view the wonders of the sky,
 Whose frame Thy fingers, o'er our head,
 In rich magnificence have spread ;
 The moon and stars with lustre crown'd,
 That nightly walk their destin'd round.
- 3 LORD ! what is man, that in Thy care
 His humble lot should find a share ?
 Or what the son of man, that Thou
 Thus to his wants Thy ear should'st bow ?
 His rank awhile by Thy decree,
 Th' angelic tribes beneath them see.
- 4 Subjected to his feet by Thee,
 To him all nature bows the knee ;
 The beasts in him their lord behold—
 The wat'ry tribes, the bleating fold.
 Immortal King ! through earth's wide frame,
 How great Thy honour, praise and name !

Psalm xxvii. xciii. cxxi.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

PSALM CXIX. 8th. Metre. Old 10;

- 1 **O** Praise ye the LORD, Hosannas repeat,
His love to proclaim, together we meet;
Oh may our thanksgivings like incense arise,
Thro' JESUS a living and pure sacrifice!
- 2 Whilst angels abound in praise to the SON,
The heavens resound with what He hath done
Their voices we'll echo, and honour His name,
Exulting in JESUS, FOR EVER THE SAME.
- 3 How vast was that love that pitied our state,
And sent from above a SAVIOUR so great!
The FATHER's rich treasure, O may we receive
'Tis love without measure to all who believe.
- 4 In JESUS's face the Godhead appears.
With fulness of grace to banish our fears;
Redemption is finish'd: the work He hath done
Let all the creation shout praise to the SON.
- 5 LORD, what shall we give for mercy so great?
Devoted we'll live Thy praise to repeat?
With soul and with body we'll honour Thy name
And shout hallelujah to GOD and the LAMB.

Psalm i. lxxxiv. cl.

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 9th. Metre. Old 148th.

Psalm cxxxii. 7. 9.

- 1 **A**RISE, O glorious King,
 Into Thy rest arise,
 While saints their off'rings bring,
 And praise ascends the skies.
 Arise, Thy holy Church to own,
 Oh make Thy truth and glory known.
- 2 Thy Priests, O LORD, array,
 With righteousness divine;
 Let them Thy truth display,
 And in Thy glory shine;
 Let Thy whole Church, Thy chosen rest,
 Be with Thy smiles and presence blest.
- 3 O King of glory, come,
 And with Thy favor crown
 This temple as Thy dome,
 This people as Thy own;
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
 How GOD can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may Thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend,
 All fragrant to the skies:
 Here may Thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may Thy future sons
 And daughters sound Thy praise,
 And shine like polish'd stones,
 Thro' long succeeding days,
 Here, LORD, display Thy sov'reign pow'r,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

Psalm xlii. xcv. cxxxvi.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM cxix. 10th Metre.

(L. 3)

- 1 **O** For a bright inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day
The blissful realms where JESUS reigns !
- 2 There, low before His glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise ;
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the regions of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the ransom'd of the LAMB
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir ;
O may the joy inspiring theme
Now warm our hearts with holy fire !
- 6 Blest SAVIOUR, let Thy SPIRIT seal
Our title to that blissful place ;
'Till death removes this earthly veil,
And glory crowns Thy saving grace.

Psalm xv. xlviii. xcvi. cxlvii.

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM CXIX. 11th. Metre.

1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.

(L. M.)

- 1 **A**WAKE a tune of lofty praise
To great JEHOVAH's equal SON !
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Proclaim the wonders He hath done.
- 2 Sing how He left the world of light,
And the bright robes He wore above ;
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love !
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty captive Pris'ner lay :
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to His throne of shining grace ;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of His face !
- 5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns ;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

Psalm xxii. lvii. cxlv. 2nd. part.

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

 PSALM CXIX. 12th. Metre.

2 Cor. iii. 8. 9.

(L. M.)

- 1 **JEHOVAH** reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty !
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards His holy law ;
But in His gospel shines His grace,
The glory of His righteousness.
- 3 Resplendent there His wisdom shines,
His truth displays His grand designs ;
His pow'r is sov'ign to fulfil
The noblest counsel of His will
- 4 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away :
While His own Son came down and died,
T' engage His justice on our side.
- 5 Each of His words demands my faith ;
Oh, may I rest on all He saith ;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of His lips.
- 6 Descend, O glorious **LORD**, descend
To be my Father, and my Friend !
Than shall my songs with angels join,
And all the glory, **LORD**, be Thine.

Psalm xlvii lxiii. cxlvi.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

 PSALM cxix. 13th Metre.
Luke x. 37.

(L. M.)

- 1 **O** what stupendous mercy shines
 Around the Majesty of heav'n !
 JEHOVAH deigns to call us sons,
 Our souls renew'd, our sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
 The grace that blazes like a sun :
 Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
 Thro' all your lives let mercy run ;
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
 Swift let the great salvation fly ;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
 To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay ;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
 To useful happy life the way.
- 5 Let age with want and weakness bow'd,
 Your bowels of compassion move ;
 Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,
 Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
 Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
 Thus will you glorify your God,
 And thus the Christian name adorn.

Psalm lxxv. lxxxiv. cxii.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

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PSALM CXIX. 13th. Metre.

(L. M.)

- 1 **JESUS**, how glorious is Thy name !
 The great **JEHOVAH'S** EQUAL Thou !
 O let me catch the immortal flame,
 With which angelic spirits glow !
 As angels love Thee, I would love,
 And imitate the blest above.
- 2 My **PROPHET**, Thou, my heav'nly Guide,
 Thy blest instructions I will hear ;
 The words that from Thy lips proceed,
 O how divinely great they are !
 Thee, my great **PROPHET** would I love,
 And imitate the blest above.
- 3 My great **HIGH PRIEST**, whose precious blood
 Did once atone upon the cross ;
 Who now dost intercede with **GOD**,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause !
 In Thee, I trust ; Thee would I love,
 And immitate the blest above.
- 4 My **KING** supreme, to Thee I bow,
 A willing subject at Thy feet ;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And to Thy government submit ;
 My **SAVIOUR KING**, this heart would love,
 And imitate the blest above.

Psalm xli. lxviii. xcvi. cxlviii.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXIX. 15th. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **M**Y hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield art Thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes,
On Thy unnering word.
- 2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 3 The sacred word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice which rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.
- 4 My hiding place, &c.

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Matt. vi. 32. (C. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
" From every murmur free;
" The blessings of thy grace impart,
" And make me live to Thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
" My life and death attend;
" Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
" And crown my journey's end.

PSALM LXXVII. xciii. cxxi.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXIX. 16th Metre: (L. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, this sacred day of Thine
 Demands our souls' collected powers;
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours!
 O may our souls adoring own
 The grace, which calls us to Thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
 Where GOD resides appear no more,
 Omniscient GOD! Thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore!
 O may Thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 The word of life dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a grateful guest!
 O bid the humble sons of need
 On soul-reviving bounties feed.
- 4 Thy SPIRIT'S pow'ful aid impart!
 O may Thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be Thine!
 Then shall our souls, adoring own
 The grace, which calls us to Thy throne.

Psalm lxi. c. cxxxviii.

EVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 17th. Metre. Old 104th.

O PRAISE ye the LORD, in triumph proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to JESUS our King.

Salvation to GOD, who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the SON;
IMMANUEL'S praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the LAMB.

Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Psalm lxiii. ciii. cxlvii.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 18th. Metre.

Matt. xxii. 41, &c.

(L. M.)

- 1 **B**Y all the hosts of heav'n ador'd,
See David's Son and David's LORD,
Exalted high at GOD's right hand,
While angels bow at His command.
- 2 JESUS, the LORD, our souls adore,
A painful suff'rer now no more ;
High on His FATHER's throne He reigns
O'er earth, and heav'n's extensive plains.
- 3 His race for ever is complete ;
For ever undisturb'd His seat,
Myriads of angels round Him fly,
And sing His well-gain'd victory.
- 4 Yet 'midst the honours of His throne,
He joys not for Himself alone !
His meanest servants share their part.
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 5 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight
With sacred wonder and delight,
JESUS the great forerunner see
Enter'd within the veil for thee !
- 6 His kingdom never more shall fail ;
He holds the keys of death and hell ;
Till foes fall prostrate at His feet,
And His full triumph is complete.

Psalm ciii. cxxxii. cxlii.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM. CXIX. 19th. Metre.

Matt. ix. 6. (L. M. Old 112.)

1 **O** Lord of glory, Prince of peace,
Engage my grateful heart to Thee,
Thou fount of grace and righteousness,
Of life and joy, and liberty !
Thy sacred blood thro' earth and skies,
MERCY, FREE, BOUNDLESS MERCY cries !

2 By faith, I to this refuge flee ;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest,
My **FATHER** reconcil'd I see,
MERCY's inscrib'd upon His breast ;
Away sad doubt, and anxious care,
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Thy pow'r was sov'reign to forgive,
On earth, as in the courts of heav'n:
Thy mercy bade the sinner live,
" My Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n,"
Help me to soar to Thy abode,
To die to sin, and live to **GOD**.

Help me to run the Christian race,
And all Thy marv'lous love proclaim;
To glorify the **GOD** of grace,
And spread the honours of Thy name,
Till hosts of heav'n and earth combine,
And praise, eternal praise, be Thine.

Psalm civ. cx. civ.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



PSALM CXIX. 20th. Metre. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE LORD of SABBATH let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By GOD, the eternal WORD, than when
The universe was made.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race He ran;
The path of suff'ring trod:
He died and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as the GOD.
- 4 He rises, who our pardon bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 In psalms and hymns His love proclaim,
With melody of voice;
Present your off'rings in His name,
And in His truth rejoice.
- 6 A blest eternity we hope
With Him in heav'n to spend:
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

Psalm cv. cxvi. cxlviii.

WENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM CXIX. 21st. Metre. (C. M.

O That the **LORD** would guide my ways
 To keep His statutes still!
O that my **GOD** would grant me grace
 To know and do His will.
O send Thy **SPiRiT** down to write
 Thy **LAW** upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit
 Nor act a faithless part.
 From vanity turn off my eyes,
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire arise
 Within this soul of mine.
 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, **LORD**,
 But keep my conscience clear.
 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip:
 Yet let me not forget Thy way,
 Restore Thy wand'ring sheep.
 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my **GOD**.

Psalm xxxix. c. 2nd. Metre cvi.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM CXIX. 22nd. Metre.

Psalm cxxxiv.

(L. M.)

- 1 **THY** presence gracious **GOD**, afford,
 Prepare us to receive Thy word;
 Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixt with what we hear:
 Thus, **LORD**, Thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread:
 Thus, **LORD**, Thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 3 To us Thy sacred word apply
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy:
 And may we, in Thy faith and fear
 Reduce to practice what we hear:
 Thus, **LORD**, Thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 4 **FATHER** in us Thy **SON** reveal;
 Teach us to know and do Thy will:
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day:
 Thus, **LORD**, Thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.

Psalm cxv. cvii. cxlvi.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM CXXIV.

Phil. iii. 20, 21. (L. M.)

- 1 **E**TERNAL LORD of truth and love,
Thine holy influence succour brings;
O raise and fix our hearts above
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty FATHER's throne!
There sits our SAVIOUR crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints arround Him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before Him fall,
The GOD shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 Set our affections, LORD, above,
Our conversation be in heav'n;
There bliss resides, and perfect love,
'There shall eternal life be giv'n;
- 5 There shall these mould'ring forms revive,
And like His glorious body rise;
And, fashion'd like to Him, shall live
For ever perfect in the skies.
- 6 When shall the day, O LORD, appear,
'That saints shall mount to dwell above,
And in Thy presence worship there,
And view Thy face, and sing Thy love.

Psalm xci. cvii. cxlviii.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.



PSALM CXXV.

Col. i. &c.

(P. M.)

- 1 **H**AIL, divine, Eternal SPIRIT !
 Bless the sower and the seed :
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;
 From the gospel,
 Now supply Thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing !
 Which Thy word's design'd to give :
 O may all Thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive ;
 And for ever,
 To Thy praise and glory live.
- 3 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found !
- 4 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever,
 Reign with CHRIST, in endless day,
 Psalm cviii, cxi, cxlix,

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



PSALM CXXVII.

Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.

(L. M.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glorious day arise,
 MESSIAH comes His saints to bless,
 Proclaim His mission thro' the skies,
 JESUS the **L**ORD OUR **R**IGHTEOUSNESS.
- 2 Judah and Israel shall repeat
 His praises, and each other love ;
 Gentiles shall worship at His feet,
 His name adore, His mercy prove.
- 3 Zion rejoice, the days arrive,
 See nations round Thy altars bend :
 Thy children from the dust revive,
 Gather'd from earth's remotest end.
- 4 From heav'n, from earth, loud songs of praise
 The mighty blessings shall proclaim :
 Blessings that earth to glory raise ;
 The purchase of the wounded **L**AMB.
- 5 Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
 Creation's voice the note prolong,
 The **L**ORD shall, ever, ever reign ;
 Let hallelujahs crown the song.

Psalm xvi. 2nd part. xxi. 2nd part. lxxii. cx.

N. B. If there be more Sundays after Trinity, they may be supplied from those omitted after Epiphany, reserving the above Psalm for the last.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.



PSALM CXXIX.

Rom. x. 9. (Old 104th)

- 1 **A**LL glory to **GOD**, let angels proclaim,
 And join with the church to honour His name
 All praise to the **SAVIOR**, incarnate, who bled,
 And mighty to ransom, arose from the dead.

- 2 O may we believe the truth of His word,
 Enabled to call on the name of the **LORD** !
 All they, who trust in him, His goodness shall prove
 The **LORD** rich in mercy, in goodness and love,

- 3 How glorious the sound of tidings of peace !
 The Gospel of **CHRIST**, proclaims our release ;
 Let angels, archangels re-echo the theme,
 Amen, Hallelujah to **GOD** and the **LAMB**.

- 4 Proclaim the glad sound of mercy and love,
 Till all the redeem'd assembled above,
 Renew'd by the **SPIRIT** and ransom'd by blood,
 For ever inherit the kingdom of **GOD**.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.



PSALM CXXVIII.

*John xx. 24.**(P. M.)*

- 1 **P**EACE be to this Congregation,
 Peace to ev'ry soul therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
 Peace, that speaks its heav'nly Giver,
 Peace, to sordid minds unknown,
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Here erect Thy glorious throne !
- 2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
 Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;
 By Thy word of promise cheer us,
 Let Thy sacred kingdom come :
 Raise to heav'n our expectation,
 Give our favor'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.
- 3 May the grace of CHRIST, our SAVIOUR,
 And the FATHER's boundless love,
 With the HOLY SPIRIT's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the LORD ;
 And possess in sweet communion
 Joys, which earth cannot afford.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.



PSALM CXXXVIII.

(C. M.)

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty SAVIOUR, how divine
Is Thy victorious sword !
Thy foes their weapons must resign,
At Thy commanding word.
- 2 Gird on Thy sword, most mighty Prince,
Thy sov'reign pow'r display ;
Thy majesty, Thy grace evince,
Till all Thy foes obey.
- 3 Let Gentile nations long proclaim
The triumphs of Thy grace,
And chaunt the honours of Thy name
In everlasting lays.
- 4 The vict'ries of Thy truth complete,
Till all the faithful race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing Thy conqu'ring grace.
- 5 Thy Church on earth with truth inspire,
Encrease with pow'r divine,
Till ev'ry heart to Thee aspire,
And all the praise be Thine.
- 6 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

THE PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY.



PSALM CXXXIV.*

(C. M.)

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng,
 For angels no such love have known,
 T' awake a cheerful song.

Good will to sinful men is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv'n;
 For lo! th' incarnate SAVIOUR comes
 With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord
 His rising beams adorn;
 Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
 "To us a child is born."

Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.

O may we reach those blissful realms,
 Where CHRIST exalted reigns,
 And learn of the celestial choir
 Their own immortal strains.

* From the Appendix to the New Version.

SAINT MATTHIAS.



PSALM CXL.

Matt. xi. 18. (L. M. Old 112th.

- 1 **O** GOD of wisdom, GOD of might,
 Great Ruler in the realms of light :
 Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,
 But make the babe and suckling wise ;
 In mercy help Thy servants, LORD,
 To hear and understand Thy word.
- 2 Reveal Thy Scriptures to our mind ;
 Here let us heav'nly treasures find ;
 Do Thou those sacred leaves unfold,
 Let us Thy richest grace behold :
 O let Thy SPIRIT lead us forth,
 And teach us all its endless worth.
- 3 Direct us, lest we judge amiss,
 Lest error cloud the hidden bliss ;
 Th' ingrafted word may we receive,
 And back to Thee the glory give :
 O make us know, O make us hear
 The glorious tidings treasur'd there.
- 4 In Thee alone the weary find
 Rest for the heavy laden mind ;
 Teach us to bear, as in Thy sight,
 Thy easy yoke, Thy burden light ;
 Grant us Thy peace, and make us blest
 With present and eternal rest.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



PSALM CXXXI.

Vide MAGNIFICAT 160.

Luke i. 31, &c. (P. M.)

HAIL, Thou long expected JESUS,
 Born to set Thy people free !
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee :
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints Thou art,
 Hail ! desire of every nation,
 Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.

Born Thy people to deliver ;
 Born a Child and yet a King
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring :
 By Thine own eternal SPIRIT,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

HOLY GHOST, who without measure
 Dwelt in JESUS CHRIST the LORD,
 Shed Thy love, in Thy good pleasure,
 Now in all our hearts abroad.
 May we triumph in Thy favour,
 God of mercy, truth and love,
 JESUS CHRIST our LORD and SAVIOUR
 Lead us to Thy courts above.

SAINT MARK'S DAY.



PSALM CXLI.

*Eph. iv. 7.**(L. M)*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy house
 Accept our homage and our vows,
 While with a grateful heart we share
 These pledges of our SAVIOUR'S care.
- 2 The SAVIOUR, when to heav'n He rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
 Dispens'd His gifts on men below,
 And wide His royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung the *Apostles'* honor'd name
 Sacred beyond heroic fame;
 In lower forms to bless our eyes
Pastors from hence and *Teachers* rise.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
 'Thro' the vast courses of the sun;
 While unborn Churches, by their care,
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 5 Thy presence, Lord, their hearts shall know
 The spring, whence all these blessings flow;
 Let priests and people shout Thy praise
 'Thro' the long round of endless days.

Matt. xxviii. 20.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

PSALM CXXXIII.

James i. 2, &c. (L. M.)

PATIENCE! O what a grace divine!
 Sent from the **GOD** of pow'r and love!
 That leans upon its **FATHER**'s hand,
 And learns by trials to improve.

By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state,
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.

Tho' we in full sensation feel
 The weight, the wounds our **GOD** ordains,
 We smile amid our heaviest woes;
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.

O for this grace to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 'Till life's tumultuous tempest o'er,
 We reach the shores of endless rest!

Faith into vision shall resign,
 Hope shall in full fruition die;
 And patience in possession end
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

Blest is the man, who patient waits,
 Perfect thro' suff'ring, like his **LORD**,
 He shall the crown of life receive,
 Promis'd in **GOD**'s eternal word.

ST BARNABAS, THE APOSTLE.

PSALM CXLII.

John xv. 12.

(c. m.)

- 1 **O** Let Thy love our hearts constrain,
SAVIOUR once crucified!
What hast Thou done our souls to gain,
Languish'd and groan'd and died!
- 2 Teach us each other, LORD, to love;
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Giver of concord, Prince of peace,
Descended from above,
Write Thy commandment on our hearts,
Inscribe Thy Law of love.
- 4 Produce in us th' effects of truth,
Abundant fruits of grace;
The unity of Christian love,
Th' endearing bond o' peace.
- 5 Teach us to glorify Thy name,
Redeem'd by sacred blood;
Be works of mercy our delight,
Well pleasing to our GOD.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.



PSALM CXLIII.

*Isaiah, xl. 1.**(C. M.)*

- 1 **"COMFORT** my people," saith our GOD,
 Proclaim the joyful word ;
 Let the whole earth repeat the sound,
 Salvation from the LORD.
- 2 Behold your GOD, the LAMB of GOD,
 Who takes our sins away.
 Who opens, thro' the realms of death,
 The path to endless day.
- 3 Let Zions's sons the truth make known,
 The righteousness divine ;
 See grace and peace and sacred love
 In radiant glory shine.
- 4 Be ev'ry vale exalted high
 Sunk ev'ry mountain low ;
 The contrite and the humble souls
 Shall His salvation know.
- 5 The heathen realms, with Israel's land
 Shall join in sweet accord,
 And all that's born of man shall see
 The glory of the LORD.
- 6 Behold the morning star arise,
 Diffusing heav'nly rays ;
 Hail light divine ! guide Thou our feet
 To everlasting days.

Vide 159.

SAINT PETER'S DAY.



PSALM CXLIV.

Acts, xii. 7.

(L. M)

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, what hosts of angels stand
 In shining ranks, at Thy right hand!
 Array'd in robes of splendid light,
 They spread their wings for distant flight.
- 2 Immortal fires, seraphic flames,
 Who can recount their various names!
 In strength and beauty they excel,
 And round the throne of GOD they dwell.
- 3 Herod attempts but all in vain,
 To bind SAINT PETER in his chain;
 At GOD's command an angel speaks:
 Light fills the goal! the fetter breaks.
- 4 Send, O my GOD, Thy angel down,
 Point out the paths to me unknown;
 Guide and direct my doubtful way,
 Lead me to realms of endless day.

SAINT JAMES THE APOSTLE.



PSALM CXLVIII.

(C. M.)

- 1 **N**OT unto us—to Thee alone,
 O LORD, be glory giv'n.
 Here let Thy praises be begun,
 And carried on in heav'n.

- 2 The hosts of spirits, now with Thee,
 Eternal anthems sing ;
 To imitate them here, lo ! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.

- 3 Had we our tongues, like them inspir'd,
 Like theirs, our songs should rise,
 Devoid of strife, nor ever tir'd
 With grateful sacrifice.

- 4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our humble lays,
 And bring us to Thy sacred throne,
 To give Thee nobler praise.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.


 PSALM CXV.
Luke xxii. 28.

(P. 5)

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the LAMB in glory stands,
 Incircled with His radiant bands,
 And join the angelic pow'rs :
 For all that height of glorious bliss,
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heav'n is ours.
- 2 Who suffer with their Master here,
 Shall soon before His face appear,
 And by His side sit down.
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And they, who to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 3 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope !
 It lifts the fainting spirits up !
 It brings to life the dead ;
 All conflicts here shall then be past,
 And all His saints ascend at last,
 Triumphant with their Head.
- 4 Redemption's glorious mystery
 They then with open face shall see ;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light !

SAINT MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

PSALM CXVI.

2 Cor. iv. 4—6.

(L. M.)

- 1 **MY GOD**, assist me, while I raise
 An anthem of harmonious praise ;
 My heart Thy wonders shall proclaim,
 And spread its banners in Thy name.
- 2 Behold the light unclouded shine ;
 O glorious gospel, all divine !
 In **CHRIST** is life and bliss bestow'd,
 The perfect image of our **GOD**.
- 3 When gloomy shades the earth o'erspread,
 " Let there be light," th' Almighty said :
 The glorious Gospel light displays,
 Diffusing far celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd the race of sinners stood,
 And awful justice ask'd for blood ;
 That welcome **SAVIOUR** from Thy throne
 Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 Ye saints, assist our grateful tongues ;
 Ye angels, warble back our songs ;
 For love like this demands the praise
 Of heav'nly harps and endless days.

SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

PSALM CXIII.

St. Matt. xviii. 1.

(c. m.)

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
 With all-engaging charms ;
 Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The LORD of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, LORD, by fervent prayer,
 And yield them up to Thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be !
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,
 Ye children, seek His face ;
 And fly with transports to receive
 The blessings of His grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust ;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

PSALM CXXIVII.

2 *Tim.* 4, 6.

(c. M.)

THE race is run, the warfare's o'er,
 The solemn hour is nigh,
 When offer'd up to God, my soul
 Shall wing its flight on high.

With heav'nly weapons may I fight
 The battles of my LORD;
 Finish my course, and keep the faith,
 Depending on His word.

GOD hath laid up for all His saints
 A crown that cannot fade;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on their head.

The sov'reign King of grace decreed
 This prize His suff'rings won,
 For all who love and long to see
 Th' appearance of His SON.

Save me from sin, prepare my soul,
 O LORD, for Thine abode;
 That face to face I may behold
 My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

 PSALM CXL.
*John xv. 17.**(S. M.)*

- 1 **L**ET saints each other love,
 Be mindful of His word,
 And patient bear what He appoints,
 As servants of their LORD.
- 2 Thus all the saints of God,
 His messengers and seers,
 The narrow path of suff'rings trod,
 And walked this vale of tears.
- 3 Through great afflictions past
 To better worlds above.
 And more than conquer'd all at last,
 Through our Redeemer's love.
- 4 Suff'ers like them, beneath,
 Through much distress and pain,
 Through various conflicts, grief and death,
 We trust with them to reign.
- 5 The LORD our glorious King,
 Shall wipe our tears away,
 And call us up His praise to sing,
 In everlasting day.

ALL SAINT'S DAY.

PSALM CXLIX.

(P. M.)

- 1** **H**ARK ! eternal praise ascending,
 Round the throne the concert stands,
 Cloath'd in robes of white, attending,
 Palms of triumph deck their hands.
 Multitudes of ev'ry nation,
 Join to praise the SAVIOUR'S name ;
 Hark ! they shout aloud SALVATION
 To our GOD and to the LAMB.
- 2** Lo ! all angels join their voices ;
 Lo ! they fall before the throne !
 Now the choir of heav'n rejoices ;
 Now the Church of CHRIST they own ;
 Glory, honour, adoration,
 Wisdom, pow'r and majesty,
 Sounded thro' the wide creation,
 To our GOD for ever be
- 3** Let us praise, and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthron'd on high !
 Here they trusted Him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky :
 Lo ! we praise Thee, gracious SAVIOUR,
 Wonder, love, and bless Thy name ;
 Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavour !
 Pity, for Thou know'st our frame.

Vide 167.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the glories of the **LAMB**,
Amidst His **FATHER**'s throne ;
Prepare new anthems for His name.
And make His honours known.
- 2 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
Behold the favor'd race ;
What distant lands and islands share
The riches of His grace !
- 3 Hark ! how they join their blissful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 4 " Worthy the **LAMB** that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus :"
Worthy the **LAMB**, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.
- 5 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine :
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, **LORD**, for ever Thine.
- 6 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the **LAMB**.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HOLY COMMUNION.

(L. M.)

MY GOD, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for you the Victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

O let Thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests !
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts impress'd let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our FATHER'S board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Praise GOD, from whom, &c.

* From the Appendix to the New Version.

Rev. v. 12. * (c. m.)

- 1 **THOU** God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive ;
Since all things by Thy pow'r were made,
And by Thy bounty live.
- 2 All wortky is the LAMB, all pow'r,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength who, for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy Thou who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By Thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the LAMB be giv'n.



280

2 Cor. x. 16. (s. m.)

- 1 **JESUS** invites His saints
To meet around His board ;
Here the whole Church delights to hold
Communion with her LORD.
- 2 For food He gives His flesh :
He bids us drink His blood :
Amazing favour ! matchless grace !
Of our redeeming GOD.

* From the Appendix to the New Version.

281 & 282

Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.



281

1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

(L. M.)

'TWAS on that dark, that awful night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the SON of GOD's delight,
 And friends betray'd Him to His foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd and brake :
 What love thro' all His actions ran,
 What wond'rous words of grace He spake.

“ This is my body broke for sin,
 “ Receive and eat the living food,”
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine !
 “ This the new Cov'nant in my blood.
 “ Do this (He cried) 'till time shall end,
 “ In mem'ry of your dying Friend :
 “ Meet at my table, and record
 “ The love of your departed LORD.”

SAVIOUR, Thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew Thy death, we sing Thy name,
 'Till Thou return'st, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the LAMB.



282

Eph. ii 12, 13.

(C. M.)

AND are we now brought nigh to GOD,
 Who once at distance stood ;

And to effect this glorious change,
Did JESUS shed His blood ?

- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above !
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our grateful love !
- 3 Draw us, O LORD, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near ;
Here may we see Thy glories shine,
And taste Thy mercies here.
- 4 By grace divine, O may we rise.
In such a scene as this,
And join the chorus of the skies,
The saints complete in bliss.

- 1 **L**ORD, while Thy suff'rings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heav'nly ray,
These sacred symbols of Thy pain
Present anew the dreadful scene.
- 2 For mortal crimes, a sacrifice,
The LORD of life and glory dies :
What love, what mercy, how divine,
Where justice, truth and pity shine !
- 3 'Twas with our griefs MESSIAH groan'd :
'Twas with our guilt His soul was tried !
Our punishment He took, He bore,
And sinner's liv'd when JESUS died !

284 & 285

**Awake each heart, arise each soul,
And join the blissful choirs above :
May nothing tune our future songs,
But heav'nly wisdom, heav'nly love.**

284 (L. M. Old 112th.)

O Bread of life ! giv'n from above,
Pledge of MESSIAH's dying love ;
This myst'ry ev'ry thought exceeds ;
For us, for us, the SAVIOUR bleeds !
Gaze, O my soul, Thy pardon see,
And weep and look at Calvary.

**LORD JESUS CHRIST, Thou LAMB of GOD !
Who gav'st for us Thy flesh and blood,
Descend, and consecrate us Thine,
Fill all our hearts with love divine.
Thee may we praise, till life be o'er,
Then die in hope to praise Thee more.**

285 (L. M. Old 112th)

O Glorious ordinance, divine,
Which blessings to our souls conveys,
Impart, with hallow'd bread and wine,
The strength'ning and refreshing grace ;
Thou type of heav'n's eternal feast !
Thou pledge of everlasting rest !
O Thou, who reigns enthron'd above,
Who suffer'd once for us below,

Help us to celebrate Thy love;
 And thus Thy death and passion shew,
 Till in the clouds our LORD we see,
 And shout Thy praise eternally.



(Old 112th.)

1 **M**YST'RY of grace ! th' Immortal dies !

Who can explore the vast design ?

In vain the highest seraph tries

To sound the depths of love divine.

The LAMB of GOD atonement made,

He the vast ransom-fully paid.

2 Angels, archangels, join your praise,

In this blest theme your songs employ,

Let saints on earth their anthems raise

In endless symphonies of joy,

Till all the Church before the throne,

The debt immense of mercy own.

3 Then shall the triumph be complete,

Then perfect love shall ever glow ;

There, lost in wonder at His feet,

Our praise no interval shall know.

There all His acts of grace record ;

There dwell *for ever* with the LORD.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

*Mark* x. 14.

(C. M.)

- 1 **B**ORN to fulfil all righteousness,
Commission'd to redeem ;
Behold th' eternal **SON** of **GOD**,
Baptiz'd in Jordan's stream.
- 2 Vouchsafe, O **LORD**, Thy heav'nly grace,
The sacred rite we own ;
Deign blest **IMMANUEL** to accept
The off'ring at Thy throne.
- 3 The mystic water sanctify
By Thy effective word,
And make the child belov'd by us ;
Beloved by the LORD.
- 4 Descend Thine ordinance to bless !
Descend celestial **DOVE** !
This earthly nature renovate,
Inscribe Thy law of love.
- 5 The taint of inbred sin efface,
Wash with a **SAVIOUR**'s blood,
And let maturer life attest
The cov'nant made with **GOD**.
- 6 Under Thy banner may we fight ;
Constrain'd by truth and love
Confess our **SAVIOUR** here below,
Then shout His praise above.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.



(L. M.)

- 1 **G**O, teach the nations, and baptize,
 Aloud th' ascending SAVIOUR cries;
 His glad apostles took the word
 And round the nations preach'd the LORD.

- 2 **L**ORD in Thy house, we seek Thy face,
 Now crown Thy ord'nance with Thy grace,
 Refresh our souls with truth divine,
 Let beams of heav'nly glory shine.

- 3 **E**ternal SPIRIT, Sacred DOVE,
 On this baptismal water move,
 And grant with energy divine,
 The inward grace to crown the sign.

- 4 **P**raise GOD from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

CONFIRMATION.



Deut. xxvi. 16, 17. 1 *Chron.* xvi. 14, 15. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** Happy day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my SAVIOUR, and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell Thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done !
Deign, gracious LORD, to make me Thine !
Help me, thro' grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess Thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on Thy God, Thy SAVIOUR rest !
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast.
- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;
'Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear,

- 6** **LORD**, in Thy holy Church encrease
 The gifts of wisdom, truth and peace ;
 May all these solemn seasons see .
 New sons and daughters born for Thee.

Gen. xviii. 17.

(*L. M*)

- 1** **FATHER** of All, Thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From Thee they spring, and by Thy hand,
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2** To **GOD**, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
 Who, **LORD** of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3** To Thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows ;
 Our families and rising race
 Be taught Thy precepts, and Thy grace.
- 4** O may each future age proclaim
 The honors of Thy glorious name ;
 While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

FUNERAL HYMNS.



(L. M.)

- 1 **B**LEST are the dead, in **CHRIST** who sleep,
While o'er their mould'ring dust we weep ;
O faithful **SAVIOUR**, Thou wilt come,
That dust to ransom from the tomb.
- 2 They rest from toil, the **SPRIT** saith ;
Their works of mercy, wrought in faith,
Shall find acceptance with their **LORD**,
And follow them with full reward.
- 3 **LORD**, when our spirits we resign,
Around us let Thy glory shine ;
May we behold Thy blissful face,
Accepted thro' Thy righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But that, to which the faithful go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere,
O may I wake and find me there.
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
Saints shall be near and like their **GOD**,
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 Their flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in their **SAVIOUR**'s image rise.

1 *Thess.* iv. 14.

(S. M.)

1 **T**HE spirits of the just,
 Confin'd in bodies groan ;
 'Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
 And then the conflict's done,

2 **J**ESUS, who died to save,
 The **LAMB** for sinners slain,
 Perfum'd the chambers of the grave
 And made ev'n death our gain.

3 Why fear we then to trust
 The place where **JESUS** lay ?
 In quiet rests our brother's* dust,
 And thus it seems to say,

4 "Forbear my friends, to weep,
 "Since death has lost its sting ;
 "Those christians, that in **JESUS** sleep,
 "Our **GOD** will with Him bring."

5 This message then receive,
 And grief indulge no more ;
 Be active here for **GOD** ; believe,—
 And wait the welcome hour.

*Or Sister's.



PSALM XXXIX. 4.

(L. M.)

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

LORD JESUS! help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in Thee;
 Pardon my sins; Thy **SPIRIT** give,
 And to Thy glory let me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from sin, I need not fear;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 Perhaps it next may toll for me.

Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
 And long, and wish, to hear Thy voice;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 And rise to heav'n, by grace divine.

Prepare me, **LORD**, for thine abode;
 My soul prepare to meet Thy God,
 Him serve on earth;—then soar away
 To realms of everlasting day.

Vide Psalm xc,

PSALMS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR
PROTECTION AND VICTORY BY SEA
AND LAND.



PSALM CVII. 2nd Metre. (L. M)

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace,
Attend His people's humble cry !
JEHOVAH hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls ;
He from His sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when Zion calls.
- 3 Our God remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts ;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In His salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God ;
Our troops shall lift their banners up
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast ;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee the LORD of heav'nly hosts.

FOR A GENERAL FAST.



(L. M.)

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O **LORD**,
 We view the terrors of Thy sword,
 Before Thy throne of grace we fall,
 And, prostrate, on Thy mercy call.
- 2 **LORD**, help us to repent and mourn,
 Turn us, O **LORD**, to Thee we turn;
 O spare our land in mercy spare
 The Church Thy right hand planted here.
- 3 Our King protect, our Councils guide,
 Bid war's destructive rage subside;
 Let Thy right hand our cause maintain,
 And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 4 Our Fathers, **LORD**, in days of old,
 Thy mighty works, exulting, told;
 And may our nation, to the end,
JEROVAH prove her **GOD** and Friend.

Vide **PSALMS** of Prayer and Humiliation.

Psalm xlvi—li—xci—xciii—xcix—cxlvi—
 cxxi—cxxv—cxxx—cxlii—180—190 193.

FOR A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.



(L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song,
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak Thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim
The sound and honor of Thy name.
- 5 But who can speak Thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways!
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

Psalms of Praise lxxvi—cvii—cviii—cxxii—
cxxxv—cxxxviii—cxlvi—cxlviii—cxlvii 2nd
metre.—cxlix—cl—173—175—183—250.

NOVEMBER the 5th.

PSALM XXXIV—LXXVI—CXXIV.



JANUARY the 30th.

PSALM XC—CXLII.—169—170.



MAY the 29th.

PSALM CXIII—CXVI—CXLVI.

THE KING'S ACCESSION.



1 *Tim.* ii. 1, 2. (Old 113th.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast bid Thy people pray,
 For all who bear the sov'reign sway,
 And Thy vicegerents reign ;
 Rulers, and governors, and pow'rs ;
 And lo ! we humbly pray for ours !
 Nor let us pray in vain.

2 O GOD, Thy chosen servant guard,
 And ev'ry threat'ning danger ward
 From His anointed head ;
 Bid all His griefs and troubles cease,
 Thro' paths of righteousness and peace
 Our King propitious lead.

3 Cover His enemies with shame,
 Abate their pride, defeat their aim,
 And make their counsels vain ;
 Grant Him a long illustrious line—
 In virtue's splendid list to shine,
 Through latest age to reign.

4 Upon Him show'r Thy blessings down,
 Crown Him with grace, with glory crown,
 And everlasting joys ;
 While wealth, prosperity and peace,
 Our Nation and our Churches bless,
 And praise THE LAND employs.

PUBLIC WORSHIP IN GENERAL,



EXCELLENCE OF THE BIBLE.

2 *Tim.* iii. 15. 16. (c. m.)

Prefixed to the Old English Bible printed in 1607.

1 **H**ERE is the spring where waters flow,
 To quench the heat of sin ;
 Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
 To lead our lives therein.

2 The tidings of salvation dear
 Come to our ears from hence,
 The fortress of our faith is here,
 And shield of our defence.

3 Read not this book in any case
 But with a single eye ;
 Read not but first desire God's grace
 To understand thereby.—

4 Pray still in faith with this respect,
 To fructify therein :
 That knowledge may have this effect,
 To mortify Thy sin.

5 Then happy thou in all Thy life,
 What e'er to Thee befalls !
 Yea, doubly happy shalt thou be,
 When God, by death, thee calls



Luke ii. 12.

7.

- 1 **G**LORY be to **GOD** on high,
GOD, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth and man forgiv'n,—
 Man, the well belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 **SOV'**reign **FATHER**, heav'nly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing ;
 Glad Thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail ; by all Thy works ador'd !
 Hail, the everlasting **LORD** !
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove
LORD of pow'r, and **GOD** of love.
- 4 **CHRIST**, our **LORD**, and **GOD** we own,
CHRIST, the **FATHER**'s only **SON**,
LAMB of **GOD**, for sinners slain,
SAVIOUR of offending man.

300

Isaiah vi. 2, 3.

7.

- 1 **L**ORD and **GOD** of heav'nly pow'rs,
[Hallelujah]
 Theirs, and O benignly ours !
 Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
 Saints attempt to chaunt Thy name.
- 2 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
 'Thou art **LORD** and only Thou !
JESUS, in Thy name we pray,
 'Take, O take our sins away !

- 3 Thee to laud, in songs divine,
 Angels and arch-angels join;
 We, with them, our voices raise,
 Echoing Thine eternal praise.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd;
 Let Thy praises fill the sky,
 "Glory be to GOD on high."

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our GOD and King;
 Meet in ev'ry time and place,
 To rehearse His solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,
 Angels, help the chearful sound,
 Publish thro' the world aloud,
 Glory to th' eternal GOD.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give,
 Gracious, Thou, our thanks receive;
 Holy FATHER, sov'reign LORD,
 Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd;
- 4 Thro' the world's extent proclaim,
 Endless praise to JESU's name:
 SAVIOUR, Thee we ever bless,
 Thee our LORD and GOD confess.

- 1 **O** Praise ye the **LORD**, adore His great name,
His worship extol, His honor proclaim,
Who for man's redemption, once offer'd His blood
All hail, holy **JESUS** ! our **LORD** and our **GOD** !
- 2 Ye angels, on high, His goodness proclaim,
From regions of bliss, in mercy He came ;
For thousands of sinners the **LORD** bow'd His head
For thousands of sinners, on **Calv'ry** He bled.
- 3 O praise ye the **LORD**, in glory on high
Let all the Church join the praise of the sky,
Immanuel's praise shall, while here, be our theme
Amen, **Hallelujah**, and worthy the **Lamb**.

303

Psalms xlv. 3.

(P. M.)

- 1 **C**OME Thou incarnate **WORD**,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend :
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success ;
SPIRIT of holiness,
On us descend.
- 2 Come, holy **COMFORTER**,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart ;
And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT of pow'r !

To the great ONE in THREE
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore :
 His Triune Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity,
 Love and adore !

Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

(S. M.)

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the LORD arise :
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !

The King himself comes near,
 To bless His saints to day ;
 Here may we meet, and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place,
 Where Thou, my GOD, hath been,
 Is better than ten thousand days
 Of vanity and sin.

O that my soul could stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sing Thy praise, and soar away,
 To everlasting bliss.

(P. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD of glory, and salvation,
 Reign ador'd by all creation,
 Men below and hosts above ;
 Saints with praises, never ceasing,
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
 Chaunt the triumphs of Thy love.
- 2 Saints on earth, their off'rings bringing,
 Join the Church triumphant, singing,
 Ever be Thy name ador'd.
 Heav'n and earth unite their praises,
 One blest theme the chorus raises,
 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD.
- 3 Praise eternal, praise ascending,
 Hallelujahs never ending,
 Through eternity be Thine !
 Perfect with Thy saints in glory,
 Be our bliss to bow before Thee,
 And adore Thy LOVE DIVINE.

306

(Old 148th

Matt. xiii. 23. Rev. xxii. 20, 25.

- 1 **O**N what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, LORD, bestow ;
 The pow'r is Thine alone,
 To make it spring and grow ;
 Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise.
- 2 To Thee our wants are known,
 From Thee are all our pow'rs

Accept what is Thy own,
 And pardon what is ours ;
 Our praises, LORD, and pray'rs receive,
 And to Thy word a blessing give.

Oh grant that each of us
 Now met before Thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When Thou and Thine appear !
 And follow Thee, to heav'n our home,
 E'en so, Amen, LORD JESUS, come.

DOXOLOGIES.

307

Old 113th.

PRAISE GOD the LORD enthron'd on high ;
 Praise GOD THE SON, who deign'd to die,
 And GOD THE HOLY GHOST adore.
 Praise to th' Eternal Three be giv'n,
 By all in earth, and all in heav'n,
 Both now, henceforth, for evermore.

308

(S. M.)

GIVE to the FATHER praise
 Give glory to the SON ;
 And to the SPIRIT of His grace
 Be equal honours done,

To CHRIST th' anointed King,
 Be endless blessings giv'n :
 Let the whole earth His glory sing,
 And all the hosts of heav'n.

(Old 113th.

TO FATHER SON and HOLY GHOST,
 The **GOD** whom heav'n's triumphant host
 And all His saints on earth adore,
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

310

Old 113th altered.

TO FATHER SON and HOLY GHOST,
 Give praise, ye saints, ye heav'nly host,
 Through all eternity.
 Let the whole Church her anthems bring,
 Angels and saints Thy praises sing,
Jehovah SACRED THREE.

311

7, 7

- 1 TO** th' **ETERNAL THREE** be giv'n,
 Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n ;
 As it was in ages past
 Is, and shall for ever last.
- 2** Sing we to our **GOD** above,
 Praise eternal as His love :
 Praise Him, all ye heav'ly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

312

(L. M. Old 112th

GLORY to **GOD** the **FATHER** give ;
 Glory ascribe to **GOD** the **SON**
 Glory to **GOD** the **SPIRIT** give ;
 Glory to the Great **THREE IN ONE**
 Angels and men the anthem raise,
 A whole eternity of praise.

313

Old 148th.

PRAISE God, who reigns on high ?
 Eternal anthems raise ;
 Praise Him who deign'd to die,
 The HOLY SPIRIT praise ;
 O praise Him, praise the sacred **THREE**,
 In time and to eternity.

314

Old 104th.

BY angels in heav'n of every degree,
 And saints upon earth all praise be address'd
 To God in Three Persons, One God ever blest ;
 As it hath been, now is, and ever shall be.

315

(P. M.)

8, 7.

SAINTS and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the LAMB ;
 While the blissful seats in heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Saints on earth may sing the same.

316

(L. M.)

TO God the FATHER, God the SON
 And God the SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Be honour praise and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

(L. M.)

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'ly host,
 Praise FATHER SON and HOLY GHOST.

318

(C. M.)

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 ONE GOD, whom we adore;
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

319

(S. M.)

1 THE FATHER we adore;
 And everlasting SON,
 The SPIRIT of His love and pow'r—
 The glorious THREE in ONE.

2 At the creation's birth,
 This song was sung on high,
 Shall sound, thro' ev'ry age on earth,
 And thro' eternity.

Public Worship—Vide PSALMS xlvi. —lxv.
 lxvii. —lxxiv. —lxxxix. —xcii. —xcv. —xcix.
 c. —civ. —cv. —cvi. —cviii. —cxii. —cxxxii.
 cxxxviii. —cxlviii. —clxix.

157—158—187—223—225—226—231—240
 244—255—257—258—259—260—261—262
 265—268—270

APPENDIX.



AFFLICTION.

The following are chiefly calculated for private devotion.



PSALM LXXVII.

(C. M.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform,
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sov'reign will.
 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 With blessings on your head.
 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.
- 7 May I in confidence of faith,
 Then trust Thy grace divine,
 And credit what JEHOVAN saith,
 And know no will but Thine.

- 1 **I**N ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 To God my spirit flies ;
 My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
 When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God,
 The sure foundation of my hope,
 Is in a SAVIOUR'S blood.
- 3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
 Nor less, when He denies ;
 Afflictions from His sov'reign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 Loud Hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy REDEEMER'S name ;
 In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

SUBMISSIVE to Thy will, my God,
I all to Thee resign,
And bow before Thy chast'ning rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

Why should my fearful heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?

Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign !
For Thou art just, and wise, and good ;
O bend my will to Thine !

Whate're Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear :
O let me know my FATHER reigns,
And trust Thy tender care.

Why should I doubt His love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplext ;
Who sav'd me in my troubles past,
Will save me in the next.

Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond affliction's pow'r
To my REDEEMER's breast.

To all Thy other favors add
A heart to trust Thy word ;
And death itself shall hear me sing,
While resting on the LORD.

- 1 **J**ESUS, SAVIOUR of my soul,
 Let me to Thy mercy fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide
 'Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Haugs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, Oh ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 May Thy peace console my heart,
 Now, and to eternity !

234

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind,
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh,
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind,
 Am I not safe if God is nigh ?

He holds all nature in His hand ;
 That gracious hand, by which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.

'Tis God supports this fainting frame ;
 On Him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wond'rous glories of His name,
 How wide they spread, how bright they shine !

Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

My God, Thy word of truth, indeed
 Is all my anxious heart can crave ;
 Thou present help in time of need,
 Almighty to relieve and save.

(P. M.)

GREAT God, unchangeably the same,
 In all afflictive scenes, Thy name,
 Teach me, engrav'd, to view ;
 Teach me to see Thy hand divine,
 Thy providence and promise join
 And own Thy record true.

To live to Thee be all my care ;
 To trust Thee be my daily prayer ;
 To honour Thee my aim.
 My grand concern Thy grace to prove ;
 My lesson to discern Thy love,
 Thro' ev'ry change the same.

- 3 The end draws near,—when Thou, Most High,
Wilt condescend to justify
Thy judgments now unknown ;
Unfolded Providence will rise
Glorious to our admiring eyes,
When life's short race is run.
- 4 The veil withdrawn, Thy saints shall trace
The various leadings of Thy grace,
And chaunt with seraph's love ;
How glory, rich in heav'nly fruits,
Springs from affliction's bitter roots,
In the bright world above.

326

Phil. iii. 20, 21. (P. M. 8.)

- 1 **I**N a world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude despair ;
Thee triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR !
In the glass of faith we see ;
O assist each faint endeavour ;
Raise, O LORD, our souls to Thee.

- 2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day ;
When to life Thou shalt restore us ;
Ling'ring ages haste away !
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on ;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour !
Let Thy gracious will be done.

Vide Psalms xxii.—xxxiv.—xxxix.—lxx.
xc. — ciii. — cvii. — cxxi.—cxlvi.—170.—
—191.—271.—275.

Sickness and Recovery.

(L. M.)

A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
 My gracious GOD restor'd my life;
 My life—my soul, recall the word;
 'Tis life to see in heav'n my LORD.

Ah, why reluctant then to die?
 And leave the world, and mount on high?
 Why should I e'er reluctant be,
 Thou LORD of life, to come to Thee?

O bless Him! bless, ye dying saints,
 The GOD of grace, when nature faints:
 He shew'd to me the op'ning grave,
 To shew me He had pow'r to save.

Vide Psalm cxvi.

The Dying Christian.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying.
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying;
 Cease, fond nature, cease Thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Mark, they whisper! angels say,
 Kindred spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears—
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ; I mount—I fly ;
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

- 1 **L**IFE now is past;—the hour is come ;
 My SAVIOUR calls ;—He calls me home.
 Now, O my LORD, let conflict cease,
 And grant me to depart in peace.
- 2 Not in my righteousness I trust ;
 I bow before Thee in the dust ;
 And, through my SAVIOUR'S blood alone,
 I look for mercy at Thy throne.
- 3 Farewell, vain world, without a tear,
 Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
 To heal their sorrows, LORD, descend,
 And to the friendless, prove a Friend.
- 4 I come, I come, at Thy command,
 I trust my spirit to Thy hand ;
 Hold forth Thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 Receive, receive me, O my GOD,
 Pardon'd through my REDEEMER'S blood ;
 My glory this, my hope, my plea,
 In life ;—in death ;—eternity.

Vide Psalm xxii.—lxxi.—xc.—169.—274.

Rev. xiv. 13.

1 **R**EDEMPTION draweth nigh !
 My joyful lips shall sing,
 Where is thy vict'ry now, O Grave?
 O Death, where is thy sting?
 A voice from heav'n proclaims
 To all the pious dead !
 Blest is the memory of their names ;
 Their grave a resting bed.
 In **CHRIST**, their **LORD**, they die,
 Remov'd from sin and care ;
 From suff'ring and from pain releas'd,
 And freed from ev'ry snare.
 Far from this world of toil,
 They wait their Judge and **LORD** ;
 Endued with everlasting life ;
 Enrich'd with full reward.

Vide Psalm xvi. 1, 2.

331

Luther's Hymn on the Judgment.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind does appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead, which they contain'd before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
 What millions do I see arise,
 To meet their Judge and **SAVIOUR**
 What millions soar to yonder skies,
 Blest with eternal favor !
 Prepare us, **LORD**, for Thy right hand ;
 There may our souls accepted stand,
 And dwell with Thee for ever.

Vide Psalm xcvi.—163.—185.

The Glories of Heaven.

(C. M.)

- 1 **A**RISE, O LORD, revive my heart,
Inspire with praise my tongue,
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to my song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloath'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright!
Th' exalted SAVIOUR shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the foll'wers of the LAMB
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to His name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 O tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
'Till in Thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

Vide Psalms lxxxiv.—167.—220.—231.—242.—
256.—271.—276.—277.—279.—286.

HYMNS FOR CHARITY SERMONS, AND FOR CHILDREN.



(C. M.)

BLESS'D is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call ;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall !

Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads ;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes !

Great is the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth !

Let children your protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Creator love.

Delightful work, young souls to win,
And guide the rising race,
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace !

Almighty God, Thy influence shed,
To aid this good design !
The honors of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join,
 In our Creator's praise ;
 For favours so divine
 Our grateful notes we'll raise ;
 To **GOD** alone the praise belongs,
 His love demands our noblest songs.
- 2 Now we are taught to read
 The Book of Life divine ;
 Where our **REDEEMER's** love
 Thro' all the pages shine ;
 To **GOD** alone the praise belongs,
 His love demands our noblest songs.
- 3 Within this sacred house
 Our youthful feet are brought,
 Where prayer and praise abound,
 And heav'nly truths are taught ;
 Great **GOD** accept our infant songs,
 To Thee alone the praise belongs.

By the Congregation.

- 4 **LORD**, let this humble work
 Be crown'd with large success !
 May thousands, yet unborn,
 This institution bless !
 So shall Thy praise resound on high,
 In time, and to eternity.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! **GOD** of grace !
 Each perfect gift is Thine ;
 Through various channels flow the streams,
 The source is still divine.

- 2 Thy kindness call'd us into life,
And all the good we know ;
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.
- 3 The friends, whose charity provides
This refuge, where to flee
From want, from ignorance and vice,
Were raised up by Thee,
- 4, To Thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is giv'n ;
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heav'n.
- 5 May health and peace attend them here,
And every joy above ;
While we improve with grateful hearts,
The labor of their love.

- 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy Giver
Of all good, life and food ;
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 2 Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let Thy peace be my bliss.
'Till Thou hence remove me.
- 3 Worship, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in Three, give we Thee,
Never, never, ceasing.

Mark x. 13.

(8-7.)

- 1 **G**REAT JEHOVAH ! GOD of glory !

O let children lisp Thy name !
 Humbly now we fall before Thee,
 Thy almighty grace our theme ;
 Hosts of seraphs join'd in chorus,
 Love divine proclaim on high ;
 Hear us, hear, O GOD most glorious,
 While the same blest theme we try.

- 2 Hail IMMANUEL ! once incarnate,
 Bleeding, dying on the tree !
 Little children Thou invitest,
 Without dread to come to Thee :
 At Thy word behold us coming ;
 May we, LORD, Thy mercy prove ;
 Number us among Thy children,
 Thee to serve, and trust, and love.

- 3 "May we live to know and fear Thee,
 Trust and love Thee all our days,
 Then go dwell for ever near Thee,
 See Thy face, and sing Thy praise."
 JESUS ! GOD of consolation !
 Best of friends in pity move ;
 Bless us, LORD, with Thy salvation,
 And accept our infant love.

*N. B. If used as an Hymn for a Charity
 Sermon, instead of the four last lines,
 substitute the following.*

JESUS ! GOD of consolation !
 Raise us friends, their pity move ;
 Bless, O bless this congregation,
 And accept their works of love.

FATHER of all, whose tender love,
 Whose bounty all Thy creatures prove;
 We feel Thy goodness; own Thy pow'r;
 Thy hand sustains us every hour.
FATHER! receive our hymn of praise,
 Nor scorn the humble strains we raise.

Supported by Thy gracious care,
 Thy blessings here we daily share;
 Our infant minds, which else would stray,
 Are early taught to know Thy way:
 O may we ne'er forsake the road,
 Which leads to heav'n, which leads to **GOD**.

O may Thy grace our hearts prepare,
 Thy truth, Thy goodness to declare;
 The kindness of our friends repay;
 Guard them thro' life to endless day:
 For them our infant hearts we raise,
 Impress'd with gratitude and praise. .

To be sung by the Congregation.

Thou **GOD** of grace and mercy, hear
 This humble strain, this fervent pray'r;
 With all Thy choicest favours bless,
 And own as Thine, this rising race;
 Impress Thine image on their breast,
 And guide them to eternal rest.

339.

(7, 7. Pleyel's)

GLORY BE TO **GOD** ON HIGH!"
 Raise the theme above the sky;
 Praise by all to Him be giv'n,
 All on earth, and all in heav'n.

- 2 Hail, IMMANUEL, Prince of Peace,
Hail, Thou Sun of righteousness ;
Deign upon our souls to shine ;
Make and keep us ever Thine.

Piano.

- 3 HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly Dove,
Raise our hearts to joys above ;
Oh, may we in early days,
Grow in knowledge, chuse Thy ways.
- 4 Grant, if life be spared, that we,
While we live, may live to Thee ;
When we die, be death our gain ;
May we die with Christ to reign.

CHORUS, by the Congregation.

- 5 GOD of glory, truth, and grace,
Bless, oh, bless the rising race ;
O'er their heads Thy banner spread,
In their hearts Thine influence shed.
- 6 Oh, that all assembled here,
In Thy presence may appear ;
With this anthem fill the sky,
"GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH !"

340

(Old 14)

SUMMARY OF FAITH AND DUTY.

- 1 PRAISE. GOD, the bounteous LORD
Whose goodness was display'd,
When, by His mighty word,
He our first parents made,

Chorus. Holy and happy like their God,
He form'd their souls for His abode.

2 Alas, man went astray,
 Forgetful of His word;
 We all forsook His way,
 And disobey'd our LORD :

Chorus. Our fall, our sin, our guilt we own,
 Prostrate condemn'd before His throne.

3 The SON of GOD came down,
 His glory laid aside;
 Left His immortal crown,
 And wept, and bled, and died ;

Chorus. Nor did abhor our flesh and blood,
 He died to make our peace with GOD.

4 He rose to plead our cause,
 At GOD's right hand above ;
 Though we transgress'd His Laws,
 Unworthy of His love.

Chorus. Pardon and life thro' Him we gain,
 And humbly hope with Him to reign.

5 The HOLY SPIRIT praise,
 In tender mercy giv'n ;
 Who light and life conveys
 To make us meet for heav'n.

Chorus. Author of Life, Thy grace impart,
 Reform our lives, renew our heart.

6 May we repent, believe,
 O LORD, our sins forgive :
 May we the truth receive,
 And to Thy glory live,

Chorus. And do Thy will, and love Thy ways ;
 And serve Thee truly all our days.

7 GLORY TO GOD on high,
 Salvation to the LAMB ;

In life, and when we die,
May we such love proclaim.

Chorus. Glory and praise be ever giv'n,
By all in earth, and all in heav'n.

8 Angelic hosts divine,
Around the throne above,
Ye perfect spirits, join
Our harmony and love;

Chorus. Angels, archangels, swell the theme,
Resound the great JEHOVAH'S name.

Addenda.

ON THE NATIVITY.

A Translation from the ADESTE FIDELES.

1 **O**H, come, all ye faithful, joyful triumph raise
Oh, come ye to Bethlehem, His praise recite
Behold the Son, the King of angels, praise Him
Oh, come, let us adore Him; oh, come, let
adore Him;

Oh, come, let us adore Him; CHRIST our Lord

2 O Thou light of light, of all things the Creator
Hail, King of glory, hail, incarnate Word!
Glorious IMMANUEL, now in mortal nature;
Oh, come, let us adore Him; CHRIST our Lord

Oh, come, all ye faithful, choirs of heav'n attending;
 ing;

JESUS is born, by earth and heav'n ador'd :

Glorious MESSIAH, mighty GOD, descending ;

Oh, come, let us adore Him, CHRIST our LORD.

Oh, shout HALLELUJAH, praise the LORD of
 heaven!

On earth 'be peace, good will to man record :

GLORY TO GOD be in the highest given ;

Oh, come, let us adore Him, CHRIST our LORD.

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

WELCOME the sweet, the sacred hour,
 Ye moments, swiftly roll)

When earth shall yield her boasted pow'r,
 To chain my parting soul.

Welcome the pang that calls me home,
 To realms of long-sought rest ;

Welcome the voice that bids me come
 To JESU'S pitying breast.

There grief her murmurs shall forego,
 And sin its pow'rs resign ;

Pure joy and love seraphic flow,
 And GOD be ever mine.

Oh, could I now those joys foresee,
 That soon shall be my own,

When freed from guilt, from sorrow free,
 I'm fill'd with GOD alone,—

Death's silent vale should echo wide
 With songs of sin forgiv'n ;

Till wafted safe o'er Jordan's tide,
 I join'd the notes of heav'n.

DOXOLOGIES.

MAY the grace of CHRIST, our SAVIOUR,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the HOLY SPIRIT's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the LORD ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys, which earth cannot afford.

344 (8,8,7. *St. Peter's.*)

BLESSED be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave His SON to save us :
 Bless'd the SON, who freely came :
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation,
 Be to GOD, and to the LAMB.

345 (6,6,4. *Trinity.*)

TO the great ONE in THREE
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 His Triune Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore !

346 (*Sanctus.*)

HOLY, holy, holy LORD GOD of hosts :
 Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of Thy
 glory !
 HALLELUJAH ! AMEN.

FINIS.

I N D E X.



The first Column contains the first line of the Psalm; the second Column the number of the Page, and the third the name of the Tune.

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Appendix.

DIRECTIONS FOR SELECTION OF TUNES.

- L. M.** 8,8,8,8. Long Metre—4 lines, each containing 8 syllables
GRAVE—*Old 100—Angels' Hymn—Winchester—Job—St. Andrew's*
LIVELY—*Morning Hymn—Evening Hymn—Derby—Wareham—Portugal—Islington—Acton—Truro—York—Burton—N. Sabbath.*
' M. 8,6,8,6—Common Metre—4 lines, the first and third containing 8 syllables, the second and fourth containing 6.
GRAVE—*Burford—St. Mary's, (both minor key) Canterbury—Windsor—Messiah*
LAMENTIVE—*London New—St. David's—St. James New Sarum—St. Ann's.*
LIVELY—*Bedford—Irish—Abridge—St. George's Cambridge New—Nottingham—Westminster—Oxford—Nayland, by Rev. W. Jones.*
DOUBLE C. M.—*St. Matthew's—81 Proper—Great Milton.*

APPENDIX.

S. M. 6, 6, 8, 6—Short Metre—the first, second, and fourth line contain 6 syllables each, the third line contains 8.

GRAVE—*Paddington—Aylesbury—Sutton.*

LIVELY—*Peckham—Shirland—Mount Ephraim—Falcon-Street, with Hallelujah.*

ADESTE FIDELES, the Portuguese Hymn, Page 341.
N. B. Any Long Metre, or the 104th Psalm, may be accommodated to this tune.

OLD 104—104 *Proper—Adeste.*

OLD 113—Old 113 *Proper*—8, 8, 6.—*Ganthony—Martin's Lane.*

OLD 113—*altered*—8, 8, 6.

OLD 112—6 lines of 8 syllables—*Carey's—Yarmouth—Gloucester—Artaxerxes.*

N. B. Any L. M. suits this Metre, by repeating the first strain twice, as in Psalm 23—
“The Lord my pasture shall prepare.”

OLD 148—consists of 4 lines of 6 syllables and 2 of 8, as 228, “Ascribe immortal praise,” 230, and 339.—*Swithins—Portsmouth—Darwell.*

7, 7,—consists of 4 lines, 7 syllables in each line, as 299, “Glory be to God on high.”—*Sicilian Hymn—Pleyel—Easter Hymn—Hotham.*

8, 8, 7.—*St. Peter's—The ancient Stabat Mater,* as 200, or 305, “Lord of glory and salvation.”

8, 7.—Vide 163—“Lo, He come with clouds,” &c.—*Trumpet—Helmsley—Bentinck*

APPENDIX

7.—as 276—"Hark, eternal praise ascending"—
St. Paul's—Benediction—the ancient Tun-
tum Ergo—Haydn's—Jewin Street.

Glory to God on high," 215 and 303.—*Trinity.*

Holy, Holy, Holy Giver," 336.—*Clapham.*

Sing Hallelujah," 231.—*Moravian Tune.*

This God is the God we adore," 176.—*Dismission.*

B.—It is recommended to the officiating Minister to select the Psalms and Hymns for the service. This will enable him to adjust them to the subject and the discourse of the day. If he has a general knowledge of music, he will find the benefit of annexing suitable tunes.

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